

MAGLEAN'S

NOVEMBER 15 1952 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

KARSH

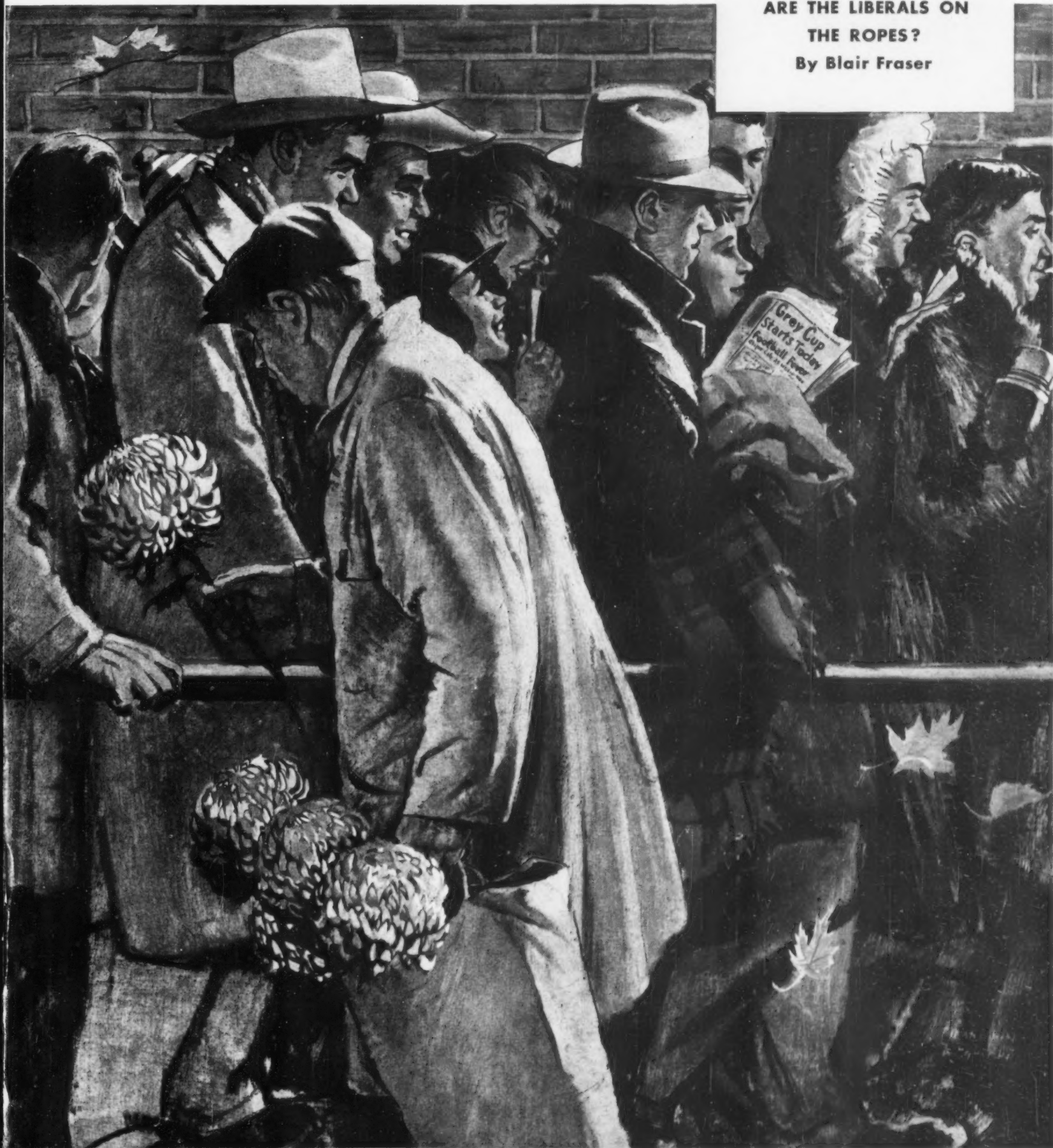
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By Blair Fraser





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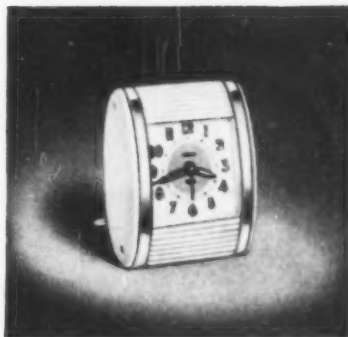
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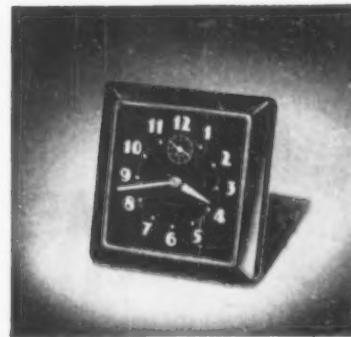
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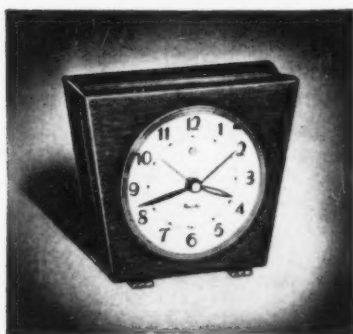
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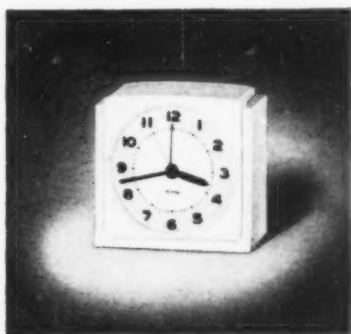
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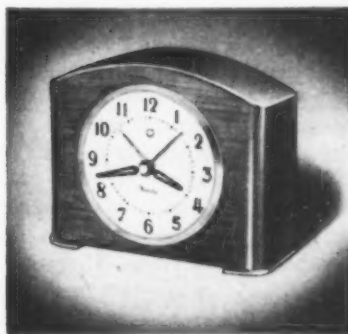
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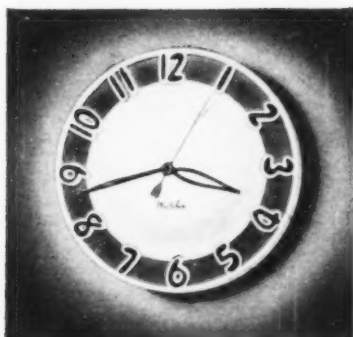
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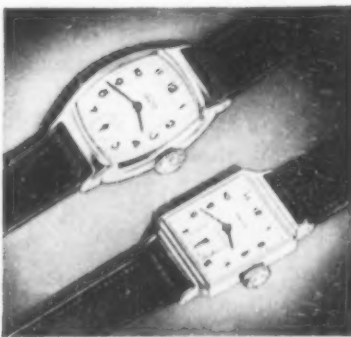
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EDITORIAL

WHY APPEASE SOUTH AFRICA?

THE word appeasement, which used to be thoroughly respectable, has lost all shades of meaning. Munich and Yalta put the dictionaries out of date. Today appeasement means one thing only: the sanctioning of wrong in the hope of avoiding or postponing trouble.

In theory most nations of the free world now agree that appeasement is morally wicked and politically unprofitable. In practice they don't. The free world has for some time been spellbound by a non-Communist, nontotalitarian species of doublethink under which, while the appeasement of an enemy remains indefensible, the appeasement of a friend is just and worthy. To sanction wrong by an enemy is bad; to sanction wrong by a friend is good.

At at least one critical stage of recent history, Canada appeased (i.e., sanctioned what it conceived to be a wrong by) its friend the United States. That was when over Ottawa's shamefaced admission that it was not acting according to its own best conscience and independent will we joined the U. S. in its refusal to admit that Chiang Kai-shek was through in China and that the government of Mao Tse-tung was the government we'd have to deal with if we hoped to deal with China at all. We are not arguing here the wisdom of the U. S. attitude, which history might conceivably prove to have been sound. We argue merely the moral weakness of the Canadian attitude, which, it seems to us, was somewhat weaker than the attitudes of Munich. There may be some excuse for not talking up to a well-armed enemy deemed to be on the brink of war; we can see no excuse for not talking up to—and if

conscience so dictates, opposing—a friend deemed to be on the brink of error.

It seems likely that the fall assembly of the United Nations is to be memorable for another example of appeasement-among-friends. A dozen Asian-African countries have been trying to force a UN debate on Premier Malan's race policies in South Africa. Britain, anxious to avoid the open enmity of a nominal friend, and its possible defection from the Commonwealth, has been in the vanguard of a movement to prevent such a debate. Even in the interests of appeasement, none of Malan's supporters have found any powerful argument in defense of the South African race policies themselves. Their contention has been merely that they are a domestic affair and therefore cannot be discussed under the UN Charter.

This point of view is debatable to say the least. Malan's restrictions against the nonwhites violate the UN Declaration on Human Rights in almost every particular. Further, they might well be judged to come within the charter itself. Chapter VII permits the discussion of even domestic matters which are "threats to the peace" and the Malanites justify their tough handling of the race problem precisely on the ground that the race problem is a threat to peace.

It is in the very nature of free nations that they cannot always agree. To pretend they do agree for the sake of expediency, to sanction wrong in the name of loyalty and pretend that this is somehow better than to sanction wrong in the name of fear, is to invite moral bankruptcy and all its consequences.

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

Will F. Jenkins, who wrote the fiction thriller, *The Killer In The Snow* on page 32, has thirteen hundred stories, twenty-nine books and a round dozen movies to his credit. His yarns have been broadcast on Braille, have been broadcast in New Zealand and translated into twelve languages including Arabic.



Will F. Jenkins

He lives in Virginia in a house built in 1650 and his tidewater accent makes a lot of people think he's Canadian. . . . Everybody on the move this month, Blair Fraser to New Brunswick, Trent Frayne to the Peace River Country, and Yousuf Karsh everywhere. . . . Our fiction contest which closed in September produced fourteen hundred manuscripts. The winner will appear in the January 1 issue. . . . Bill Stephenson, who writes about Sir William Van Horne on

page 27, is a writer for the National Film Board. This is his first Maclean's piece. . . . Earle Beattie took his summer holidays in Quebec and produced the article on Three Rivers on page 28. He's a professor of journalism at Ryerson Institute, Toronto. . . . For the annual New York show of the American Institute of Graphic Arts, two Maclean's displays were selected. Art director Aliman attended. . . . Franklin Arbuckle had one problem painting this issue's cover: He had no idea who'd be in the Grey Cup playoffs.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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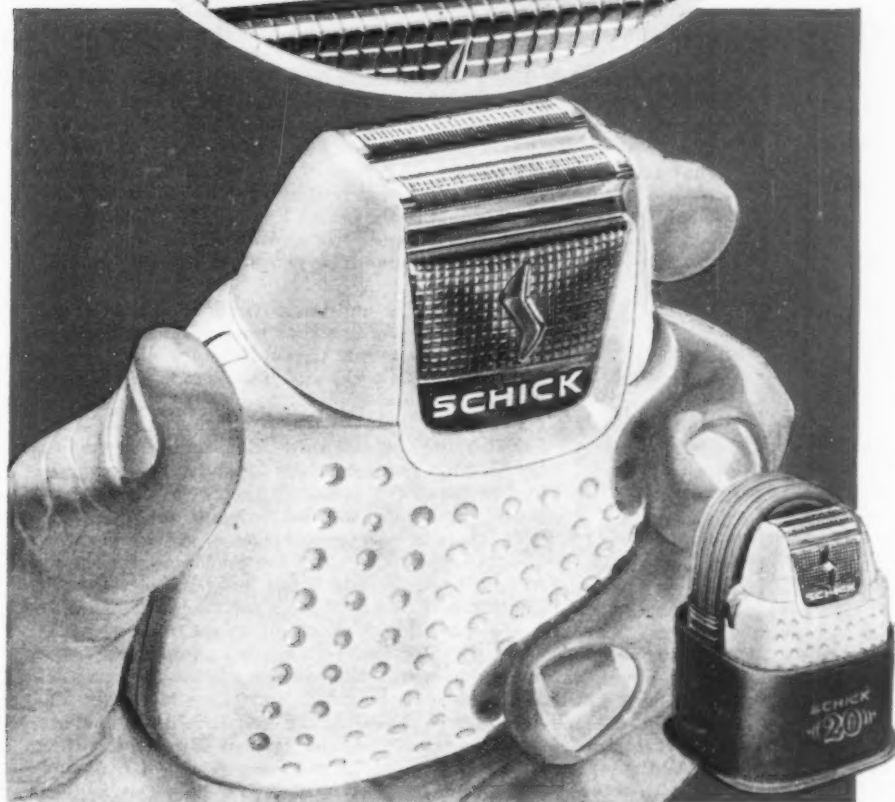
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 15, 1952

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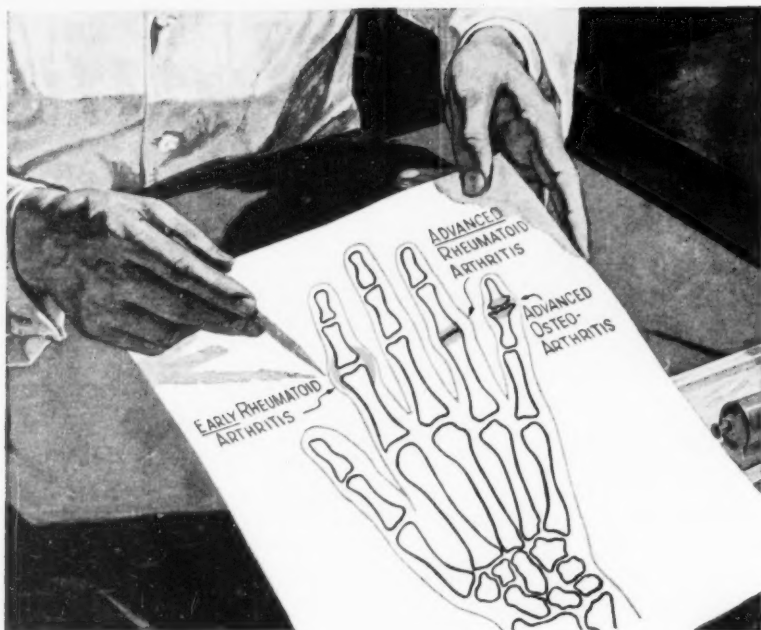
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ARTHRITIS

TODAY the outlook for most people with arthritis—particularly those affected by the rheumatoid type—is encouraging. This is because medical research has uncovered new facts about this disease, and provided more effective drugs for its treatment.

Such advances are heartening because the arthritic diseases are not only widespread but are second in disabling effect among all diseases in Canada. In fact, The Canadian Arthritis and Rheumatism Society estimates that more than 600 thousand people in our country have some form of this disease.

In the sketch above, some basic facts about the two most common forms of chronic arthritis—*rheumatoid arthritis* and *osteoarthritis*—are illustrated. The joint-swelling, which is characteristic of early rheumatoid arthritis, is shown on the index finger. Since the joint itself is not damaged, prompt treatment may bring complete relief.

The effects of *advanced* rheumatoid arthritis are shown on the third finger. Here an overgrowth of bone has caused a complete stiffening of the joint. Even at this stage, however, patients can often be helped.

The little finger illustrates the enlarged ends of bones and the diminished joint spaces caused by *osteoarthritis*. It is primarily the result of aging and generally does not cause severe crippling.

Doctors do not consider rheumatoid arthritis simply a disease of the joints. They say that the person who has this condition generally shows signs of disease of the *entire* body. This may be evidenced by loss of weight, fatigue, anemia, infection, emotional upsets, nutritional deficiencies, and sometimes by other more serious conditions.

Whenever signs of rheumatoid arthritis occur, a *thorough physical examination* is needed. Only in this way can an exact diagnosis be made and treatment outlined to meet the patient's *individual* needs.

There is no known cure as yet for rheumatoid arthritis. Medical authorities believe that standard treatment—if *continued persistently*—can prevent serious complications in 70 percent of cases, and even completely relieve the painful symptoms in many cases. This treatment includes rest, good nutrition, physical therapy, and other measures.

Safeguards against Arthritis

1. Keep your weight at normal, or below.
2. Eat a balanced daily diet, and get plenty of rest and sleep.
3. Maintain good posture.
4. Develop a calm mental outlook.
5. Have regular medical and dental check-ups.

To help prevent arthritis—or lessen the effects if it should occur—one should not neglect seeing the doctor whenever persistent pain occurs in any joint. Moreover, it is most important for the patient to realize that relief from any type of arthritis depends largely on close and faithful cooperation with the doctor in all phases of treatment.

Above all, arthritic patients should take an optimistic attitude toward this disease, because worry and mental strain may intensify symptoms. Today it is reassuring to know that *the great majority of arthritis cases can be greatly helped.*

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London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*



THE NEW ELIZABETHANS

IN LONDON we have a club called the Saints and Sinners which is at once exclusive yet uninhibited. Its membership (we number about fifty) includes judges, barristers, editors, actors, book-makers, comedians and even a peer or two. We lunch once a month, and usually there are a few guests, but there is an annual dinner when the guests number three or four hundred.

On the occasion of the dinner there are white and red carnations in the foyer and each of us can choose which we are—red for sinner and white for saint. It is to the credit of human nature that most of them choose the red carnation. On balance they are quite right.

It was in July of this year that we branched out a bit and gave an aviation luncheon to which we invited some of the famous pioneers both in the making and the flying of aeroplanes, as well as veterans of the Battle of Britain and one or two test-pilot aces.

One of the guests was Lord Brabazon who was the first Englishman to be granted a pilot's certificate. Nor is he an old man. In fact he was elected captain of St. Andrew's this year and drove a mighty ball when he performed the historic function of playing himself in as captain.

Sir Frederick Handley Page, one of the early madmen who flirted with bankruptcy by manufacturing planes, delivered a swashbuckler's speech which showed what a good pirate he would have made if he had lived a century or two earlier.

A particularly lively speech came from Douglas Bader who lost both his legs in a crash in 1939 but got two artificial limbs and continued to shoot down Germans as a fighter pilot. When he himself was shot down over enemy territory the Germans were so struck by his bravery that they sent word to the RAF that if they would fly over a new pair of legs for him (the others were broken when he bailed out) they would guarantee safe conduct to the plane. It was a chivalrous gesture, but there has always been a measure of chivalry in the air.

Bader showed his gratitude by putting on his new legs and promptly escaping, but he was caught.

Today he flies great distances and has a handicap of four at golf.

I mention this because such men as Bader, Brabazon and Handley Page are part of the story which reached its climax a few weeks after they had been the guests of the Saints and Sinners.

The Englishman is always difficult to explain, and I deliberately use the word "Englishman" because he has shown a peculiar genius for the air just as he has for the sea. The genius of the Scot is more earth-bound, and none the less valuable for that. The Scot wants to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before, to wrest the minerals from the soil, to harness the waterfall and build the factory. The

instinct of the Englishmen is to search for something lost behind the ranges, to explore new spheres and, above all, to get off the island.

Primarily he is an inventor and even more an improviser. Give him enough things to fiddle with and in time he will produce a miracle. He has a faith that transcends all doubt and common sense. That is why two mad Englishmen named Alcock and Brown took off from Newfoundland in an ordinary twin-engine bomber and flew the North Atlantic—the first to do it nonstop. The instruments were so inadequate that there was a time when they flew upside down, but the two Rolls engines kept on and they reached Ireland. It is only fair to say that the British soon forgot about them, although these men blazed the way for Lindbergh and all the thousands to follow.

Therefore it was no surprise to find not very long ago that the British were far ahead in the miracle of the jet. Gone was the propeller; the new snub-nosed jet needed no such aids. Fantastic speeds were reached; you will remember that a British jet hopped over to Newfoundland and back in little more than it would take four Americans to play two rounds of golf—but then American golfers have always allowed time to encroach upon eternity.

For all these reasons you can imagine the *Continued on page 74*



John Derry



Neville Duke



BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE

at Ottawa

Outlook For Winter: Hot

NO MATTER what legislation the Government brings in, this is likely to be a hot session. In effect it's the opening of the 1953 election campaign.

Liberals admit they have no really sensational projects to launch—rumors about health insurance are somewhat ruefully denied. But they will be at pains to put their best foot forward, bring in all they can think of to please the voter, and bring it in early.

This last point is revolutionary. As a rule when parliament opens the Government has little or no legislation ready. Last year they had to adjourn in mid-afternoon on several sitting days for lack of anything to do. More often they can rely on the Opposition to keep on talking about the Speech from the Throne for long enough to have the bills made ready.

This year the Government claims to have turned over a new leaf. A cabinet committee of five ministers with Hon. Stuart Garson, Minister of Justice, in the chair has been working all fall to get everybody's legislation in presentable shape by Nov. 20. The departmental estimates are supposed to be ready by mid-December, and the budget as early as possible next year. Garson thinks it may shorten the debate on the Address, to have all that business ready and waiting for parliament's attention.

...

OLDER hands say this notion is naive—the Opposition will not, in an election year, allow the Government to change the subject from its

past to its immediate future. They think the debate on the Address will go on at least until Christmas, for no other debate gives the Opposition so much elbow room for attacks on the Government's record.

George Nowlan, national president of the Progressive Conservative Association, sketched the main outlines of the PC offensive in a CBC broadcast last month. Target No. 1 was taxation, of course, but Nowlan was careful to point out that his party is not opposing any of the major objectives for which these taxes are levied. His real target was over-taxation, as represented by the surpluses of the last two fiscal years and the first half of this year.

Nowlan noted that Hon. Douglas Abbott had been Minister of Finance 2,128 days and had run up surplus of \$2,199 millions, roughly a million dollars a day more than he needed. Recalling the famous C. D. Howe question, "What's a million dollars?", Nowlan said: "Maybe he should ask his colleague the Minister of Finance, who every day takes a million away."

That's a good election slogan. By this time next year, though, it may be a bit out of date.

Abbott has said repeatedly that he'll be lucky to break even this year, when all the defense bills are in. For next year, despite the hopes of some ministers that rearmament could be cut, National Defense has been told to go ahead and budget for the same two billions that it had this year.

Taxes will probably come down a bit anyway, for the surpluses of recent years. *Continued on page 94*



The Opposition will swing at every pitch with the election near.

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LONGER LIFE**

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...here's why

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Get all the benefits of this miracle substance!

A Chlorophyll toothpaste can do wonders for you—if it contains enough active chlorophyll.

So remember—Chlorodent gives you up to 5 times more active chlorophyll than other chlorophyll toothpastes. And no other dentifrice maker can use the Chlorodent formula, because it's patented.

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Chlorodent

WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING CHLOROPHYLL TOOTHPASTE

MAILBAG



THE COURAGE OF CASSIDY

We were thrilled by the write-up of the work of the late Harry Cassidy (Oct. 1). His courage and fortitude made us realize that there are rare souls still in the world, willing to serve their fellows to the uttermost, even when severe illness and suffering assails them ere taking their long journey hence.—Mrs. J. B. Kerr, Vancouver.

● May I congratulate you and writer Sidney Katz on this admirable article? We knew the Cassidys fairly well; we admired their unassuming manner, and their quality of being "the life of any party" at which we saw them.

I think the greatest service of Cassidy, apart from the systematic approach to social work which his school exists to promote, is his reminder—even to advocates like myself of a return to free enterprise—that misfortune exists even amid prosperity and ought to be kept in mind.—Hart Buck, Toronto.

● I gained the impression that Dr. Cassidy did not accept Jesus as his personal Savior . . . Is it not high time that we study the laws of God? Why waste more time?—Henrietta Forman, Woodstock, Ont.

Great Vision? Or No Vision?

I wish to commend you on the very high quality and great vision expressed in the editorial, "Why Are We Afraid to Grow?" (Oct. 1).—Fred K. DeVos, Montreal.

● Your editorial sounds to me like someone who surveys the scene from the mountain top, but never comes down low enough to get a close-up.

I feel very strongly that the government is not justified in a policy of unrestricted immigration without regard

what about Mr. Citizen?—Wirfield Fowler, Saint John.

What! No Digest Mags?

Having had to contend with porcupines for many summers I read with a good deal of interest the contribution by Robert Thomas Allen, The Porcupine Gets Away With Murder (Aug. 15).

Lest some of your readers get the impression that these nocturnal marauders are entirely low-brow, I hasten to point out that a few nights ago a



particularly large porky shuffled onto the veranda, neglected several pieces of good edible furniture and, instead, ate most of a copy of Wells' Short History of the World and chewed to pieces an Ordnance Survey map of the Parry Sound district.—D. K. Stewart, Magnetawan, Ont.

● In the winter of 1925-26 my husband and I lived in northern Alberta at a place called Providence. I remember one day Mr. D. brought in a porcupine and we roasted it. The meat is similar to domestic pork. It is very fat, too rich to eat much of. However, I did like it, but would not want it every day. Mrs. E. C. D'Aoust, London Ont.

Coughlin's Batting Average

Father Charles E. Coughlin's detractors are at it again. (The Holy Terror from Hamilton, Oct. 1.) I remember the famous radio priest as one of the first men in public life to warn the Western world about the machinations of atheistic Communism. Recent developments would point out that the famous priest was at least ninety-five percent correct. A fairly good batting average!—J. Maurice Whalen, Moncton.

Remember the 1910 Packard?

For the sake of the record, if the Hills (They'll Move Anything, Oct. 1) did not use a truck until 1912 they were not the first. My father, the late W. N. Munro, of Sault Ste. Marie, started in the moving business in 1910 with a Packard chain drive three-ton and was successful until his death in 1917 with the same truck, which was then sold for \$1,200.—Gerald Munro, Sudbury, Ont.

● I believe that the average Canadian has seen too much of "undesired" immigration. Perhaps that sounds one-sided and snobbish, but there is plain, logical reasoning in that remark. Immigrants from many parts of Europe are here in Canada, ready to work for less than a living wage. What a fine setup for Mr. Boss and Mr. Contractor, but

● Why, may I ask, do you class Prince Edward Island as one of the "off-shore" places? I saw one of the Hill machines on our main street today.—Charles A. Clark, Summerside, P.E.I. ★



to housing or employment. I have always understood that the chief aim of immigration was to help populate the large open spaces in the west, but it's not working out that way at all. Ask the mayors of our towns and cities: they face housing and unemployment problems daily.—H. L. Tyrrell, Montreal.



SANTA NEVER HAD IT SO EASY!

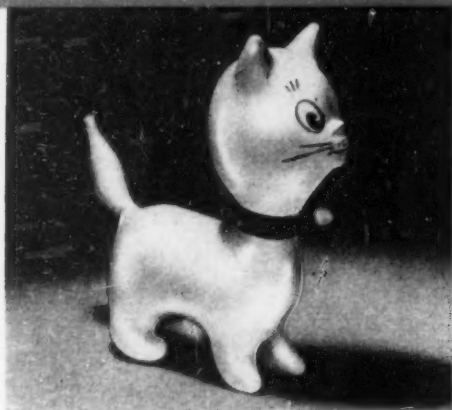
see the next
4 pages..

No need for guesswork this year. For stacked high in St. Nick's esteem are the toy suggestions you will find in the following four pages. These are toys created with Canadian children in mind . . . toys especially designed to develop imagination, initiative, and dexterity . . . toys scientifically planned to fit your children's needs.

Why not plan now to make Christmas dreams come true? It's so easy to do it with toys. Simply make your selections from the pages that follow, then ask for them at your favorite store. They're sure to please, because they're the best toys for Canadian boys and girls.

The Canadian Playthings Institute, Room 307, 217 Bay St., Toronto 1, Ontario

Maclean's Canadian *Carnival of TOYS*
Buy these Christmas Toys & Playthings
 NOW ON SALE AT YOUR LOCAL STORE . . . or write to company for name of nearest dealer



ALL RUBBER "TILLY" TOYS

Inflatable Kitten with a voice, made from pure Latex Rubber in assorted colours of Red and Yellow. Measures 8" long from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail, and is 8" high.

Tillotson Rubber Co. Ltd.
 St. Johns, Quebec



WESTERN OUTFIT
Deluxe Double Holster Set

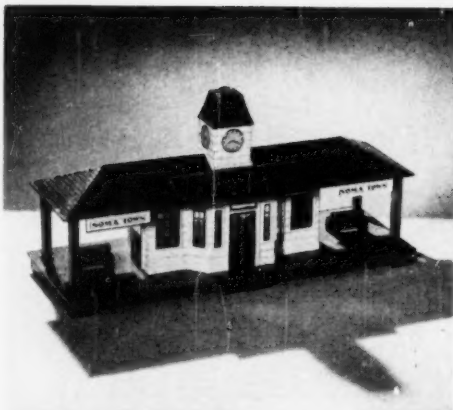
2 Nevada Gold, revolving cylinder, repeating action Western 44 toy cap pistols. Top grain leather holster set with cuffs to match. 1 pair nickel plated spurs. Complete lines of Gene Autry, Hopalong Cassidy, Texas Ranger and Lone Rider cap pistols and holster sets available at your local Chain, Department and Independent Stores.

M. A. Henry Limited
 Dundas, Ontario

NOMA ELECTRONIC RAILROAD STATION

This durable plastic replica is an authentic Train Announcing Station. Press the button on the chimney and the announcer shouts out the departure and calls the station stops . . . followed by realistic bell, whistle and engine sounds. Voice and sound effects last a full minute. Operates on standard flashlight batteries.

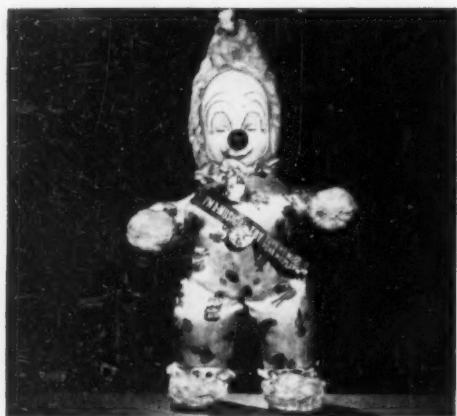
Noma Electric Company
Of Canada Limited
 110 Wellington St. W.
 Toronto, Ont.



DR. U. B. WELL AND LITTLE NURSE
Play Sets

Just the toy for little Canadians who like to play doctor and nurse. Each of these sets comes in two sizes—junior and senior. Included are a play stethoscope that picks up sound, a plastic hypodermic, thermometer, apron and cap, and numerous other play items. This toy will provide hours of amusement and fun.

Peter-Austin Mfg. Co.
 314-326 Davenport Rd.,
 Toronto, Ontario



MUSICAL CLOWN

Turn his nose . . . he plays a tune! His gay clothes and his funny little nose are delightful. This cute little fellow is an armful of fun that plays a familiar nursery rhyme. Little girls, and boys as well, will have a lot of musical fun with this tuneful clown. Don't miss him on your shopping trip.

Reliable Toy Co. Ltd.
 258 Carlaw Ave.,
 Toronto, Ontario



MINNITOYS
The Stronger Toys

Minnitransport, like all Minnitoys, is built to last. Made of heavy gauge steel, it supports a grown man's weight! It is 28 inches long, has 6 rubber-tired wheels. Trailer detaches from the cab and rubber-covered top edges are safe to handle. Ask for Minnitransport at local toy-shops, or write.

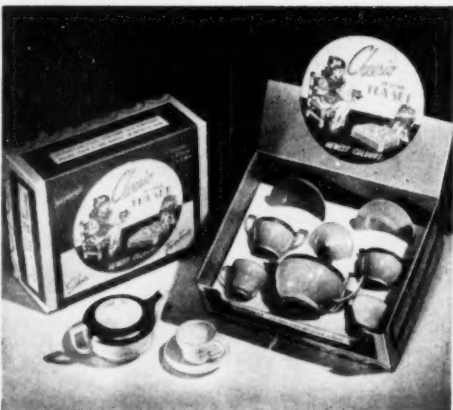
The Otaco Limited
 Orillia, Ontario

TEA SET

This bright, 8-piece plastic tea set comes in a choice of two-tone colours: silver and blue or gold and ivory. Also in silver metallic finish. It's exactly the Christmas gift to warm the heart of that little hostess. Ask for this Cheerio Tea Set by name at your favourite toy shop.

Cheerio Toys and Games Ltd.

35 Hanna Avenue
 Toronto 3, Ontario



GID-E-UP BRONCHO
For Riders of the Range

A delightful gift for young cowboys and cowgirls is this barrel-type Broncho made of sturdy, colourful and colour-fast "Vinylite". Supports up to 200 pounds and can be used at home or on the beach in the summer months. No sharp edges or points to hurt children. Easily cleaned with a damp cloth.

Kelton Corporation Ltd.,
 314-326 Davenport Road,
 Toronto, Ontario



Maclean's Canadian *Carnival of TOYS* Playthings for Canadian Girls and Boys



THISTLE PEDAL AUTOS

Are designed for the little folks—a car just like father's. This Station Wagon has aerodynamic body styling with high gloss baked enamel finish. Plenty of super chromed fittings. Ball Bearings for easy running. Loads of play value, even to dummy gear shift and opening tailboard. Ask for "THISTLE" wherever good toys are sold.

Lines Bros. (Canada) Ltd.
4000 St. Patrick Street,
Montreal, Quebec



"STRIKE" BOWLING ALLEY

Now! Fun for all the family with a "STRIKE" bowling alley. Comes complete with 10 rubber cushioned bowling pins, 3 bowls and return bowl gutter. Sturdy hardwood construction, 47 inches long, 9 inches wide, 16 inches high. Folding legs for easy storing.

Eagle Toys Ltd.,
5149 Marquette St.,
Montreal, Quebec

SUSIE STEPPS All Plastic Walking Doll

Lead her by the hand and this wonderful doll WALKS WITH YOU... in soft VINYL shoes. COMB, BRUSH, CURL and WAVE her lovely SARAN hair—with her own curlers. Susie can sit, has moving eyes, realistic MAMA voice, and her head turns as she walks. Just the doll for your very own.

Reliable Toy Co. Ltd.
258 Carlaw Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.



PLASTICVILLE

Everything from a Street Sign to a Complete Shopping Centre. Youngsters will spend hours of creative, educational play with it. Mom will use it for a table or mantel decoration. Dad will want to help Junior with his railroad tracks through farm, town and village. PLASTICVILLE is a growing toy. You can start with a few pieces and add more until your village is complete.

Frank Martin & Co.
67 Carlton Street,
Toronto, Ontario



NYLOMATIC Coaster Wagons by Thistle

Featuring for the first time NYLON Wheel Bearings for super free running and extra long trouble-free life. A strong undercarriage, beautifully finished and decorated box of new design, made from selected hardwood, makes this the wagon for your boy. To make your children happy this Christmas, give them Toys by "THISTLE".

Lines Bros. (Canada) Ltd.
4000 St. Patrick Street,
Montreal, Quebec



SUSABELLE A Scepter Toy

A brilliantly coloured amusing hillbilly toy to warm the heart of the younger set. Made of non-toxic, hygienic, colourfast "Vinylite" for safe playing and long wear—no sharp edges or points. Weighted and self-balancing. Completely waterproof and easily cleaned with damp cloth.

Scepter Manufacturing Company,
294 Brunswick Avenue,
Toronto, Ontario

"MR. SQUAWKER" the DUCK

"Mr. Squawker" is made of pure natural latex rubber and painted in bright harmless colours. He is fitted with a special voice and gives a loud squawk when squeezed. Children everywhere will be delighted with "Mr. Squawker" and the other characters who make up the family of "REMPEL RUBBER TOYS".

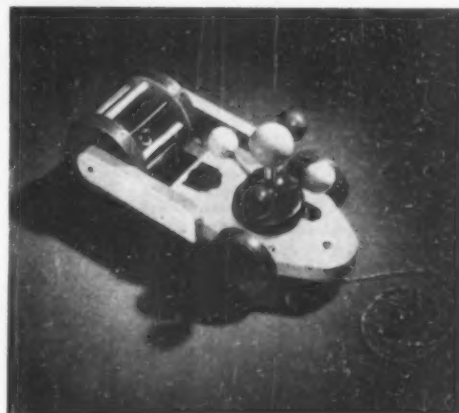
Rempel Mfg. Can. Ltd.
375 Weston Road South,
Toronto 9, Ontario



WHIRLING CHIME TOY

Here is a sturdy, brightly-coloured toy that is sure to be a big hit on Christmas morning. Constructed of top-quality wood this pull toy will provide hours of fascinating pleasure. Inexpensively priced at leading toy shops: Eastern Canada—\$1.25; Winnipeg and west—\$1.39.

Allen Wood Products Limited
Fenelon Falls, Ontario



Maclean's Canadian *Carnival of TOYS* Playthings for Canadian Girls and Boys



STURDY BIG CHAMP

Big Champ, the 50" high sparring partner, is made of strong, long - wearing "Vinylite" in white with sand and black printing. Can be wiped clean with damp cloth and will take heavy punishment.

Haugh's Products Limited

1162 Dupont Street,
Toronto, Ontario



KIDDIE-FUN COLOUR- ING PLAYTHINGS

"My Own Pictures" Colouring Pads and Colouring Stand-ups are new Canadian ideas for hours of wholesome fun. There are intriguing Animal, Stage and Scenic Stand-ups and creative Colouring Pads complete with stencil. 30 different Educational Playthings. Kiddie-Fun combines activity, education and art. Popularly priced.

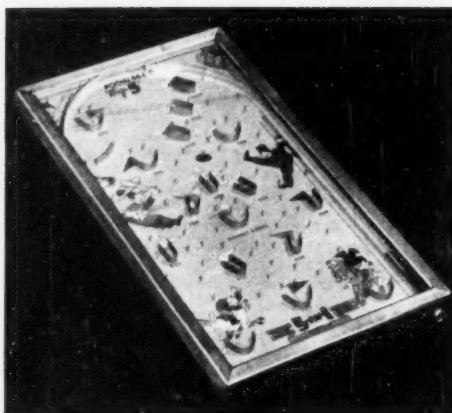
Morval Products Co. Ltd.

238 King St. East,
Hamilton, Ontario

BIG 5 POOSH-M-UP BAGATELLE GAME

Big handsome glass-covered pin-ball game for teen-agers, children, adults! Fully automatic with metal balls, wire legs and sturdy wood frame. Plays five different games; full instructions in English and French. 24 inches long by 14 inches wide. Price \$4.00 (slightly higher in Western Canada). A genuine North-western Game.

Made in Canada by
Somerville Limited
London, Ontario



THE NEW "SUNBABE" Molded All-Rubber Doll

The perfect doll—more beautiful and appealing than ever—and practically indestructible. Has movable head, arms and legs. It cries, drinks from nursing bottle and wets changeable diaper. No sharp edges to chip and hurt little hands or scratch furniture. Sanitary and washable. 12" tall. Outstanding value. "Avoid the tragedy of the broken doll".

VICEROY MFG. CO. LTD.

Montreal - Toronto
Winnipeg - Vancouver



OLD WOMAN OF THE LACING SHOE

This educational Holgate Toy, related to a well-known nursery rhyme, encourages new skills and confidence in the youngster. With practice, the child soon learns to lace his own shoes. Safe, sturdy, educating and entertaining Holgate and Teach-A-Tot Toys are manufactured in Canada by Hill-Clark-Francis Ltd., New Liskeard, Ont.

Canadian Distributor:

Frank E. Lucas Co. Ltd.,
66 Wellington Street West,
Toronto, Ontario



NOMA DECORATIVE CHRISTMAS LIGHTING

Noma lights lead the field in decorative Christmas lighting. This year our Indoor Multiple Sets are equipped with the new NOMA SAFETY FUSE PLUG which is the only definite insurance against overloading and short-circuiting available in Christmas lighting. Ask for Noma lights by code numbers 3010 S.F., 3415 S.F. or 3425 S.F.

**Noma Electric Company
Of Canada Limited**
110 Wellington St. W.
Toronto, Ont.

SWEETHEART

The Doll With a Heartbeat

Hug her close . . . you actually hear her heart beating. Sweetheart is the most exciting doll you could own. Her lovely SARAN hair can be COMBED, BRUSHED, CURLED and WAVED — with her own curlers. Her all-plastic eyes and eyelashes open and close. You'll love her. Ask to see her . . . to hear her . . . to have her.

Reliable Toy Co. Ltd.
258 Carlaw Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.



JIG-SAW PICTURE PUZZLES

Somerville offers a wide range of pictures, sizes and prices. All are made from carefully selected beautiful pictures, well-cut and attractively packaged. Ideal both for gifts and for home entertainment. All prices — from PAL series at 19 cents to BIG BEN series at \$1.25. A special item this year is the English CASTLE series at 89 cents.

Made in Canada by
Somerville Limited
London, Ontario



Maclean's Canadian *Carnival of TOYS* Buy these Christmas Toys & Playthings

NOW ON SALE AT YOUR LOCAL STORE . . . or write to company for name of nearest dealer



DREAM BABY The Cuddliest Doll in Town

A beautiful doll that will make all little girls' dreams come true. Dream Baby has soft VINYLITE head, arms and legs and is easy to clean with a damp cloth. She is hygienic, non-toxic, and a sturdy and durable playmate. Features realistic hair that combs, brushes, curls and waves—with her own VINYLITE curlers.

Reliable Toy Co. Ltd.
258 Carlaw Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.



MONOPOLY

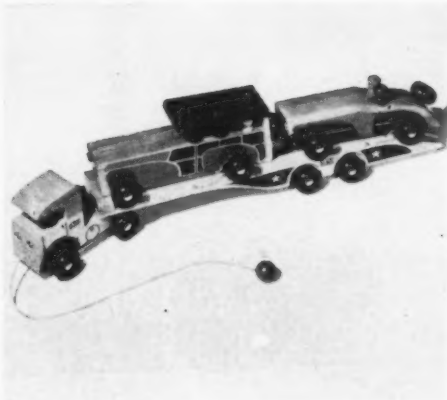
YOUR whole family will get hours of tremendous fun from the world-famous game of MONOPOLY — which is a 'must' for every home. This most popular of all great board games is available everywhere. Two-piece edition, for eight players, \$3.00; boxed deluxe edition, with convenient removable Bank Tray, \$4.00.

The Copp Clark Co. Limited
495-517 Wellington
St. West,
Toronto, Canada

AUTOCONVOYTRAILER A Holgate Toy

A wooden come-apart toy. Consists of Truck and Trailer, Station Wagon and Racing Car. One of a wide assortment of Holgate and Teach-A-Tot Toys for children of all ages. All are attractively designed, safe and sturdy toys — that train as well as entertain. Made in Canada by Hill-Clark-Francis Limited, New Liskeard, Ont.

Distributed by
Frank E. Lucas Co. Ltd.,
66 Wellington Street West,
Toronto, Ontario



HOPALONG CASSIDY COWBOY OUTFITS

Here's the Christmas gift that will thrill every little Canadian cowboy . . . and cowgirl, too. These colorful suits are sturdily built to provide long and rugged wear. Available in a wide range of sizes for both boys and girls. Make sure that Santa brings a Hopalong Cassidy outfit to your house.

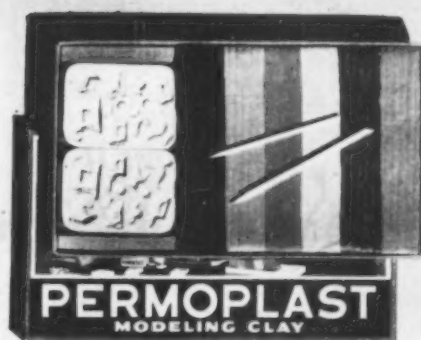
Superior Converters Ltd.
66 Portland St.
Toronto, Ont.



DOLL'S HIGH CHAIR

New all-steel doll's high chair, height 21 inches, weight about 3½ lbs. Finished in glossy pale blue baked enamel with pink tray. Designed for dolls up to 20 inches tall. Packed completely assembled. The same high quality as found in Lincoln Toy Trucks, so familiar to Canadian toy buyers.

Lincoln Specialties Limited
1637 Erie Street, East,
Windsor, Ontario



PERMOPLAST MODELING CLAY

Your youngster will spend many happy hours making life-like clay figures with Amaco Permoplast Modeling Clay. It is always soft and pliable—usable over and over again. Moderately priced sets are available in 4 sizes. Each set includes a variety of brightly coloured clay and durable composition moulds.

The American Art Clay Co. of Canada Ltd.
536 Eastern Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.

"WONDERLAND" Toys and Games

A grand tea-party set for 4 complete with Whistling Kettle, Cream and Sugar Bowls, and Napkins. 28 pieces all made of safe, unbreakable, rust-proof aluminum. Kitchen sets, pastry sets, individual kitchenware items. And see the new "Wonderland" toys and games.

Canadian-made by
Metaluminum Specialties Limited
St. Thomas, Ont.



The toys shown on these pages are now on sale at your local store. Ask for them by name. If some are not in stock be sure to write the manufacturer for the name of your nearest dealer.



She's a "Great" Grandmother

To the kiddies, grandmother is absolute "tops".

When mother is busy about her household chores, granny is always good for a romp, a tune, or a treat. Like mother, she's good for bedtime stories too—and a haven of comfort when childish troubles seem so overwhelming.

Grandmother's unfailing cheerfulness shines brightly throughout the formative years of the children.

Her patient, loving kindness, together with their mother's care, strengthens the feeling of security and deepens their faith in the ultimate goodness of our Canadian way of life.

Truly, grandmother is a "great" grandmother... and a great citizen.

Weston's take this way of honoring Canada's grandmothers who for years have honored Weston's by their purchases of Bread, Biscuits, Cakes and Candies. The quality of these Food Products, which has made them family favorites for generations, will continue to justify this preference now and for years to come.

Always buy the best—buy Weston's



GEORGE WESTON LIMITED...CANADA

M2-4

Karsh Photographs

The Face of Canada

Yousuf Karsh, who saw Vancouver through a stranger's eyes, caught its atmosphere in the Douglas Fir forest of Stanley Park, early one foggy morning.



He selects Vancouver as his starting point and in the first of ten picture essays focuses his camera on what he calls "an enchanted city"

IN VANCOUVER, one rainy day last spring, an architect in a second-story Granville Street office looked up from his work to find a diminutive figure in a black slouch hat clambering through the window. "Mr. Karsh!" he exclaimed immediately. "I wish you had given me the opportunity to receive you properly." Several weeks later a Toronto businessman was walking down a street in Charlottetown, P.E.I., when a car rolled up and the same figure leaped out and took his picture. "Good heavens!" cried the Torontonian. "I think I've just been photographed by Yousuf Karsh."

In ten cities across the land similar scenes are being enacted and the little man with the black hat and white camera is fast becoming a familiar figure. His assignment from Maclean's, the most

ambitious that the famous photographer has ever undertaken, was to record his personal impressions of metropolitan Canada. To Karsh, long used to taking portraits of famous people under studio conditions, this was "something entirely new and a challenge I simply had to accept." He found it no bowl of cherries. In Vancouver, perched on rooftops and ladders, he often waited several hours for the light to strike just right for his purposes. Instead of studio floods he improvised makeshifts, such as car headlights in the picture of Stanley Park (above). His darkroom was makeshift, too: a bathroom in Regina; the kitchen of the royal suite in the Hotel Vancouver. And around him, wherever he went, flocked a crowd of autograph hunters, newspapermen, policemen, press agents—and other photographers taking more photographs of Karsh.

Although he worked an eighteen-hour day and spent upwards of two weeks in each city Karsh points out that it would take three months and fifty pages to give a complete photographic report on a Canadian city such as Vancouver. "It is not a complete view," he emphasizes, "and it is not a tourist-bureau view. I had at all times a definite determination to avoid the obvious. Call it instead a Karsh's-eye view of Canada."

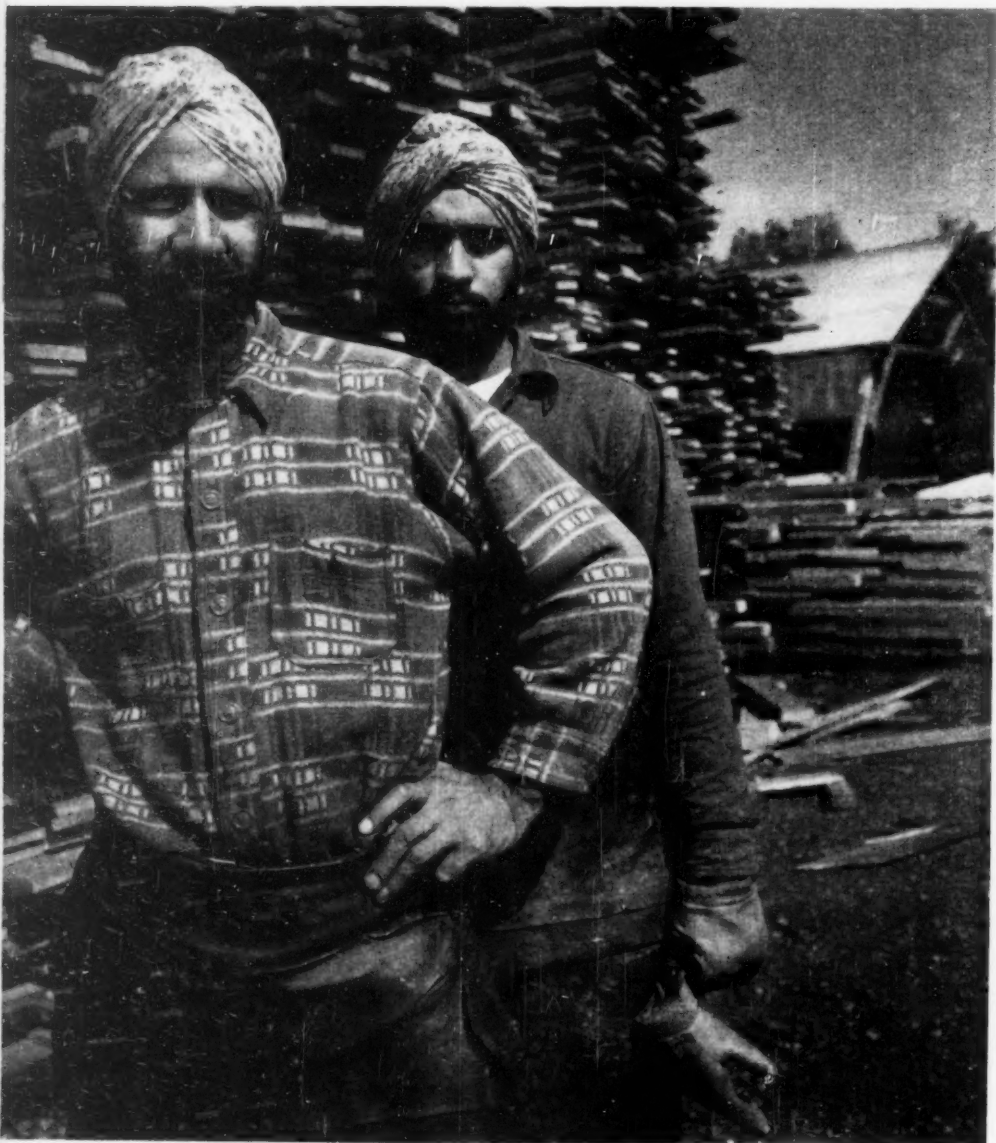
In this issue Maclean's presents a Karsh's-eye view of Vancouver which he calls "an enchanted city," though he adds: "It will require twenty-five more years of enlightened town planning to really pull it together." In subsequent issues of Maclean's nine more cities will sit for portraits by Karsh.

SIX-PAGE SECTION FOLLOWS ►



ANCIENT TIMBER provides a contrasting setting for the newest Canadian art: ballet.

FRESH TIMBER at sawmill provides background for Karsh portrait of Sikh millworkers.



A City Built on Timber

Wood, in all its forms, is Karsh's main theme throughout Vancouver

MY IMPRESSIONS of Vancouver were absolutely fresh," says Yousuf Karsh, "because I had hardly been there before. I looked for a central theme and it was easy to find one—easier than in any other city in Canada. Timber is the core of everything in Vancouver. The park, the houses, the industries, the wealth of the people—all of it springs from timber."

In almost every photograph Karsh contrived to introduce, in some way, this basic element.



Strange tree stump reminded Karsh "of someone I know."

In Stanley Park, he happened upon workmen dressing a giant cedar for the new Lumbermen's Arch—the symbol of the city's timber prosperity. Its texture intrigued him and he asked the men to leave one giant chip in the centre until the light struck it from the right angle. Then

he made the picture at the right.

The park's famous hollow tree caught his eye. "I was haunted by the fact that Vancouver people think a great deal of this confounded tree. They are always photographing it with a car in the centre. Rather than this hackneyed interpretation I decided to give it some light movement and it struck me that this most ancient of trees might make a striking background for the newest of Canadian arts: the ballet."

Karsh asked the B. C. School of Dancing to help him out and, while two policemen stood guard, he made the picture at top left. Halfway through, a taxi-load of sailors stopped by and took phone numbers of all the ballet girls. But Karsh was off to a lumber mill by that time.

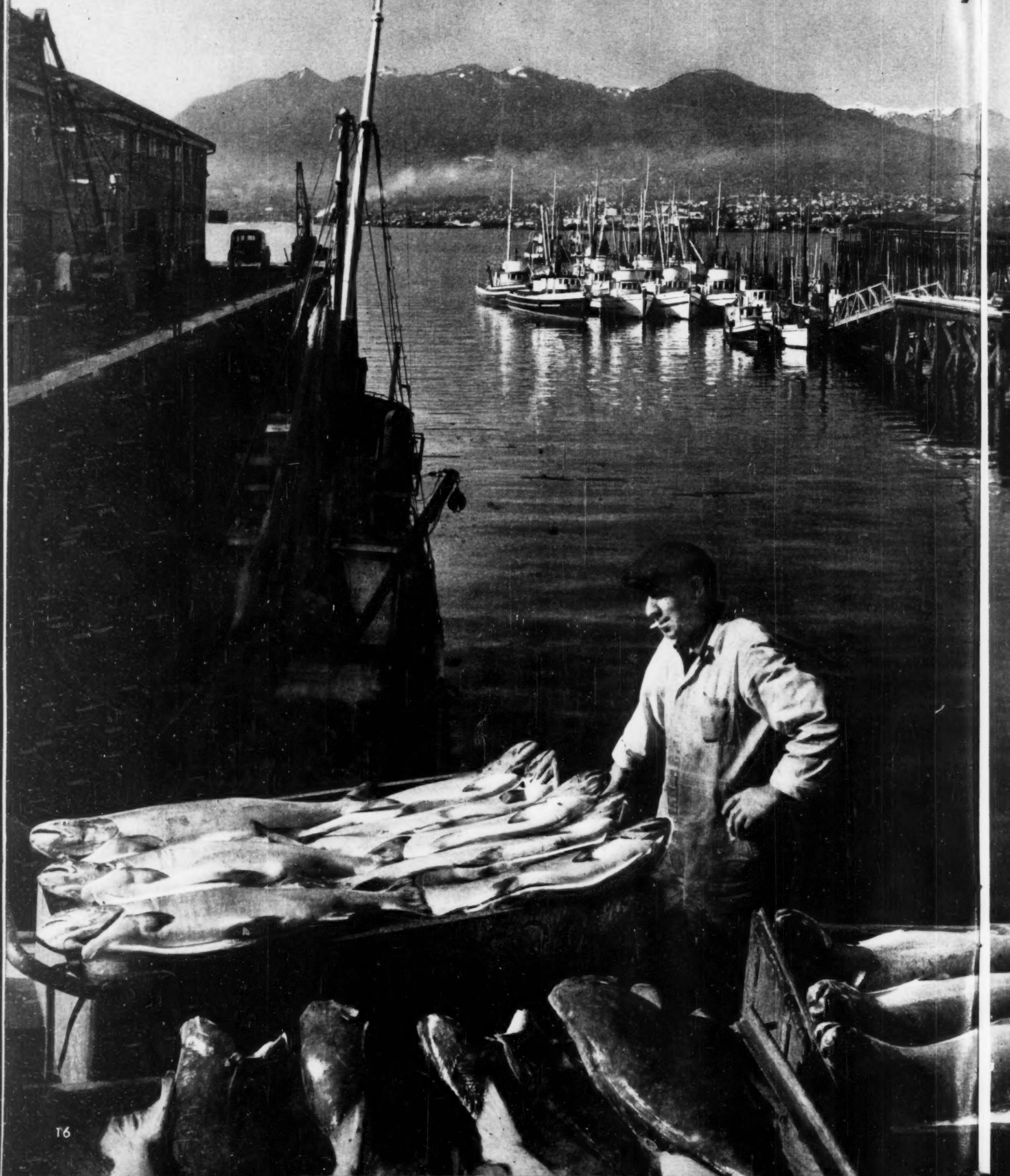
At Ranji Mattu's River Sawmills, which employ Sikh labor throughout, Karsh decided to take the kind of portrait that is his trademark: a character study set against the background of the character's trade. "I selected the two most colorful Sikhs from the work force at the mill and they turned out to be father and son," he says. "The pile of lumber in the background is the result of a single morning's output at the mill."

Everywhere he went, the texture of wood in all its forms fascinated Karsh. The inset photograph is one of several studies he made. Karsh likes it, perhaps because of the Churchillian cigar growing from its apex. "It reminds me," he says, drily, "of someone I know."

"My problem was to convey the power and strength of a giant cedar," says Karsh. "To do that I decided to photograph the texture of the tree." Log forms a part of Lumbermen's Arch.



Water is a secondary



y Theme

but Karsh's restless lens
returns again to timber

FOR twelve of his eighteen days in Vancouver Karsh encountered fog and rain. Indeed, he says, "it would have been easy enough to make the entire series rain. For the rain is as much a part of Vancouver's atmosphere as the sea is a part of her wealth." In a city virtually surrounded by water he found that water was becoming a secondary theme in his study of the city.

Early one morning he went down to the harbor to find the season's first halibut catch being wheeled from the boats to the wharf. "I decided to organize these fish—the halibut in the foreground, the salmon in the rear—against the magnificent setting of the north shore." The result is on the left.



Wry theme for rainy city was suggested to Karsh when he photographed theatre marquee above wet sidewalks.

"Every city has a slum," Karsh says, "but I could not find any in Vancouver." Instead he happened upon "the absolutely independent development of houseboats" between the fish wharfs and the great Terminal dock. He tried to catch a candid shot of children playing on the wet duck boards but their mothers hurriedly scrubbed them clean and dressed them up in party frocks so that they looked unnatural. Karsh settled for the damp-looking scene at top right.

Timber continued to haunt him—the clusters of pilings jutting from the sea by the Second Narrows bridge and the great Douglas fir logs being sawn in the waters of the Fraser River. Karsh watched while one tree, twelve hundred years old, was cut up and sent to the barking mill. Then he made the picture on the lower right. "In the barnacled pilings, the huge floating logs—even in the masts of the fishing boats this unique seaport seemed to me to be clinging to its heritage of timber in every conceivable form. That is how I photographed Vancouver."

Morning's catch of halibut (foreground) and salmon (background) was photographed against the sea and mountains.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, NOVEMBER 15, 1952



WET PLANKS in houseboat colony, where people live on sea itself, intrigued Karsh.



WET PILINGS growing like trees from harbor reminded Karsh of B.C. forest growth.

WET LOGS, so big they must be sawed in water, drifted past his lens on way to mill.





Vancouver's

Shapes and Patterns

From the arabesques
of a dogwood branch to
the neon geometry
of Granville Street
Yousuf Karsh sees a city
in the abstract

Karsh wanted three weeks to photograph grain elevators.

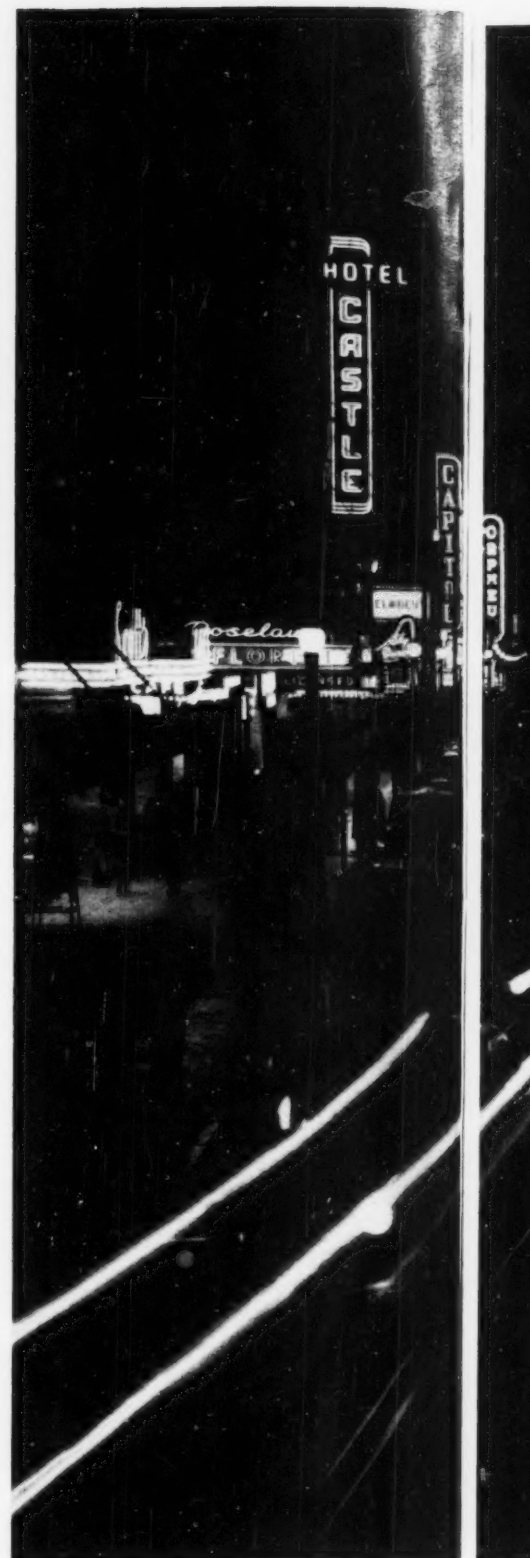


THESE are photographs chosen purely for their design. Karsh went to the campus of the University of B. C. to take the lacy portrait of the dogwood—the province's native flower. To get Granville Street's three neon-lit blocks he stopped traffic by commandeering a B. C. Electric trouble car and perching atop its hydraulic lift while two public-relations men and three photographers stood by. He had previously spent three days climbing over rooftops staring at the street from various angles. Karsh says Vancouver has more neon signs per city block than any other Canadian town.

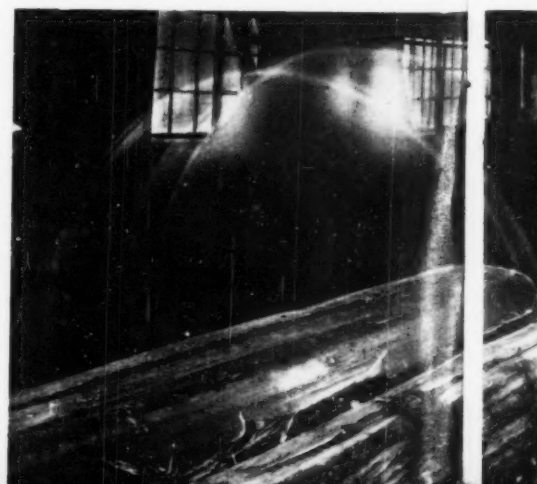
The corrugations of Alberta Pool No. 1 at lower left made a different sort of pattern: "Madame Karsh and I had a little domestic difficulty over this. I wanted to spend three weeks just photographing grain elevators—by moonlight and sunlight, in dark and in shadow. They are our only true native architecture." Madame Karsh won the argument and he settled for the single dramatic photograph shown here.

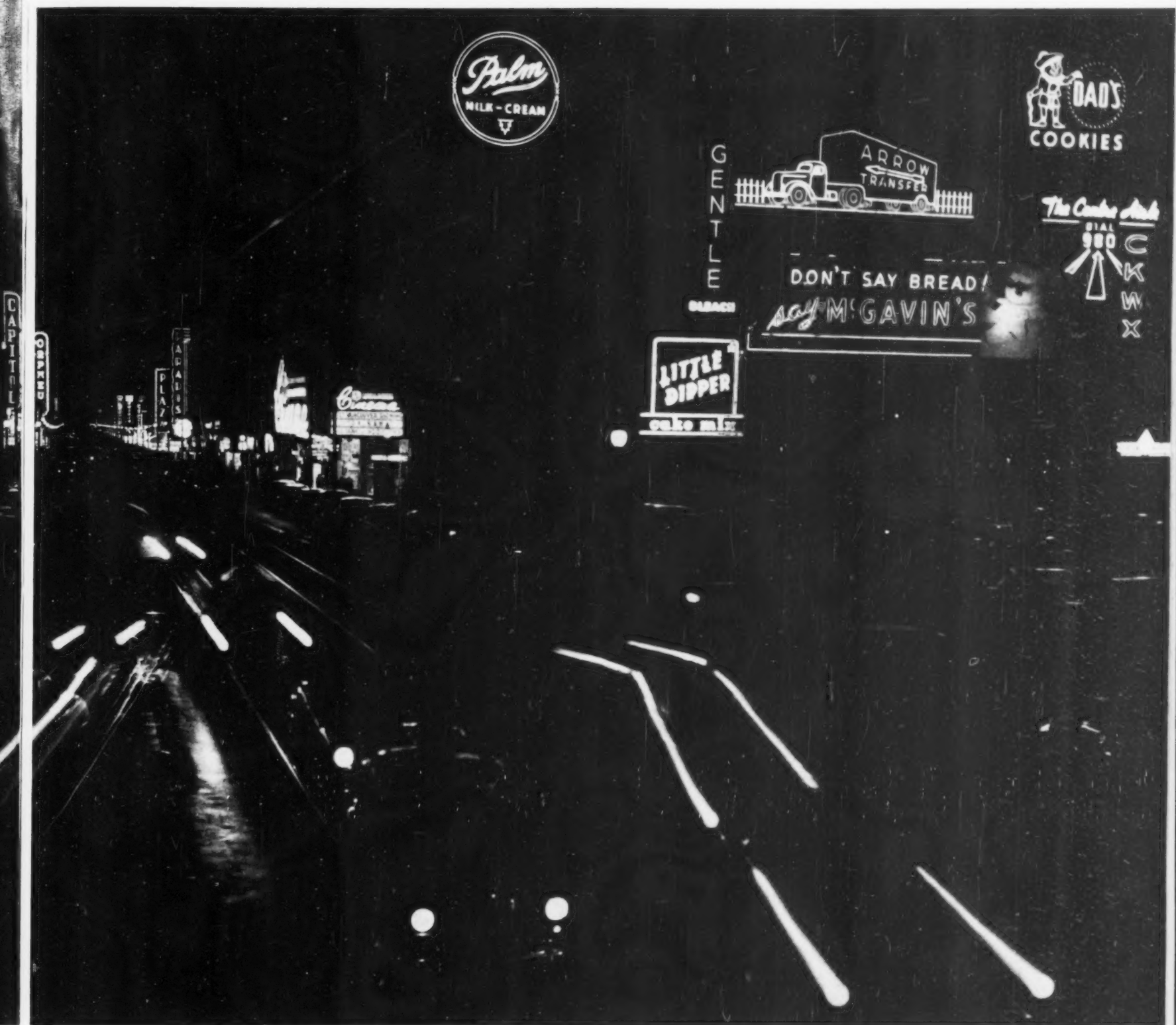
Timber gave Karsh his final abstract forms: the circular flash of a saw biting into Douglas fir, the curve of a plywood sheet (made on the spot from the same log) and, finally, a workman asleep at noon hour, framed by the ubiquitous timber, making an angular pattern in the sun.

And again, timber,
in various forms,
imposes its own
pattern on
a youthful city



PATTERN OF SAW gives lacy effect at
Douglas fir log shown here became plywood



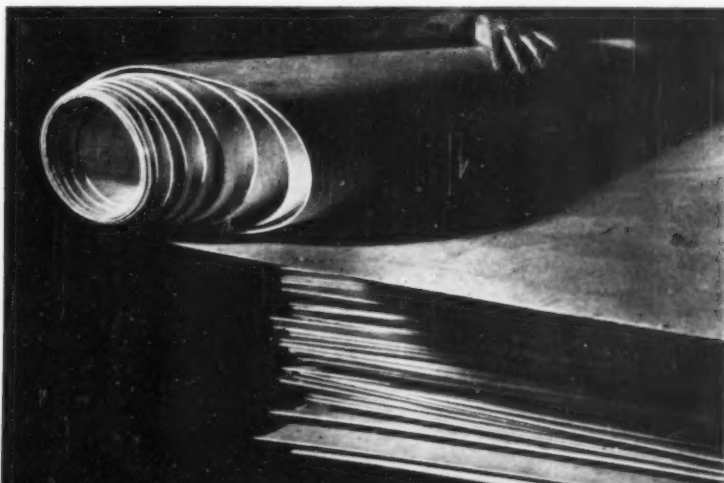


He stopped traffic and employed a B.C. Electric hydraulic platform to record patterns of neon on "the best-lighted street in Canada."

McMillan lumber mill.
in picture at right.

PATTERN OF PLYWOOD, produced on the spot at Karsh's request
gives the feeling of a coiled steel spring waiting to unwind itself

PATTERN OF A WORKMAN asleep on lumber brought wife's
letter: "You've photographed my brand-new husband."



IS THE LIBERAL PARTY ON THE R

By **BLAIR FRASER**

MACLEAN'S OTTAWA EDITOR

WHEN PARLIAMENT met for an autumn session in 1949 the Liberals were a pretty complacent lot. They had won the greatest electoral triumph in Canadian history—counting “independent” backers they had a hundred and ninety-four seats out of two hundred and sixty-two. Opposition parties had never been lower in either strength or morale.

As parliament reassembles this fall the majority is still large, the Liberals still rather complacent and the Opposition by no means brash. Nevertheless, times have changed a good bit.

Since the end of 1949 the Liberal Party has met the voters thirty times, and twenty times it has been beaten. Of twenty-two federal by-elections it has lost twelve to Progressive Conservatives and two to Independent Liberals (rebels who defied the machine to run against the official candidate). Of eight provincial elections it has won only two. It has lost two to Progressive Conservatives, two to Social Credit, one to the CCF and one to Quebec's Union Nationale.

For two of the three years this catalogue of calamity left the Grits unmoved. They did not admit, and Progressive Conservatives did not contend, that the by-election defeats of 1950 meant much change in public sentiment. Even in 1951, when the PCs swept all five by-elections and cut the Liberals in half in the Ontario legislature, few Grits showed any sign of worry.

This year is different. They were prepared for defeat in British Columbia, but not for the utter rout that took place—a Liberal Government with a small majority suddenly demoted to a miserable rump of six backbenchers. They were prepared for their by-election defeat in Ontario County, where the PCs had snapped up a strong candidate from

under the Liberals' noses, but not in Gloucester, N.B., a French-speaking county which had been Liberal since 1896.

Least of all were they prepared for downfall in the New Brunswick provincial election last September. Liberals there were so blandly confident that they rented the banquet hall of the Lord Beaverbrook Hotel in Fredericton for their “victory celebration” on election night. It was sublet to the Progressive Conservatives about midnight.

In New Brunswick the usual Liberal excuses didn't seem to apply. In Ontario, for instance, they could prove that people vote differently in federal and provincial affairs. In 1949, Conservative Leslie Frost and Liberal Louis St. Laurent were supported by the same voters in the same month by approximately the same margin. New Brunswick's record is just the opposite.

Ever since 1911, when Conservative governments took office in both Ottawa and Fredericton, a change in New Brunswick has been the harbinger of change in Ottawa. N. B. Tories fell in 1917, a term ahead of Ottawa's but in Ottawa too their days were numbered. N. B. Liberals fell in 1925, whereas Mackenzie King squeaked back that year by a one-vote majority, but both capitals had Conservatives in office from 1930 to 1935. Both have been Liberal ever since, until now.

Small wonder, then, that Liberal and Progressive Conservative alike have been studying New Brunswick with care. Each is asking the same question: “Is this a real change of political tide? Are the Liberals on their way out, everywhere?”

No definite answers are available, of course, until the morrow of election day. Nevertheless there are some enlightening features in the New Brunswick election, all the more so because Liberals and Conservatives seem to agree about them now. With some variation of emphasis and priority, they all say the following issues defeated the McNair (Liberal) Government:

1. Resentment Against Taxation

In McNair's case it was a four-percent sales tax, imposed in 1950. It is the highest provincial sales tax in Canada. New Brunswick is so hard up that Premier Hugh John Flemming and his men have no real hope of taking it off in the near future, but to the people it came as a bolt from the blue, since every provincial budget for years had shown a surplus.

“They never explained the tax properly,” said a Liberal worker in Fredericton. “They never sold it even to us, let alone to the public.”

Ottawa Grits may well brood about this. During last summer Brooke Claxton, Minister of National Defense, sent out a letter to Liberal MPs asking for a report on what people were grumbling about in each area. The answers varied a lot in detail, but they had one thing in common: everywhere, people were grouching about high taxes.

On the other hand, when I asked Premier Flemming if New Brunswick voters resented federal taxation as much as the McNair sales tax he said he didn't know. “Everybody pays the sales tax,” he pointed out, “and only half the people pay income tax.”

There was also a strong feeling that the McNair tax was imposed without a fair hearing of protests. “It wasn't just the tax, it was the arbitrary way they put it on,” a Moncton Liberal said. In Ottawa D. C. Abbott and his deputy in charge of taxation, Kenneth Eaton, spend most of their time from Christmas to Easter receiving delegations on tax matters. They try to send no one home with the feeling of having been brushed off.

However, both governments are vulnerable to Issue No. 2, which is

2. Doubt That Tax Money Is Well Spent

In New Brunswick the doubt focused largely on road building. New Brunswick roads are poor.

In Six Provinces these Liberal Leaders have gone down to Defeat at the



New Brunswick

John McNair, premier for twelve years, beaten by PCs last Sept.



Quebec

Georges-Emile Lapalme lost out in July landslide for Duplessis.



Ontario

Walter Thomson resigned after trouncing by PCs led by Frost.

ROPE?

The Liberals have been beaten twenty times in thirty polls across the country in the last three years. Now anxious Grits and hopeful Opposition scouts are sifting the evidence of the New Brunswick case to see if St. Laurent can hold Ottawa next year

Not only are they inferior to those of rich Ontario and Quebec, they are inferior to Nova Scotia's. Since New Brunswick has the highest per capita debt of any province, and since the per capita debt has risen fifty percent since the end of the war, voters are sceptical and suspicious.

Last spring Flemming, then Opposition leader, asked some pointed questions about one road contract. It had been advertised at a maximum of \$300,000, let to a contractor who tendered \$200,000, and actually cost \$474,000. A royal commission enquiry was held.

Mr. Justice G. F. G. Bridges, the commissioner, found no evidence of dishonesty. He said the road was well built and the province had got its money's worth. However, he did turn up some odd facts.

Oddest was the Public Works Department's habit of underestimating costs, quite deliberately, to make the job look cheaper than it was. In this case Judge Bridges was convinced the department's real estimate was \$600,000, exactly double the published figure. "I want to express my strong disapproval," said His Lordship.

Altogether the Bridges Report absolved the McNair Government of dishonesty but gave it no certificate for competence. It all contributed to Issue No. 3, which many people rank as No. 1:

3. "It's Time for a Change"

Three days after the election I sat in the office of a Liberal ex-cabinet minister in Fredericton, hardly believing my ears.

"They said we'd been in power too long and, you know, maybe there was some truth in it," the Liberal said. "You collect a lot of barnacles in seventeen years. Maybe it is time for a change."

To federal Liberals this, of course, is the coldest comfort of all. They've been in power exactly the same length of time.

Ottawa's had a change of prime ministers, of course, but so had New Brunswick—McNair took

over from A. A. Dysart in 1940. Ottawa's new prime minister showed he could win an election by a huge majority, but so did New Brunswick's; McNair won forty-seven out of fifty-two seats only four years ago.

Whether the analogy is as sound as it looks is another matter. New Brunswick Liberals admit that their government had got out of touch with the people; they make no such admission about Ottawa. Premier McNair scarcely left Fredericton during the campaign and did his electioneering by radio. Federal ministers are more often criticized for too many tours of the country and too much political fence-mending.

Whatever your opinion on these points, the Federal Government does escape another charge repeatedly made in New Brunswick:

4. "Liberals Have Been Running a One-Man Show"

Many concede that John McNair himself is an able, honest, devoted public servant who has done the best he could for New Brunswick. Some Conservatives as well as Liberals rate him the best premier, on balance through his whole twelve years, that the province has had.

But it is also conceded with equal unanimity that he had a poor cabinet in the later years. Except for Austin Taylor, the competent Minister of Agriculture who is the most likely leader of the New Brunswick Liberal Party, few of his ministers had any particular qualifications or stature. Education was handled by an estimable man who'd had a successful business career but had never finished school. The Hydro Commission was chaired by a farmer, with a weaver from the Marysville cotton mill as vice-chairman and manager; neither knew a watt from an ampere when he took over the job. The Labor Minister was a CNR machinist who'd been a union member, all right, but never held any union office. And so on.

Because he had to, or because he wanted to, or

perhaps a bit of both, McNair made all important decisions himself. It was regarded as a waste of time to consult cabinet ministers, even on matters within their own departments; the man to see was McNair. Nobody else counted.

In Ottawa this kind of criticism is not valid. Opposition critics have said many harsh things about C. D. Howe and Jimmy Gardiner, Brooke Claxton and Doug Abbott, occasionally about Lester B. Pearson. But no one has ever referred to any of these men as a nonentity, or a mere stooge for Louis St. Laurent. For better and for worse they are held responsible for their own departments and their own policies.

The youngest member of the McNair cabinet was fifty-seven, the oldest seventy-two. Premier Flemming is only fifty-three and most of his ministers are younger than he, some by ten years or more. There is no such sharp contrast in the federal field. Prime Minister St. Laurent himself will be seventy-one in February, but four of his ministers are in their forties. Broadly speaking, the leading Liberals at Ottawa are no older than the leading Progressive Conservatives.

Another issue which the federal Liberals escaped and which unquestionably worked against the McNair Government, was

5. The Fight With Organized Labor

Premier McNair himself would have called that Issue No. 1, and perhaps rightly. Other things that worked against him were more or less inevitable. This was not only avoidable, it was a departure from ordinary Liberal policy.

Last spring the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers organized the employees of the provincial Hydro Commission. It is an A.F. of L. union, strongly anti-Communist, with an excellent record (only two strikes in all its sixty-two years in Canada). It has contracts with the Ontario Hydro, and with

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the Hands of Conservatives, CCF, Social Credit and Union Nationale



Saskatchewan

Walter Adam Tucker couldn't get his province away from the CCF.



Alberta

James H. Prowse tilted in vain against Social Credit strength.



British Columbia

Byron Johnson, premier for five years, was swept out in June rout.



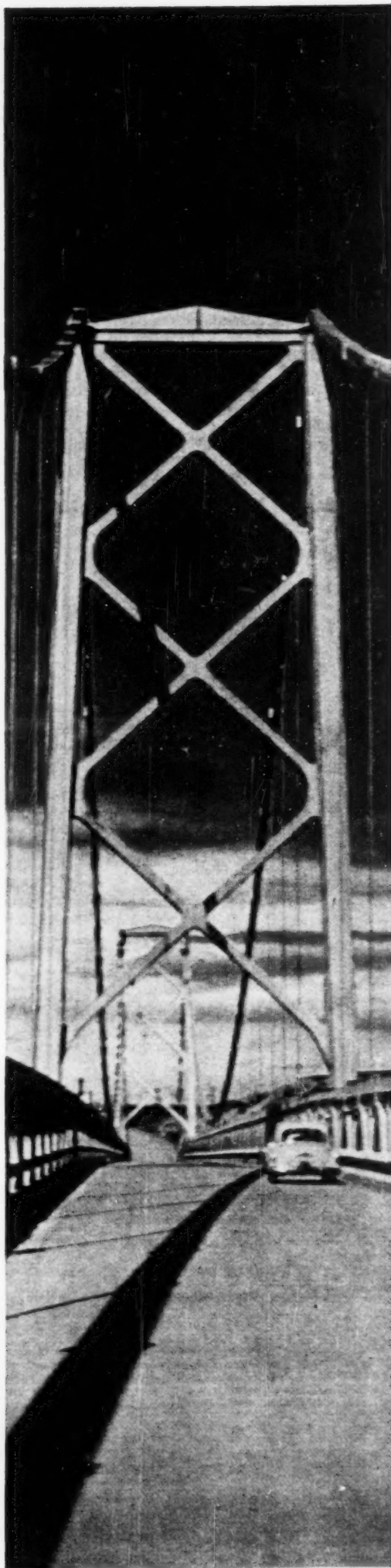
These signposts in Grande Prairie show the paradox of the retreating "last frontier."

THEY'LL KEEP THE PEACE

By TRENT FRAYNE



Model farmer, Percy Clubine, had to chop his way into the Peace two decades ago. Right: A new bridge now spans the river.



The new pioneers of the Peace River Country — the men of oil — have picked up the booster's torch from Peter Pond and Twelve-foot Davis and have added their own cliché: "Peace, it's wonderful"

NAILED TO A lamppost at the corner of 100th Street and 100th Avenue, the main intersection in downtown Grande Prairie in the Peace River Country, is a traffic arrow that suggests the wild and boundless expanse of a new frontier. Directing traffic west in bold letters, it says: ALASKA.

Quite as imposing, however, is the arrow immediately above it, one that rudely saps the early, heady gusto of the fledgling pioneer. Pointing east, this one directs the intrepid explorer down the street to the—CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

Besides their obvious reminder that the world's chambers of commerce are as ubiquitous as the common cold, the two markers illustrate the contrasts of a country which for four decades has been kindling lights in the eyes of adventurers. The Peace River Country, as a sort of land of last hope, crooked a finger to a generation of drought, grasshopper and rust-ridden prairie farmers in the Thirties. Before that it had captured man's imagination as the west's last frontier and, a little later, as the home of wheat kings like Herman Trelle, who won the world's grain championship at Chicago thirteen times, five of them for wheat. Through the Forties not much was heard from the Peace River Country but now, once more, it's heading happily toward national prominence. With millions of dollars already invested, it seems on the very lip of vast oil and natural-gas discoveries.

The contrasts are many in this rolling, valley-clefted, lake-spotted land which straddles the northern Alberta-B. C. border, starting two hundred miles northwest of Edmonton and stretching ninety miles up the Alaska Highway. Men who walked four hundred miles into the wilderness behind a team of oxen forty years ago drive 1952 sedans and mingle with ambitious youngsters who flew from Toronto in less than ten hours in 1950 and can't yet afford a car. A chartered accountant in impeccable business suit sits down for a glass of beer with a driller whose baseball-type cap and rubber boots are caked and splattered with dried mud. Winding grass-tufted wagon trails, wide enough for only one car, drift off from a black-topped highway over which caravans of thirty diesel transports roll with their twenty-ton loads, bound for Alaska. An airplane flies from Edmonton twice daily to Grande Prairie in an hour and twenty minutes on its scheduled Canadian Pacific Airlines run while the Northern Alberta Railroad wanders an incredible eighteen hours over four hundred and seventy-five miles to link the same two places.

They tell in the Peace River Country of a farmer who drove his cattle from Dawson Creek to Edmonton while he sat in one of the railroad coaches. It was a slow trip, even for the Northern Alberta, and along about the third creaking unscheduled stop a passenger asked the conductor what was the trouble.

"No trouble," explained the conductor, "we've just caught up to them cows again."

Three of the most famous characters spoken of

by people in the Peace River Country are Ma Brainard, Baldy Red and Twelve-foot Davis. Ma Brainard, now seventy-five, is alive but the other two have long since departed the Peace. They say of Twelve-foot Davis that he never locked his cabin door and that his generosity is the heritage of people who live in the Peace River Country. They called him Twelve-foot, not because he was a tall man, but because when he went to the Klondike in the gold rush of 1898 he arrived late and could find only a twelve-foot strip of land that hadn't been staked. Twelve-foot staked that twelve feet and he struck gold and from that day on his door never owned a lock. His dying wish was that he be buried on a rolling plain overlooking three rivers, the Peace, the Smoky and the Hart—"the most beautiful view that God ever created." He's buried there, a monument has been erected by his grave, and his cherished view is one every visitor to the Peace is advised not to miss.

Baldy Red was a reprobate with a flowing red beard and a shaggy red fringe above his ears. He was a bootlegger who went to unusual and cunning extremes to avoid the Mounted Police and keep lumbermen supplied with cures for snakebite or galloping gout. A kindly man for all that, he once noticed the Rev. Alexander Forbes having difficulty with a fractious team of horses as he approached the Bezanson crossing of the Smoky. Baldy Red offered to drive the team of spirited greys across the river and Forbes readily accepted, following him across with Red's more placid team. Across the river the Mounted Police, ever vigilant, searched Baldy Red's wagon for the fiery stuff and found only blankets and a bag of potatoes. The Mounties had only a friendly nod for the Rev. Forbes. Safely past the law, Baldy Red returned the spirited greys to the reverend and modestly accepted his thanks. Then he drove on to the lumber camp, his docile team scarcely rippling the whisky in the cases piled in his wagon.

Ma Brainard runs a restaurant in the middle of nowhere, halfway between Grande Prairie and the Rockies foothills. Her restaurant is her castle and also her home, a low pile of logs tufted together with cracking, jagged cement, half of it roofed by ragged chunks of sod and the other half by torn weathered tar paper. Her dining room is her kitchen in which stands a huge, blackened, fifty-three-year-old stove and, in the centre of the room, a large rectangular table with a white oilcloth cover.

Ma lives there alone, a stooped, shuffling figure. Usually she wears a faded ill-fitting sweater which flops around her hips, a cotton bedcap and mismatched shoes, one of them a felt boot and the other cracked and broken leather. It is entirely possible that she is the finest cook in the Peace River Country and it's likely she's the cleanest.

Ma Brainard never knows whether she'll have two or twenty for lunch or dinner. Travelers go miles out of their way to catch a meal at Ma Brainard's where there are no menus. Ma simply fixes a mound of succulent food on her big black stove and piles it in the middle of her big white table. She works all autumn preserving fruit, chili sauce, jams, jellies and pickles and these in their tall sealers are piled on the table, too. Then a man sits down and helps himself. His fare, on any given day, might consist of roast beef, fried chicken, corn on the cob, creamed corn, peas, carrots, stewed tomatoes, fresh tomatoes, green beans, wax beans, beets, boiled potatoes, mashed potatoes, pan-fried potatoes, apple pie, blueberry pie, preserved peaches, pears, cherries, applesauce or fresh strawberries. A man can eat as much of this as he can hold and when he's finished it will cost him one dollar.

"It was always seventy-five cents," Ma says with a certain embarrassment, "but prices have gone up. I guess they gone up where you come from, too."

She raises her own chickens, catches them, kills them, dresses them, cooks them and serves them. She picks her own corn off the stalk but insists that the visitor select his own, husk it himself and put it in a big simmering pot on the stove.

"Yuh still got the hairs on 'em!" she will shrill in a high-pitched

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Bustling lumber mill is typical of the expanding prosperity of Grande Prairie, founded 1911.



Ma Brainard's lusty dollar meals lure hungry travelers to her isolated sod-roof restaurant.



Seeking the Peace's oil wealth, new invaders drill the frozen muskeg with special equipment.

Ten years of painstaking study

and hard work

readied Toby Robins for

the climax of her dramatic career as



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL ON TV

By JUNE CALLWOOD

PHOTOS BY PAUL ROCKETT

TOBY ROBINS, a twenty-one-year-old Toronto television actress, gets up at seven on Monday mornings to give herself thirteen hours to prepare for the moment when she smiles into Camera One and says sweetly: "Well, another *Big Revue* has rolled around and tonight in addition to our usual stars . . ."

The *Big Revue*, a six-thousand-dollar hour-long variety show, employs more than a hundred people to push cameras, nail props, paint scenery, write scripts, move lights, lead the orchestra, print titles, sing, lower backdrops, dance, dub in sound tracks, design costumes, put on make-up, arrange music, act in the commercials, announce, produce, direct, crack jokes and stand close to the audience microphone and laugh loudly. It also employs Toby, at one hundred dollars a show, to be mistress of ceremonies.

Her main qualification, outside of her ten years of continuous dramatic training and six years of continuous radio and stage experience, is her face, one of the loveliest ever enveloped in a coaxial cable.

"She's the most beautiful woman I have ever seen on television," comments Stuart Griffiths, Toronto television program director. Griffiths adds thoughtfully, "In fact, she's the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, period."

Television's most beautiful woman is too young to be sultry, too girlish to be seductive and too sweet to slink. The child is still so muddled with the emerging sophistication that she has kept her last doll and all its clothes while endeavoring to develop a blank spot in her memory for the afternoon when she was crowned Miss Cheerleader in Varsity Stadium. She sleeps in costly cobwebby nylon nighties, with her arms around a small toy dog her mother had bought to give a baby cousin.

The day *The Big Revue* is telecast Toby dresses in the winter morning darkness in her green-and-yellow bedroom with the care of a woman who expects to be involved in an accident and wants to make a good impression at the hospital. Her stockings are the sheerest, her lingerie ruffled and scented, her shoes brushed and her outer clothing expensive and well fitting. This elegant grooming gives her the appearance of a dainty princess, which she abets by meticulous good manners, a warm sweet smile and ready handouts to panhandlers. Toby Robins teeters at all times on the brink of being too good to be true.

After a quick breakfast of toast and coffee she calls "Good-by dears" to her family—her adoring father Samuel preparing for another day at his dress shop, her doting mother almost teary with pride, and her devoted teen-age brother getting ready for school. She drives downtown through the heavy early-morning traffic in a small black English car she bought when she was eighteen.

Her first stop is an eight-thirty appointment with the hairdresser, where her naturally curly black hair is

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TOBY ROBINS, TWENTY-ONE, RELAXES IN A YOGA-LIKE POSE BEFORE FACING UP TO THE TV CAMERA AS MISTRESS OF CEREMONIES FOR THE HOUR-LONG VARIETY SHOW, THE *BIG REVUE*.

Toby Sneaks Time
From Her Hectic
Schedule for a Steady
Lunchtime Romance



A busy telephone cuts off precious seconds

PRESSURE BEGINS TO MOUNT AS SHOW TIME NEARS. DANCER LORRAINE THOMSON LOOKS IN.





THIS PICTURE STORY TELLS TOBY'S DEMANDING DAY. ON A DOWNTOWN CORNER SHE READS HER SCRIPT AGAIN.



SHE'S STILL MEMORIZING AS ELIZABETH ARDEN'S PETER GIVES HER BLACK HAIR THAT SPECIAL TELEVISION FIX.



IN HER FATHER'S DRESS SHOP SHE TRIES TO DECIDE ON THE NEW MODEL SHE WILL WEAR ON THE BIG REVUE.



WITH ARRANGER CALVIN JACKSON SHE STUDIES MUSICAL CUES HE HAS WORKED UP TO INTRODUCE REVUE'S ACTS.



MILDRED MORAY, STAR COMEDIENNE, STOPS BY TO CHAT WITH TOBY, WHO HANKERS FOR DRAMATIC STAGE ROLES.



TOP PRODUCER MAYOR MOORE (LEFT) TAKES A PATER-
NAL INTEREST IN TOBY, WHOM HE HELPED "DISCOVER."



from her time with her fiancé,



Bill Freedman, who works nights. They plan



a honeymoon trip to Europe soon. But always



the relentless clock rules their romance.



AN APPLE FOR ENERGY AS SHE GOES OVER HER LINES FOR THE LAST TIME. IN TV THERE CAN BE NO RETAKES.



ANY MINUTE NOW, THE WORDS SHE HAS TO SAY WITH A SWEET FRESH SMILE HAVE BECOME QUITE MEANINGLESS.



CAMERA! AND TOBY ROBINS PAYS OFF WITH A PERFECT PERFORMANCE. THE BIG REVUE IS UNDER WAY AGAIN.



HOW TO BRING UP AN ONLY CHILD

Fifty years of scientific research haven't proved that an Only Child is different from any other. But there's a lot to show that parents often fail to give intelligent guidance at home

By DOROTHY SANGSTER



THE CANADIEN playwright and actor Gratien Gélinas livened up his annual Fridolinons revue a few seasons ago with a very funny monologue about the government's new family allowances and what they were going to mean in cold cash to the large families of his beloved Quebec.

Naturally, Fridolin suggested wickedly, *les Anglais* were going to be jealous. And why not? Poor souls who got themselves one child, or at the most one child and a dog, and called it a family!

Night after night, the mere mention of the Englishman and his one child was enough to throw the audience into convulsions. Gélinas himself, father of half a dozen healthy and uninhibited youngsters, could snicker. But scattered here and there in the house there must have been the odd customer whose laughter was more nervous than ribald.

The family with one child has always been considered something of an oddity, either comical or sad, depending on whether the parents in the case are presumed to be selfish, sick, or possibly just absent-minded. Everybody feels justified in asking the parents of a single child when they're going to have another. Many parents, as the result of this constant questioning, have developed fairly strong feelings of guilt.

As for the Only Child himself, he has always been considered fair game by sociological students in search of a quarry. Is he lonely? withdrawn? love-starved? Or is he bold? bad? bossy? Is he a likely juvenile delinquent, or a potential victim of adult schizophrenia?

Relentlessly they track down his hidden hungers. One psychologist fears for the emotional health of the Only Child because, receiving the undivided attention of his parents, he is in grave danger of becoming a spoiled ego-centric brat. Another points out reassuringly that, having no brothers or sisters to compete with, the Only Child is permanently secure in the first love of his parents and is thus delivered from the crippling effects of what the doctor calls "sibling rivalry."

Is the Only Child smarter than other children—more of a leader? Some studies say he is. Other studies tab his smartness as mere precocity and insist his leadership is strongly resented by other children who consider him merely bossy.

And who is an Only Child, anyway, since all first-born children are presumed to be the only one until another baby comes along, while children born several years apart are also treated, to all intents and purposes, like Only Children?

Whatever the true facts, and however loose the definition, no one can quarrel with the statement of Professor James Rossard who states in his *Sociology of Child Development*, "The Only Child differs in certain respects from other children for this very reason: that he is singled out for attention and study."

Similarly, no one is likely to quarrel with the contention that the child in a small family and the child in a large family are going to be brought up in entirely different environments—and that those environments must play some part in the child's development into an adult.

Consider Jimmy, the middle child of six in a fairly comfortable home.

Jimmy learns early that co-operation is both good and necessary. He can expect to share his brothers' and sisters' toys only if he lends them *his* toys. If he helps his sister with her homework she will help him make his bed. If he is a bully or a crybaby the other children won't play with him. He must control his behavior if others are to like him.

Jimmy learns early to adjust to change, something that's excellent preparation for his adult life. Something is always happening in a large family; a new baby is always coming along to usurp the place of the old baby; somebody's always getting measles or mumps or chicken pox; somebody's always going to the hospital to have his tonsils out. Jimmy's acceptance, or lack of acceptance, of the checks and disciplines and attitudes that make a human being fit to live with isn't a world-shaking issue—his parents presume he will pick up proper habits in time by observing the rest of the family. If Jimmy breaks a window he may be spanked but he won't be despaired of. If he fails at school he may expect trouble at home, but his father's ego doesn't suffer a serious blow if one child in six fails to make grade three.

Jimmy learns the grim facts *Continued on page 77*





The dream come true. The first scheduled transcontinental CPR train reaches the western terminal, July 4, 1886.



Amateur magician Van Horne had a magic that was real.

THE SPRITELY CZAR OF THE CPR

By BILL STEPHENSON

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

William Van Horne, a lazy boy who didn't like school, went on to beat the toughest railroad job in history. On the way he built a legend of profanity, charm, and two-fisted aggression

ANY SELECTION of famous Canadian scenes would undoubtedly number among its first half dozen the group photograph by George Ross, of Calgary, pompously entitled: The Driving of the Last Spike of the CPR by Donald A. Smith—Craigellachie, B.C., Nov. 7, 1885.

Although a print of this historic photo adorns almost every schoolroom wall in Canada, few people realize that there are *two* views. In one, the white-bearded Smith is standing erect. In the other, clearer shot, he is bent to his task. Only one figure, a portly imposing man at Smith's right elbow, is the same in both poses. In both he is looking downward at the track hammer so jauntily held in the great financier's hands. In both his whole compassionate frame seems to be saying, "Poor old Don! If he's the man for this job, I'm the Queen of Siberia."

The ensuing action proved that the portly one—William Cornelius Van Horne—knew a bit more about practical track-laying than is normally considered necessary in general managers of railroads.

"Smith's first blow . . . merely turned the head of the spike over," runs an eyewitness account. "Roadmaster F. P. Brothers yanked the twisted spike out and replaced it with another."

This time discretion (or an imminent spike famine) prevailed, the new spike being driven home with short measured taps to the accompaniment of long unmeasured cheers.

For Smith, whose financial courage had made this moment possible, it was a great and rich experience. But for Van Horne, who had personally

supervised almost every foot of construction and fed one "black-hearted black fly for every tie on the road," it was something more: the triumph of guts and imagination over pussyfooting and plodding. As one of his biographers later phrased it, "To have built the CPR was a greater task than any on this continent ever could be again. For Van Horne built through an unknown, untried land. He had to be prophet as well as pioneer, seer as well as general."

General Dodge's feat of laying eleven hundred miles of Union Pacific over known easy trails—with five thousand U. S. soldiers for escort—had been hailed as a marvel. But Van Horne had just built twenty-five hundred miles of CPR over some of the world's roughest terrain, his only protection a few Mounties and the good will of Father Albert Lacombe, the famous Oblate missionary to the Blackfeet. Van Horne had accomplished this super-marvel in less than half the time his own engineers had believed possible.

With what profound emotion he viewed the official recognition of his achievement can perhaps best be gauged therefore by an examination of his statement to the Press before the spike-driving ceremony. "The last spike," declared Van Horne, "will be just as good an iron one as any there is between Montreal and Vancouver—and anyone who wants to see it driven will have to pay full fare." In other words, talk was cheap but ties cost money, and if the 1885 edition of the Greatest Show

on Earth was to take place on CPR property, why not sell tickets?

This was William C. Van Horne at forty-two, a shrewd, tough, profane, charming, gifted descendant of the Dutchmen who first glimpsed real-estate possibilities in Manhattan Island. Great wealth and power were to be his; at his death thirty years later world markets would droop in involuntary homage and Cuba as well as Canada would proclaim national mourning. Yet the driving force of Van Horne's life was neither the desire for wealth nor power, but an enormous zest for what each new day might bring.

He had a small boy's eager delight in showing off, and was adroit at steering situations to where he could do so. Once in the Rockies when construction was held up by an engineer's refusal to drive his engine over a new trestle Van Horne quickly solved matters by clambering into the cab himself. "Well, now," said the abashed engineer, "if you ain't afeered of getting killed, with all your money, I ain't afeered neither."

"We'll have a big double funeral," said Van Horne, in a cheerful voice all could hear. "At my expense, of course."

Part of his success as a railroader was due to his phenomenal memory (trained by memorizing boxcar serial numbers as they flashed by) plus his almost psychic knowledge of what was going on at any given moment on the line. This knowledge in turn was mainly due to

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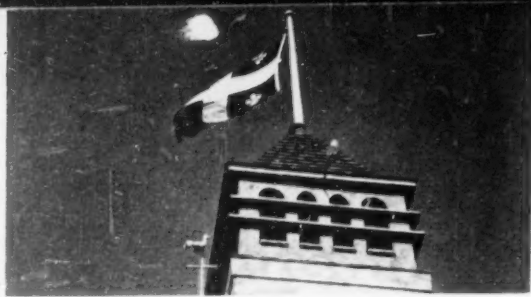
J. J. Hill brought Van Horne to Canada, but grew to hate him.



Crowfoot made deals with Van Horne, got a life rail pass.

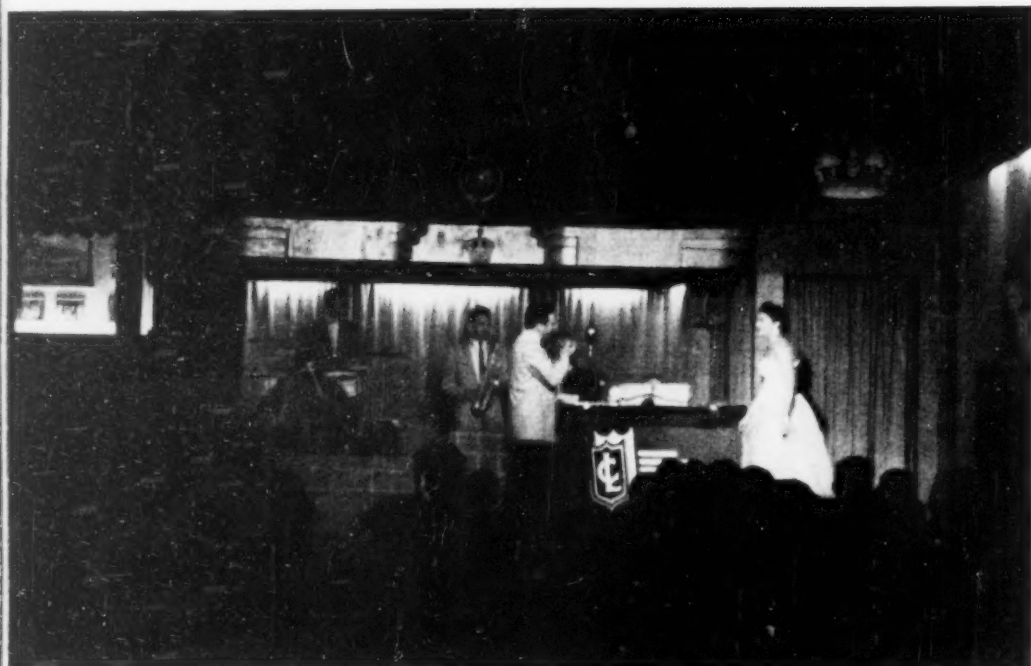


Fr. Lacombe aided Van Horne, received a lush nude in oils.



Both Trois Rivières and Cap de la Madeleine on the St. Maurice River fly the fleur-de-lis.

THE CITY WHERE I



La Vêrendrye and other plush night clubs flourish, in spite of the ban on dancing.

Mayor Mongrain represents younger progressive elements, but he could not unseat Duplessis.



Trois Rivières, Que., struggles
to maintain its ancient *Canadien* ways
with bans on dancing
and mixed bathing, a rigid
separate-school system, and by making
a scandal of intermarriage.
Yet new ways have brought
it new prosperity and happiness

By EARLE BEATTIE

PHOTOS BY DAVID BIER

ON THE humid rain-spattered night of July 15 the city of Trois Rivières, halfway between Montreal and Quebec, was in an uproar. Except for the aged, the decrepit, children under four and those confined to sundry institutions, almost all of its forty-six thousand citizens were in the streets yelling wildly, singing, catcalling and parading from eight until midnight.

This animated population of the ordinarily quiet, industrious paper-making city—which is widely known under its English translation as Three Rivers—was divided into two antagonistic mobs.

The first, milling four blocks deep in the centre of town, was an overflow audience for Three Rivers' favorite son, Quebec's Premier Maurice Duplessis, who spoke in the auditorium of LaSalle Academy. On this, the final day before the provincial election, his voice lashed out against his detractors from three loudspeakers on top of the five-story building and his followers roared back in frenzied acclaim.

The second crowd was massed six blocks away, packing St. Ursule Street for several blocks and jamming the big armories building. These partisan thousands stood in the steaming-hot armories that mid-July night, fanning themselves with campaign literature, and screamed approval for the equally hot words of Mayor J. A. Mongrain, Three Rivers' second favorite son. He had pitted himself against the redoubtable Maurice, whom admiring citizens had sent to the Quebec legislature for twenty-five years without fail.

Dark, strikingly handsome, forty-three-year-old Mongrain had first tangled with Duplessis by ridiculing the Premier's cry of "sabotage" when the Maurice Duplessis Bridge between Three Rivers and Cap de la Madeleine collapsed in January 1951. Now, with the tocsin "Duplessis will fall like his bridge!" the fiery Mayor was engaging the Premier in a home-town

political battle that rang echoes of old-time violence. A bullet whizzed through the windshield of Mongrain's car a few days before the election and, while he was on a flying trip to Quebec for the Liberal Party, burglars entered his house.

The upshot was that ninety percent of the Three Rivers voters cast ballots on July 16, compared with fifty percent for the province as a whole. These aroused citizens cast 15,140 votes for Duplessis and 9,822 for Mongrain in the second closest-run contest of the Premier's career. Duplessis remained Three Rivers' No. 1 hero, though somewhat shaken.

But it had been far more than a political battle that raged around the city's No. 1 and No. 2 heroes. It had brought into the open a deep-seated conflict in this *Canadien* city. Around Mongrain were the rebellious, more youthful and disenchanted forces who sought change; around Duplessis was the sacred aura of tradition, conservatism, the church—to whom Mongrain was a threat.

That cleavage characterizes Three Rivers and points up the dilemma of Canada's second-oldest city (Quebec's fourth largest) which today is like a motorist racing down a main highway in the latest-model car, hell-bent for the future, but glancing continually into the rear-view mirror at a past it's by no means ready to abandon.

Such schizophrenic conduct loads the city with fretful and fascinating paradoxes. It's a cathedral city with a ninety-five percent *Canadien* population who follow Bishop Georges Léon Pelletier's orders to the letter, but it has a strong anticlerical element who go to church faithfully while complaining about the bishop's "strict" rule. It flies the pre-revolutionary fleur-de-lis as its emblem, boasts about its *voyageur* past and its booming industrial present, but scorns Montreal as too big and brash and Quebec city as too stuck-up about its history.

DANCING'S A CRIME



The Roman Catholic shrine of Our Lady of the Cape draws thousands of pilgrims and tourists to Cap de la Madeleine, across the St. Maurice.

Its main street, Des Forges, is a lively amusement strip with night clubs operating every day of the week, but floor shows and dancing therein are forbidden. Its gay "continental" Sunday of harness-racing, beer drinking, shows and private clubbing make Toronto and Vancouver seem rock-ribbed with blue laws; but its swimming pool in Exhibition Park puritanically refuses to allow men and women to bathe together.

Fifty percent of its working population earn their living in mills owned by English-speaking Canadians and Americans, but it religiously guards against intermarriage with Anglo Saxons,

while reading more English magazines and pocket books than French, following the hit parade and doting on Hollywood movies.

Even its name is a confusion. The three rivers are really one—the St. Maurice—but early explorers thought it was three because St. Quentin and Potherie Islands in the St. Maurice mouth funnel the river into three channels as it flows into the St. Lawrence.

These paradoxes result from the impact of a power age on an old-world philosophy which took root in this ancient piece of Canada three centuries ago. As a Three Rivers tourist

pamphlet tells visitors, "To know Three Rivers, its old houses, its monuments, and to understand the thinking of its essentially homogeneous population is to realize how a small French-Canadian community has survived like an island in Anglo-Saxon North America."

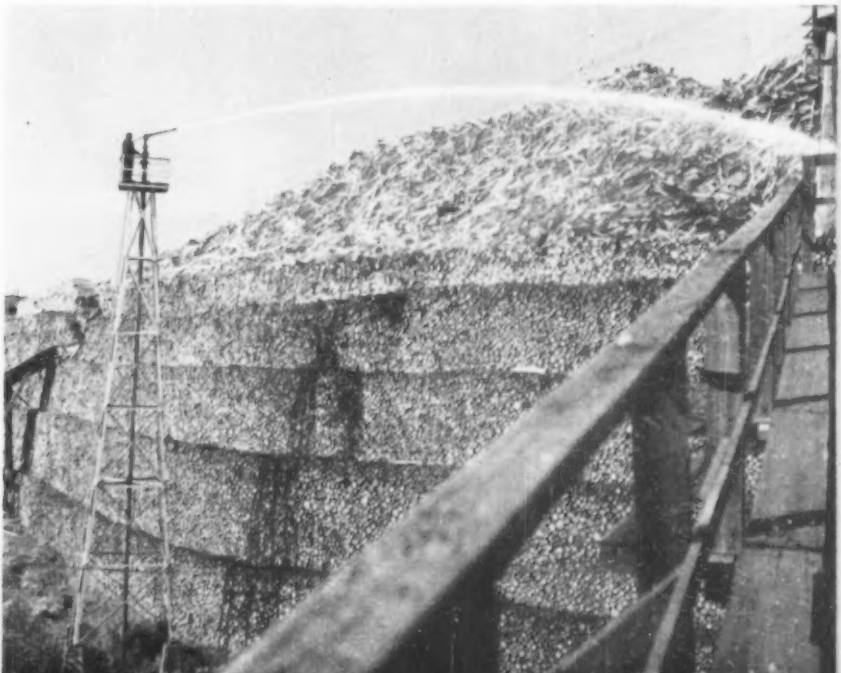
An almost frantic number of plaques, statues and memorial buildings fix the attention of Trifluviens on their sacred and heroic past. As dwellers at the hub of the world's greatest newsprint manufacturing region (the St. Maurice Valley) they also live in a busy trading centre. As a result, the city

Continued on page 60

A new Duplessis Bridge is replacing the span which fell last year.



Paper spells prosperity. Huge pulp stacks are sprayed against fire.

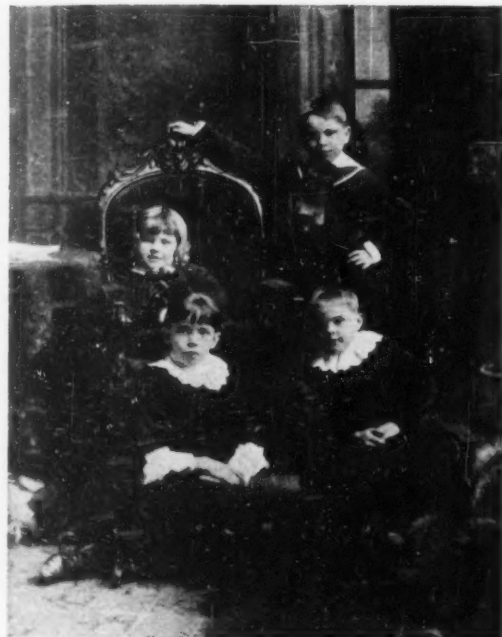


BRUCE HUTCHISON'S

Thoughts on Mackenzie King



King grew up amid the "easy, prosperous Victorian rhythm" of a good Ontario home.



At seven Willie, above with his brother and two sisters, was "a very commonplace boy, squat, plump, moonfaced, gregarious and mischievous." He wore a derby hat on his first hunting trip but took it off for this sunny pose with two taller members of a college debating team on which he starred.



His latest and most searching biographer makes a personal appraisal of the most mysterious of all Canadians and concludes, "We do not understand King because we do not understand ourselves"

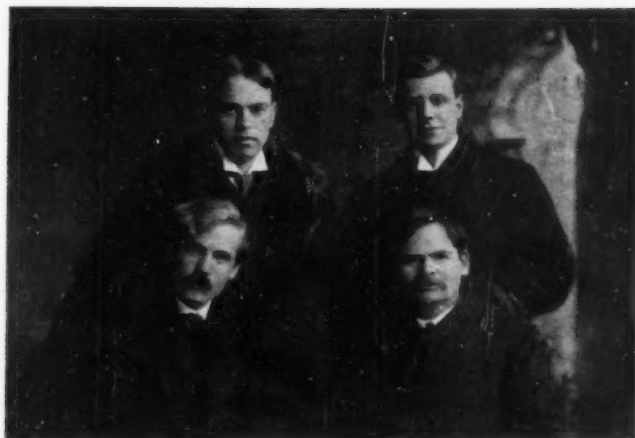
THE MYSTERY of William Lyon Mackenzie King is not the mystery of a man. It is the mystery of a people. We do not understand King because we do not understand ourselves.

The full knowledge of both may be some time off. Meanwhile it is impossible to know whence we Canadians have come in the last half century, where we are now or where we are likely to go, without grasping King's subtle, all-pervading impact upon the nation's life. The two things, man and nation, are inseparable. And they are equal in their massive contradictions.

This man never truly felt the physical presence, the texture, size and flavor of Canada as many ordinary men have felt them. The whole sprawling substance, the shattering skies, the cruel winds, the empty earth, the sound of rivers and breaking ice, the chatter of children, the accents of love, the agonies, the triumphs of ordinary men and all the whisperings of the lonely Canadian life were known to King's mind, for he knew everything. To his inner nature they came as mere facts, relevant to his public career but hardly touching the central fact of his own life, which was concerned with death.

Yet better than any man—by a unique feat of intellect, by a kind of osmosis and guess—this least typical of Canadians summed up by his own contradictions the whole amorphous lifestuff of the Canadian creaturehood. With an equipment beyond his own understanding he articulated and then managed the dark, invisible workmanship

EXTRACTED FROM THE INCREDIBLE CANADIAN,
PUBLISHED THIS MONTH BY LONGMANS, GREEN.



At 25 King, upper left, was deputy minister of labor. His companions here include Wilfrid Campbell, the poet, and Norman Duncan, author of *Doctor Lake*.

From his parents, whose fathers fought against each other in the 1837 Rebellion, King derived a sense of history and intimations of his destiny.



In 1915 King, shown visiting a Colorado mine with John D. Rockefeller Jr., was a starry visionary. He died a pessimist.

"He was determined to be larger than his nature ordained, and succeeded."

King, says Hutchison, was a better actor even than F.D.R. His drab playing of the common man required "genius."



which holds the nation together. This is the mystery of King and of Canada, in silent compact.

Just as Canada, built against all logic, the laws of geography, the forces of economics and the accepted theories of politics, became larger than the sum of its parts, so King built a personal achievement incomparably larger than himself. Both the nation and the man who dominated it for nearly thirty decisive years combined the elements of natural weakness into a product of strength. In this chemical process of action and reaction between man and nation it is never clear who led and who followed.

Had he lived in any other place King would have climbed surely to eminence. He was born to climb. While the accident of birth confined him to a nation small in numbers the history of contemporary politics shows few parallels to his private and public careers, in themselves the greatest contradiction of all. The history of Canada, even the record of Macdonald and Laurier, shows none.

By the public measurement of statesmanship King was the greatest Canadian. By the private measurement of character, by the dimensions of the man himself, his two predecessors tower above him. As a human being he was dwarfed by many other Canadians of the past, even by his grandfather, the broken Rebel, by some men whom he destroyed in his own lifetime and by millions of others who trod the trails, the furrows and the back streets of Canada.

However the current riddle of Canada may be dissected in the future, at the core will be found the enigma of King, who was its authentic expression. As Canada is the least understood nation, so King is the least understood statesman of our era. Outwardly the

dullest, he was inwardly the most vivid, fascinating and improbable issue of the Canadian race. The mystery grows, the fascination deepens and the enigma retreats farther from our clutch when the private man emerges and suddenly is overtopped by the public shadow.

That single fact, more than any other, explains the mystery of King and his Canada—he, like the nation, was bitterly aware of his own stature, he was determined to be larger than his nature ordained and, in the affairs of this world, he and the nation succeeded.

The affairs of this world were only the visible half of King. The other half of his mind and all his instincts were fixed on a world beyond the grave. Haunted by death, hag-ridden by a sense of original sin, engulfed in the black tides of time, always hurrying to the end of a brief journey, he erected his public career to vindicate himself to himself, to his rebel grandfather, to his mother, to mankind and to God, before he moved on.

His reward was not his public achievement, great as that must be counted by any reckoning, but his secret vindication. He was the apotheosis of the self-made man. Considering the materials he had to work with, he was Canada's unequalled success story.

Nevertheless, the savor of worldly triumph, the taste of fame, the sweet tang of power were pleasant in his mouth and his appetite for them was insatiable. He loved the world and he loved King, the corporeal man. Neither fully satisfied him. He seemed to be seeking the welfare of humanity and of King in equal parts; in fact, he was seeking communication with the dead and awaiting the day when he would join them.

He was seismographic in registering every tremor of public

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"Outwardly the dullest, he was inwardly the most vivid, fascinating and improbable issue of the Canadian race."

The KILLER in the SNOW

Ann ran on through the white woods, cold with fear as the mad murderer closed the gap

By WILL F. JENKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY BEN TURNER

THE BOX TELEPHONE on the wall emitted three short rings and a long one. They were not crisp like those from the Central in Coletton, but wavered as calls from somebody on the line always did. Elsie went to answer.

There was a very great silence everywhere. The loudest sound to be heard was the humming of the phone wires on the way to the house. There was snow outside, and Joe and Ann were both out of doors. Elsie was alone, occupied with dishwashing and the problems of an older sister who also has to serve as mother of the family. Joe was twelve and easy enough to handle so far. But Ann was fourteen and rebellious against authority, especially that of a sister. The current revolt lay in Ann's insistence that as a freshman at Consolidated High School it was absolutely necessary for her to use make-up, and therefore a compact. The argument had been fierce. At the moment, to be sure, Ann had blissfully returned to childhood because of the snow. But at times she wanted to be a woman. It was wearing, on Elsie. She was eighteen.

She cranked the phone and lifted the receiver. "Hello . . . Yes, this is Elsie, Mrs. Calloway . . . What's that?" Her face changed. Uneasiness showed in it. She said, "No, I didn't know anything at all about it."

Her eyes turned unhappily to the out-of-doors as seen through a window. The first snowfall of winter lay over all the earth, muting every sound except the humming of the phone wire and making the mountains look extraordinarily new.

"Y-yes, Mrs. Calloway," said Elsie again, as she abstractedly dried one hand on the apron absurdly hanging in front of her blue jeans. "Thank you. Father isn't home, but Joe and Ann are. I'll get them in the house and watch out . . . Oh, we'll be all right, of course. Thanks for phoning me. Have they told the sheriff?"

She listened again as tiny buzzing sounds came out of the receiver at her ear. Her eyes again went urgently toward the window. "Do you suppose he cut the line to the sheriff's office? It doesn't matter, if somebody's gone to tell him. I'll get Ann and Joe. Thanks."

She hung up the receiver and went quickly to the door. She opened it to the chill, quiet air outside. "Joe! Ann!"

Then she remembered. Her face went white. A boy's voice answered. She called urgently, "Joe! Come here! Quick!"

She turned from the door. She went to a closet and got out a coat. Rubber boots. She jerked off the apron and struggled into the coat. She stamped her feet into the boots. A boy called from outside, "What's the matter, Elsie? I got snow on my feet."

"Come get your rifle, Joe, and some shells. Where's Ann? Do you know where she went?"

Joe opened the door and put his head in. There were snow crystals on his knitted cap. "Ann? She went up back with Petey and her camera. What'd you want my rifle for?"

Petey was the family's fox terrier. Elsie fumbled in the closet. She brought out her father's shotgun.



Petey knew humans only as friends, but Elsie and Joe knew the man they sought wasn't human.

She had fired it, on occasion, at crows. She found the shells and stuffed them in her pockets. "Get the rifle," she said harshly, "and don't waste time. We're going after Ann. There's a man loose who oughtn't to be. He might bother Ann." She moved toward the door. "Which way did she start?"

"She went out back of the barn," said the boy, puzzled. "What—?"

"Hurry!" said Elsie fiercely. "Move fast!" She pulled a hood over her head. The boy stamped snow from his boots and she said as fiercely, "Don't bother about that! Get your rifle and hurry!"

He looked startled. He got his rifle from a corner. He rummaged in a drawer and found a box of .22 cartridges. She said again, "Hurry! Hurry!"

She slammed the door when he came out, and locked it. "Show me exactly where she went," commanded Elsie. She headed for the barn, lean and lithe in blue jeans and mackinaw coat. As she walked, she loaded the shotgun, not too skillfully. She swung it across her arm.

"Gosh!" complained the boy. "I don't know where she went! She had her camera and some cord and some turnips. She said she was going to try to take pictures of rabbits playing in the snow. What's all this anyway? What're we carrying guns for, anyhow? You ain't—"

"Mrs. Calloway called up," said Elsie unsteadily. "She said that somebody found a car ditched and abandoned. It was the car that—that bad man the newspapers were talking about stole. He's—somewhere around."

The boy said blankly, "You mean the man that was in the paper and you said I hadn't ought to read about him?"

Elsie nodded. Her eyes searched the snow. There

was a pinched look on her face. Here at the corner of the barn the assorted hoofprints of livestock showed dark-brown in the snow. There was wetness underneath. But a set of human footprints—smaller than Elsie's, and almost as small as Joe's—went back and to the fence that was the barnyard's boundary. Petey's tiny paw prints accompanied them. The snow was off the top rail of the fence. Ann had climbed to the top and jumped down. Petey had squirmed under the bottom rail.

Ann had gotten a box camera for her birthday and now she spent all her pocket money having pictures developed. The livestock and all the baby animals about the place had been portrayed. Now Ann was off to try to get pictures of rabbits in the snow. Elsie knew the process. Ann would tie her precious camera to something and then fasten a cord to the shutter release. She'd hide some distance away, holding a squirming Petey lest he disturb her portrait subjects. When something came within range of the camera, she'd pull the cord and snap the picture.

The footprints led blithely toward the hills back of the farmhouse. Petey's paw prints scampered zestfully about. Ann felt perfectly secure, of course. She and Joe and Elsie alike had always taken it for granted that they were perfectly safe anywhere in the neighborhood, save only Quissen Pond, and there was a reason for that. They knew every foot of ground for miles about. Ann wouldn't think of danger. Not here. Not at home. And, out with her camera, she wouldn't even be thinking of her rebellion against Elsie's authority.

Elsie pressed on. Joe had almost to trot to keep up with her. But Ann's trail was clear. Elsie could follow it without any trouble at all. So could anybody else.

That was the thought that tried to stop Elsie's breath. Ann was still in large part a child, but as a freshman in high school she had battled gloriously to the achievement of heels definitely higher than boys wore. She was working on the make-up problem now. But meanwhile her footwear was distinctively feminine. Nobody could mistake her tracks for anything but those made by a girl's snowboots. Elsie felt panic yammer at her as she realized how much Ann's trail told. If the man came upon it—

"Look!" said Joe incredulously, "You think that man might be roaming around here?"

"Mrs. Calloway said," Elsie told him from a dry throat, "that his tracks led away from the ditched car. They headed over this way. And the telephone line is down. Maybe he cut it. Mr. Calloway took the car and went to get the sheriff. He told Mrs. Calloway he wouldn't stop for anybody or anything, and he took a shotgun. Mrs. Calloway has another—it belongs to Jerry who's in the army."

"But—"

"She's locked all the doors and has the dogs in the house and has a shotgun in her hand," said Elsie.

"Huh!" said Joe scornfully.

Elsie said with

Continued on page 64



GRANDPA WAS A FRESHMAN

At fifty-two Allan Hull, once an Air Force martinet, electrified his friends and family by enrolling at the University of B.C. Now, five years later, he's starting a new career as a lowly lawyer's clerk



When fifty-seven-year-old Hull graduated this spring his fellow students gave him an ovation.



Air Commodore Hull (right) meets Earl of Athlone. To some RCAF boys he was known as "Commodore Hell."



With Mrs. Hull and daughter-in-law Isobel, a somewhat more mellow Hull smiles happily in his Vancouver home.

By CLYDE GILMOUR

FUTURE HISTORIANS of the Royal Canadian Air Force are not likely to overlook the extraordinary case of an erect, eagle-eyed, raspy-voiced Vancouver man named Allan Herbert Hull.

For one thing, he seems likely to be long remembered as the terrible-tempered brass hat who deliberately humbled himself and started a new life in middle age by going to college with all the other freshmen. He is also the oldest graduate ever to receive a diploma from the University of British Columbia. Moreover, this winter he will become one of the oldest newcomers ever admitted to the bar in Canada.

Hull is now nearing fifty-eight. He was already fifty-two, and a grandfather, and he had been retired from the RCAF on pension for three dull years, when he electrified his family and friends with a quiet announcement in 1947. He was, he told them bluntly, fed up with doing nothing. He had made up his mind to embark on an entirely fresh career—as a lawyer. He knew it wouldn't be easy, and he might bitterly regret his decision later, but he was going to do it anyway. He would enroll at UBC and take two years of arts and three years of law and then hang out his shingle in 1953 as a full-fledged member of the legal profession, or bust in the attempt.

Hull's acquaintances were thunder-struck. Their reaction was much the same as if they had just learned that the most dreaded traffic cop in town had started working nights as a shoeshine boy, exposing himself to humiliation from his angry victims.

In the Air Force, Hull had achieved the rank of air commodore and the widespread reputation of being one of the toughest, strictest disciplinarians in the history of the service. "Air Commodore Hell" was among the more printable of his many nicknames, muttered behind his back by officers and airmen alike who had squirmed under his coldly autocratic rule. In the words of one Toronto man who often felt the sting of the Hull lash, "that character in his prime would have made one of those nasty generals in American war fiction seem as lovable as Grandma Moses."

Here was a harsh unyielding perfectionist accustomed to rigid authority, the acceptance of deference, and split-second obedience every time he cocked an eyebrow, raised a finger, or jabbed a buzzer on his busy desk at Western Air Command. His old colleagues could scarcely think of anyone less suited by background and temperament for the bewildering, belittling ordeals of a lowly varsity greenhorn. Besides all that, Hull at UBC would suddenly find himself junior to youths half his age who had been under him in the service.

As the time approached for his first day as a freshman, shrill predictions of frustration and ridicule smote him from all sides. Some people even warned him to be prepared for physical violence—most of it in good clean fun, of course—from spiteful ex-subordinates on the campus.

As things turned out, Air Commodore Hull did indeed suffer considerably at university from various major and minor afflictions of the human spirit, including the hardest work he *Continued on page 38*

Kodak
TRADE-MARK

Youngsters shoot up
overnight, but —

Snapshots make time stand still

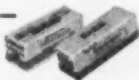
Every golden moment of childhood can be caught and kept in the snapshots you make each passing year.

But don't put it off. If you've ever been away from your children, you know how fast they change.

You'll always be glad you kept your camera handy, and loaded with Kodak Film.

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto

First choice of experts and amateurs, too—
Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box



Send snapshot cards at Christmas—the cards that only you can send. Friendly "custom-made" Christmas cards like this are inexpensive and easy to get. Just take your favorite negative to your Kodak dealer and select the style of greeting you want.



Special sparkle for a simple meal

Honey-sweet, crunchy PECAN BUNS



they're a tempting treat!

• Luscious for lunch—delicious for dinner—any meal of the day, these fragrant Honey Pecan Buns are delectable eating . . . made with modern Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast.

If you bake at home—use it for speedy rising action and perfect results—amazing new convenience, too! You can keep Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast for weeks on your pantry shelf without refrigeration! Then dissolve it and use exactly like fresh yeast—for delicious flavor and fine crumb in everything you bake. Get several packages at your grocer's.

* * *

HONEY PECAN BUNS New Time-Saving Recipe Makes 24 Buns

Measure into bowl

1/2 cup lukewarm water
1 teaspoon granulated sugar
and stir until sugar is dissolved.
Sprinkle with contents of

1 envelope Fleischmann's
Fast Rising Dry Yeast
Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.
In the meantime, scald

1/2 cup milk
Remove from heat and stir in
1/4 cup granulated sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons shortening
Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast
mixture. Stir in

1 egg, well beaten
1 cup once-sifted bread flour
and beat until smooth; work in
2 1/2 cups once-sifted bread flour
Turn out on lightly-floured board and

knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic.

Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening.

Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught and let rise until doubled in bulk. While dough is rising, grease 24 large muffin pans.

Combine

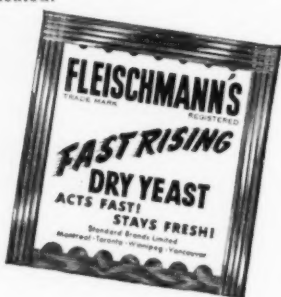
- 1/3 cup brown sugar (lightly pressed down)
- 2/3 cup liquid honey
- 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted

Divide this mixture evenly into prepared muffin pans and drop 3 pecan halves into each pan. Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Roll each piece into an oblong 1/2-inch thick and 12 inches long; loosen dough. Brush with melted butter or margarine.

Sprinkle with a mixture of

- 1/3 cup brown sugar (lightly pressed down)
- 1/3 cup chopped pecans

Beginning at a 12-inch edge, roll up each piece loosely, like a jelly roll. Cut into 1-inch slices. Place a cut-side up, in prepared muffin pans. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, about 20 minutes. Turn out of pans immediately and serve hot, or reheated.



Maclean's MOVIES

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



AFFAIR IN TRINIDAD: Rita Hayworth's first picture in four years is an overblown, occasionally diverting, spy melodrama. Miss H., a sultry songstress, goes up against some enemies of Uncle Sam. The glum Glenn Ford is one of many men enslaved by her charms.

BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE: Mario Lanza's acting is often even hamnier than his singing, but there are some jovial moments in this army-camp musical. It's about an opera star who becomes a GI. James Whitmore is amusing as a music-mad sergeant. Some of the Lanza vocalism is quite listenable when he isn't trying too hard.

BIG JIM McLAIN: John Wayne slugs it out with Commie plotters in photogenic Honolulu. The story is marred by a pulp-magazine roughness and the villains are made of hollow rubber, but Big Jim's tussles with good and evil women are sometimes wryly entertaining.

DREAMBOAT: Although bogged down by intermittent dull or too-exaggerated sequences, this one adds up to a pretty lively comedy featuring Clifton Webb as an austere educator who has been trying to forget his early days as a silent-movie lover. Television suddenly makes him a hero again, with fairly drastic results.

HAWKS IN THE SUN: An unpretentious British effort which tells something of the drama and humor in the perilous lives of Royal Air Force fighter pilots in 1940. On the whole, an interesting job.

THE MERRY WIDOW: Franz Lehár's perennial operetta has been given a lavish Hollywood production, with Lana Turner as decorative and as wooden-faced as ever in the title role. The label indicates the most expensive champagne, but the contents are too often remindful of rather flat ginger ale. Fernando Lamas is a handsome, manly Danilo.

O. HENRY'S FULL HOUSE: Five short stories by the clever American raconteur

are filmed by separate casts and directors, with results ranging from excellent to just-fair. The package is well worth seeing, I think, for the sake of its best ingredients.

THE QUIET MAN: An enjoyable shamrock-splattered comedy about a peaceful American boxer (John Wayne) who retires and settles down in a rollicking Irish village. Soon he is up to his hairy ears in poetry, romance, laughter, and tavern brawling.

THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO: An expanded version of a famous Hemingway tale, with Gregory Peck as a storm-tossed author and playboy whose tortured flashbacks tell us about the three women he has loved. They are Ava Gardner, Hildegard Neff, Susan Hayward. In spite of the presence of some thunderous super-hokum, the film is a compelling thing, superbly photographed in Africa, Spain and elsewhere.

THE STORY OF MANDY: The painful education of a deaf-and-dumb child is absorbingly narrated in this thoughtful British drama. Little Mandy Miller gives a remarkable performance under Alexander Mackendrick's direction. Less recommendable is the monotonous conflict between Mandy's parents (Terence Morgan, Phyllis Calvert). Jack Hawkins is quietly impressive as a teacher of the afflicted.

THIS IS CINERAMA: Unveiled recently in New York, this is the spectacular and earfilling debut of big-screen, third-dimensional movies based on a new triple-camera principle. Canada's larger cities are expected to get it in 1953.

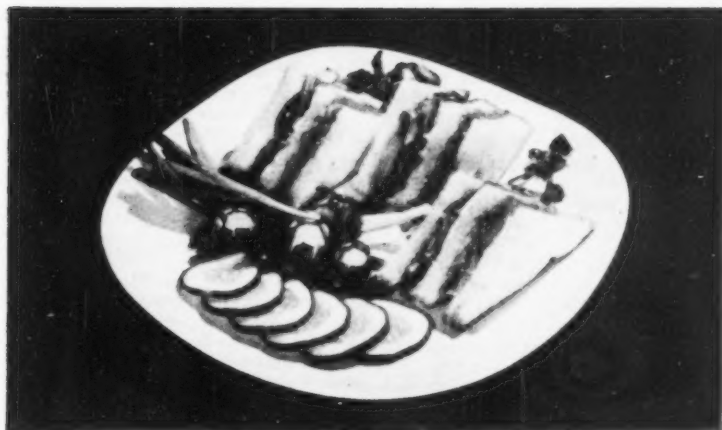
YOU FOR ME: An engaging little lightweight farce, only a bit more than an hour in length. Jane Greer is somewhat less than enchanting in the role of a headstrong nurse, but Gig Young as a medico and Peter Lawford as a rich patient are amusing and likeable fellows. The plot, I fear, is too complex for capsule summary.

GILMOUR RATES

African Queen: Adventure. Excellent.
Captive City: Crime drama. Good.
Carbine Williams: Jail Drama. Fair.
Carrie: Tragic drama. Good.
Cry, the Beloved Country: African tragic drama. Good.
Curtain Call: British comedy. Fair.
Diplomatic Courier: Spies. Fair.
Don't Bother to Knock: Drama. Fair.
5 Fingers: Spy drama. Excellent.
4 in a Jeep: Vienna drama. Good.
Fun for Four: Comedy. Poor.
Girl in White: Medical drama. Fair.
Glory Alley: Boxing drama. Poor.
Has Anybody Seen My Gal?: Domestic comedy of 1920s. Good.
High Noon: Western. Excellent.
I Believe in You: Drama. Good.
Importance of Being Earnest: Oscar Wilde comedy. Excellent.
Island of Desire: Tropic drama. Poor.
King Kong: Fantasy (reissue). Good.
The Lady With a Lamp: Biography of Florence Nightingale. Fair.
Lovely to Look At: Musical. Fair.
Lure of the Wilderness: Drama. Good.
The Magic Box: Drama. Good.

Mara Maru: Sea melodrama. Poor.
Narrow Margin: Suspense. Excellent.
Outcast of the Islands: Drama. Good.
Pat and Mike: Comedy. Excellent.
Paula: Drama. Fair.
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Rashomon: Sex drama from Japan. Excellent for adults.
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Sally and St. Anne: Comedy. Fair.
San Francisco Story: Drama. Fair.
Scandal in the Village: Drama. Fair.
Scaramouche: Costume drama. Good.
Secret People: British drama. Fair.
Somebody Loves Me: Musical. Good.
Something Money Can't Buy: British comedy-drama. Good.
The Sniper: Suspense. Excellent.
Son of Paleface: Bob Hope. Good.
Sudden Fear: Suspense drama. Fair.
Tom Brown's School Days: British campus drama. Good.
Tomorrow Is Too Late: Drama. Fair.
We're Not Married: Comedy. Good.
Where's Charley?: Musical. Fair.
Winning Team: Baseball drama. Fair.
Yankee Buccaneer: Adventure. Fair.

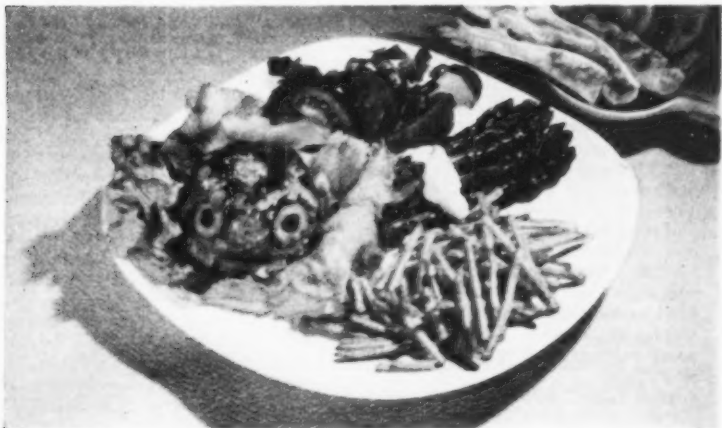
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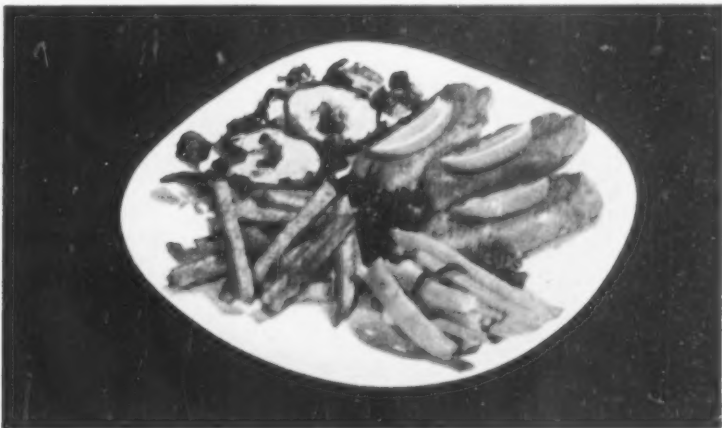
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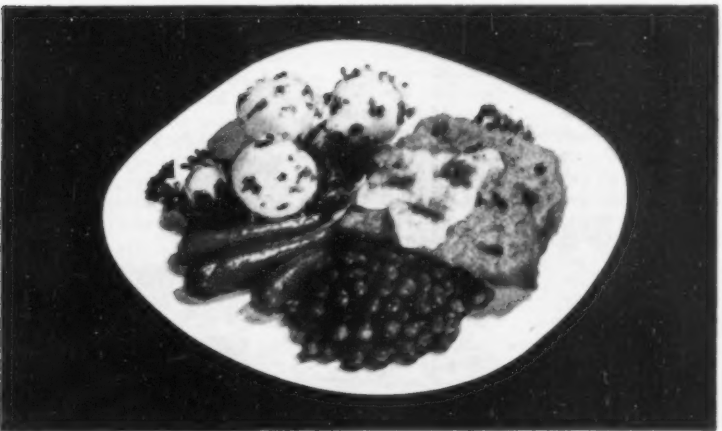
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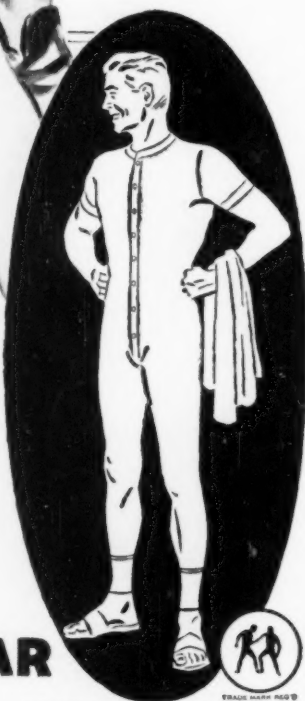
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Grandpa Was a Freshman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

had ever done in his life. But he passed all his examinations, completed his course and won his Bachelor of Laws degree, just as he had said he would. Even more astonishing was the change that seemed to warm and mellow his personality. Long before the end of his law studies he had become one of the most popular men in his class. When the time came for eleven hundred UBC graduates to step forward one by one and receive their sheepskins last spring, the onetime bleak and lonely taskmaster of the RCAF was given an ovation exceeded only by that of the latest Rhodes Scholar, a cheerful lad of twenty-two named Pat Taylor. Hull's proud wife Barbara and their two sons—aged thirty-three and thirty-one—were among the applauding audience.

Since then Hull has been doggedly serving his apprenticeship as an articulated student in a Vancouver law office. His salary is the standard fifty dollars a month. He expects to be called to the bar in January.

Mrs. Hull, a sunny soft-voiced Scot, remembers how she tried to coax her husband to skip the opening week of his freshman year. She was afraid he would get unpleasantly involved in the hazing indignities meted out by the sophomores to chasten and subdue their campus juniors.

"Allan wouldn't hear of staying away," she says. "He told me he was 'in this thing to stick.' He fully expected to be tossed into the pond in front of the library building like the other new arrivals. But he escaped scot-free. He was so old the sophomores thought he was a professor."

But plenty of things did happen to test Hull's tenacity. One day somebody jeeringly called him "Grandpa." The air commodore couldn't argue about it, because he *was* a grandfather, but the remark didn't bolster his morale. "Hey, look," one of his fellow freshmen said loudly to another after Hull had sat down near them with an armful of books. "They're letting in some *really* old geezers around here now."

Hull hadn't done any real studying, except of military matters, since the day he finished junior high school in Saskatchewan thirty-six years before. He had grown rusty in the youthful knack of easy memorization. Now he had to plunge into a dizzying torrent of facts, controversy and speculation about a thousand things not connected with Air Force regulations or the official battle records of the Mustang fighter. He sweated over the economic origins of the Charlottetown Conference of 1864, and the extent to which Chaucer's use of the iambic pentameter foreshadowed the poetic rhythms employed two centuries later by Spenser in *Faerie Queene*.

His first-year subjects included economic history, principles of economics, English literature, English composition, psychology, and history of Canada. For a middle-aged man this program was one of crippling severity. It included lectures at 8.30 six mornings a week, and at least one class every afternoon. He was getting up at 7 a.m. or earlier, fortified by the breakfast-in-bed which Barbara insisted on serving him. From then until close to midnight, every minute of his time was sternly budgeted. A chest condition known as a diaphragmatic hernia, which had been bothering him for several years, didn't make things any easier.

Eventually Mrs. Hull persuaded him

to apply for a readjustment of his program. Dean S. N. F. Chant, head of the arts faculty, revised Hull's timetable to eliminate some of the 8.30 dates, changing them to 9.30, and rearranging things to give Hull an occasional afternoon clear.

"There was no reduction of total load," says Chant, "just a wiser distribution of total energy. No special favors, either: we did exactly the same thing for plenty of students much younger than the air commodore."

History was tough, but learning yards of poetry by heart was even tougher. The effort kept preying on Hull's subconscious mind.

"Her lute-string gave an echo of his name" his wife once heard him mutter harshly in his sleep. After a long pause and a muffled snort, he added: "She spoils her half-done 'brodery with the same." Midnight quotations from the sensitive Keats, she couldn't help reflecting, would have been an unimaginable phenomenon in the days when her husband was known as "Air Commodore Hell."

The Hulls used to be fond of entertaining, and went out fairly often, sometimes for a foursome at bridge, sometimes for an evening of dancing at Hotel Vancouver. "But we practically gave up our social life after Allan started university," Mrs. Hull says. "He got so he wouldn't hear what people were saying to him at a party; his mind was wrapped up in foreign exchange or the Durham Report."

In spite of the dire prophecies of the people who had known him as the Scourge of the Service, nobody ever tried to punch the air commodore in the nose at UBC. Bill Gill, an ex-newspaperman and former Coastal Command pilot, was the top man in Hull's law class last May. He puts the general class reaction to Hull in these words: "At first we were merely curious about him, and maybe two or three of the boys even mildly resented him, probably figuring his enrolment at varsity was just a stunt or a passing whim. Later, when it became obvious he was on the level, the general attitude became one of respect and admiration. Long before graduation day, this had changed to a feeling I can only call affection. We grew to *like* the guy, and we were all really pulling for him to pass his exams."

The brothers Bob and Dudley Edwards report that they and most of their law colleagues "more or less adopted Hull after we became certain he wasn't trying to throw his weight around." They also became avid admirers of Mrs. Hull, who turned up at the class' Halloween party and a few other campus festivities. Hull's demeanor reminded another fellow student of "a sort of housebroken old police dog . . . still inclined to growl a bit out of sheer habit, but gentle with the kiddies."

His classmates recall only a single incident in which the imperious grandee of Western Air Command momentarily replaced the unassuming collegian of UBC. One of his juniors breezily told Hull he was "all wet" in his opinion on



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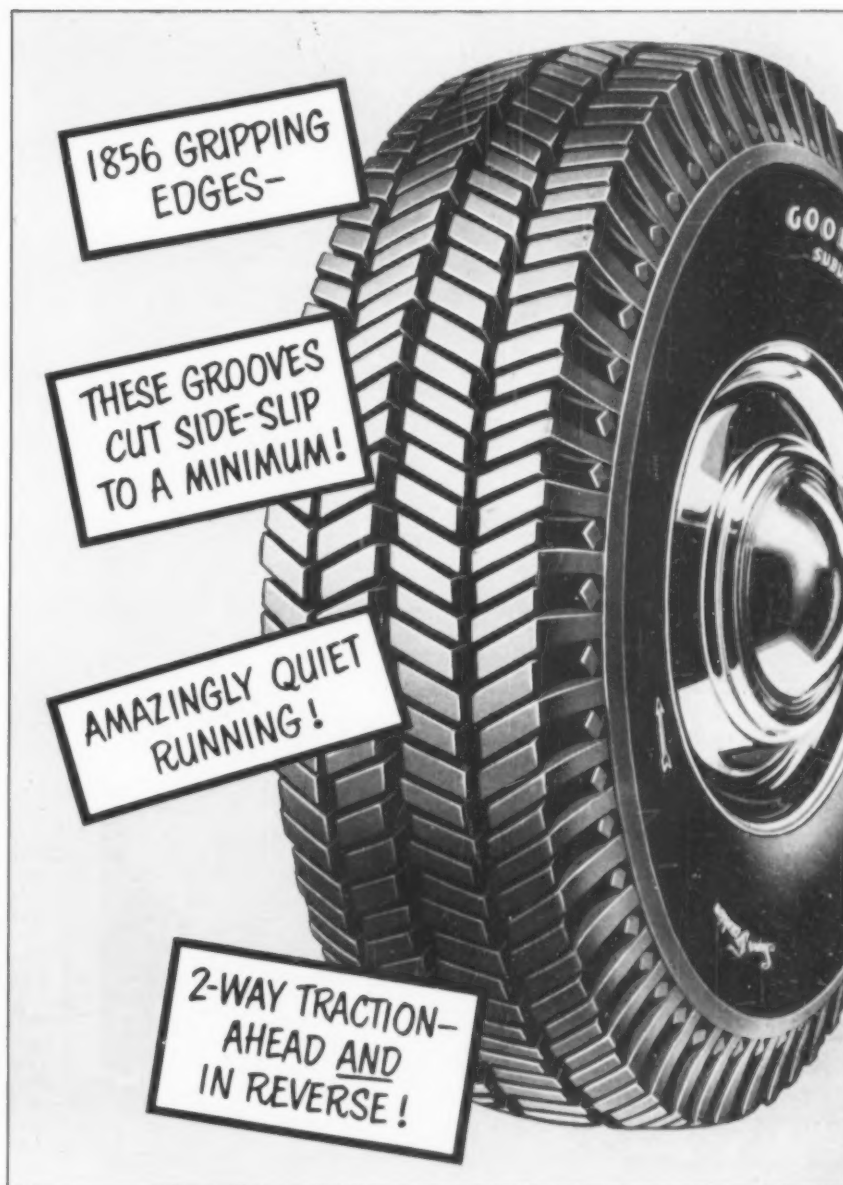


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a controversial principle of law. The air commodore purpled, and growled: "Now wait a minute! You young fellows can't talk to me like that!"

The others, their grins frozen, gaped at him in silence. A moment later Hull recovered himself and earnestly apologized all around.

Most of the boys were a bit wary about calling him "Allan." To some of them he remained "Mr. Hull" at all times. One of them, Alastair MacDonald, a former RCAF flight lieutenant, even called him "sir," although he had never met the air commodore in the service.

"I don't think he wanted anybody to kowtow to him," MacDonald says. "But I just felt that the man had a lot of guts, doing what he was doing, and I admired him for it."

Hull's subjects in second-year arts were money and banking, labor problems, English composition, commercial agriculture, and British history to 1688. He passed his examinations in all of those, too, not with honors but nearer the top of the class than the bottom. Similar results, solid but nonspectacular, were achieved during his three-year course in law.

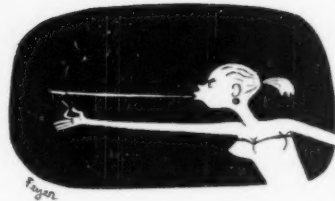
Dean George F. Curtis, head of the law faculty, remembers Hull as "a good sound student all the way through." Curtis says that after the first few weeks he and his staff never doubted Hull's ability to finish the course and graduate, "but we refrained from encouraging him too much—he might have thought we were mollicoddling him and resented it." Ray Herbert, one of the law-class instructors, says Hull "was never ashamed to betray his ignorance on basic points for the sake of gaining knowledge and understanding."

Inevitably, there were people who sneered that Hull had gone to university as a publicity stunt. If he did, he had a queer way of showing it. Again and again he was approached for interviews by Vancouver Press and radio reporters and by the UBC student paper, the Ubyesey. His answer was invariably, "Thanks, but no." There may have been more than normal reticence behind this: Hull's wife is convinced he was sincerely afraid he might flunk his course, in which case any premature ballyhoo would have been doubly embarrassing.

In recent months it has often been suggested to Hull that his life story is one of a modern or air-borne Captain Bligh who mellowed as a civilian. The implication is that a sort of gold-braided robot had put away his old personality along with his uniform and become a human being.

This kind of talk makes Hull wary and fidgety. He told me: "It's probably true enough that I'm now a bit more tolerant of certain things. But don't forget that I no longer have to make decisions in which people's lives are involved. I know damned well that a lot of men resented me in the Air Force, but I was only trying to do my job the best way I knew how. I was severe, and I went by the rules, but I wasn't vindictive. I can honestly say that I never intentionally pulled a dirty trick on anybody for reasons of personal spite. And I would handle the job the same way tomorrow, if I were back in uniform with another war on."

The Hull of today is a vigorous-looking man who gives the impression of being somewhat younger than his fifty-seven years. His height is a shade under six feet, his weight a shade under two hundred pounds. Since he left the service he has put on a bit of non-muscle here and there, but he can still squeeze snugly into his old uniforms. His crisp grey-brown hair, ample on top but thinning at the back, is brushlike in texture. So is the close-cropped



mustache which, an Air Force folk tale says, would sometimes stiffen and crackle and emit baleful blue sparks—RCAF powder-blue, that is—while "Air Commodore Hell" was blasting a transgressor. Hull's eyes, hooded and slightly slanted in repose, sparkle and protrude during animated conversation.

Mellowed or otherwise by his campus experiences, Hull the middle-aged law grad and apprentice barrister is still as sulphurous as Hull the brass hat in voicing his scorn for "personality boys" who just half-do a job and get by on their real or imaginary social graces.

In the Air Force he was almost comically suspicious of subordinates who seemed to be trying to soften him up a bit by establishing a personal relationship. A story is told about a boyish flight lieutenant who reported to Air Commodore Hull for duty after arriving from a British station where Hull's son Chester was then serving.

Just as the younger man, somewhat chilled by his superior's brusqueness, was about to leave the room, Hull said gruffly, "You . . . uh . . . probably know my son over there."

"Why, yes, sir!" the flight lieutenant blurted winningly. "Yes, indeed, sir! Oh, my, yes, I know Chester very well, sir!"

"Hmff!" the brass hat grunted. "Well, it won't do you a damned bit of good around here."

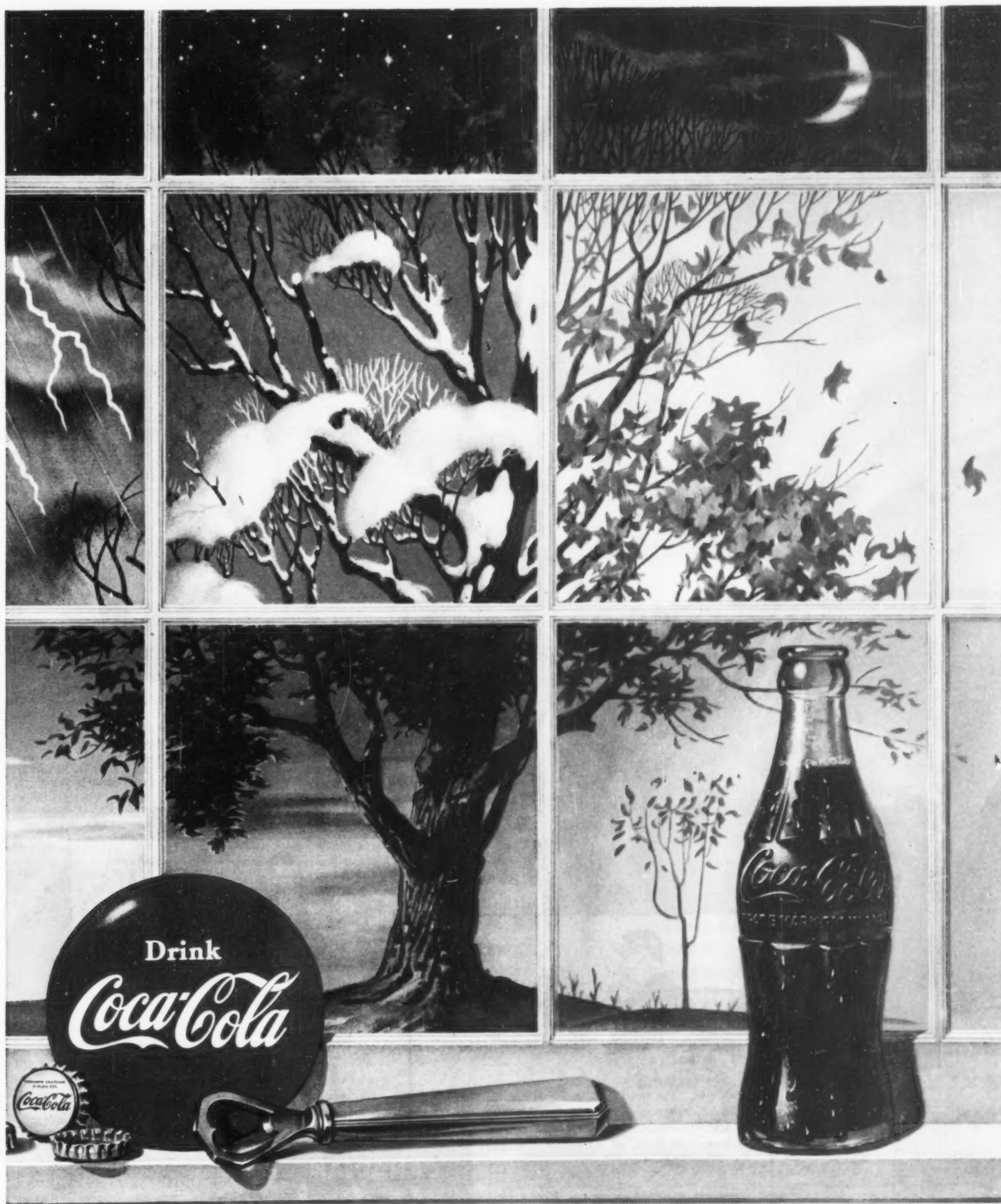
But the more reflective and subdued Hull of 1952 admits ruefully that the word "tactless" was a reproach that followed him like an accusing finger during most of his service career.

As far back as 1927, when he was only thirty-two and had been three years in the permanent-force RCAF, an official report on his capacities for leadership rated him "exceptional" in several important attributes. Appended, however, was a disquieting and prophetic footnote: "This officer's keenness to obtain efficient service from personnel serving under him is apt to influence adversely his exercise of good tact."

Bert Cannings, a burly redhead who now is news chief for radio station CKWX in Vancouver, was a public-relations officer in Western Air Command for a couple of years. He says, "If Hull had something to strafe you about he'd make you stand rigidly in front of him like a human pole, then he'd let you have it with both barrels. A blast from him was harder to take than a blast from anybody else. Yet somehow I always had a sneaking fondness for the old firebrand. And I'll say this for him: he was just as tough on himself as he was on everybody else."

Hull himself says his renown as a man-eater often resulted in "dirty jobs" being saved up and unloaded on him by other brass hats who didn't want to risk their own popularity.

Only once in his high-rank days did he himself deliberately disobey an order from his superiors. He still believes he did the right and sensible thing. This was in 1943 when the late George (Buzz) Beurling, of Verdun, Que., Canada's blond and cocky top air ace of World War II, was sent across the country on a morale-building tour. Air Commodore Hull, aged forty-eight, was detailed to meet the train and officially welcome Pilot Officer Beurling



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aged twenty-one. Hull's underlings tingled with malevolent delight as the hour drew near for this confrontation between the RCAF's harshest martinet and its No. 1 combat hero, a non-conformist notoriously disrespectful of gold braid. But Hull fooled them.

"I decided," he told me with a grin, "to be smart for once and duck the issue. Beurling probably was an excellent pilot and a fine shot, but I knew from his record that he just wasn't a 'service type.' I knew that if he came before me I might have to set him straight on a few things. But Beurling's fame on the front pages was so great that he was political dynamite. I sent a squadron leader in my place; and I didn't meet Beurling at all, either then or later."

Late in 1943 Hull was sent to Britain to observe overseas conditions. The appointment, he hoped, would be a prelude to a promotion and larger opportunities. Instead it led to his retirement, against his will, in 1944. He believes he was forced out because his ancient devil of tactlessness made him say and write "some extremely rough things" about the organizational setup in the United Kingdom. He also feels he had incurred powerful enmities by striking many a lusty blow in support of "Canadianization" of the RCAF. This was in opposition to those who wanted the Canadian squadrons scattered throughout the Royal Air Force, with a resultant loss of Canadian national identity.

Hull was born in Owen Sound, Ont. There were two sons and six daughters in the family, and luxuries were few. In 1907, when Allan was twelve, the family homesteaded near Yorkton, Sask. Four years later he taught school for a few months at nearby Togo. "I made the kids toe the line," he recalls, "but I don't suppose I was any tougher than they needed." After that he worked in the Yorkton branch of the Bank of Montreal. His salary was twenty-five dollars a month, plus ten dollars for sleeping in the bank as an armed guard, with a snubnosed revolver ready to repel intruders. To his disgust, there were never any intruders.

In June of 1912 he joined a mounted cavalry reserve unit at Yorkton. He was fighting in France in 1915. Wounded on the Somme, young Hull was invalided out in 1917 with the rank of acting company sergeant-major. Soon he managed to get back in uniform as a probationary flight officer in Britain's old Royal Naval Air Service. This was his first taste of flying, and he loved it.

On April 1, 1918, the RNAS and the Royal Flying Corps were merged to form the Royal Air Force. Hull was with it from the start—a circumstance which amused him later when people called him "anti-RAF." At the end of the war he was a flight commander.

Hull didn't get home to Canada until Sept. 1919, and by that time he had a wife and an infant son to support. He had married Barbara Nisbet, of Edinburgh, while on leave there in Jan. 1918.

He took a half-hearted stab at banking again, first in Saskatoon and then in Vancouver, and later briefly managed a small chain bakery at Nanaimo. When the fledgling Canadian Air Force added a "Royal" in front of its name on April 1, 1924, Hull gladly "went permanent." He joined as a flying officer, and his official number was C-19.

Early in the new war he selected one hundred airdromes west of Fort William under the British Commonwealth Joint Air Training Scheme and, in 1940, he was promoted to group captain. As CO of No. 6 Service Flying Training School, at Dunnville, Ont., Hull pinned

wings on eight hundred single-seater fighter pilots who graduated there in fourteen months under his bleak but alert supervision. It was at Dunnville and later on the west coast in 1941-43 that his reputation as a whip-cracker finally attained proportions that made his name an ersatz cuss-word wherever RCAF men gathered.

His enforced retirement in 1944, at forty-nine, was a dreadful blow. He had served in two wars and spent thirty-two years in the various uniforms of two British and three Canadian armed forces, and he knew hardly any life at all outside the services. His RCAF pension is five thousand dollars a year.

For quite a while he didn't know what to do with himself. He bought a summer cottage at Qualicum Beach, a Vancouver Island resort thirty miles north of Nanaimo. He and Barbara went driving often, and Hull did a bit of fishing and a lot of tramping in the woods.

In 1946 he was appointed a stipendiary magistrate. In the Air Force, during his earlier days, he had often appeared at courts-martial as defense counsel or "the soldier's friend," and he had never lost a case. Remembering that experience, and further stimulated by his occasional duties as magistrate at Qualicum Beach, the retired brass hat eventually conceived the idea of going to college and becoming a lawyer.

Since his graduation last May he has been article to Brigadier Sherwood Lett, one of Vancouver's most prominent lawyers and soldiers. They have been friends for half a lifetime, they are about the same age, and they were of equal rank in the services, but Hull addresses Lett as "sir" in the office whenever anyone else is around.

"He's getting along fine, just as we expected," Lett said the other day. "I'm proud to have him with us."

Now, instead of giving orders, the air commodore takes them. He hasn't even a desk to call his own; he shares one with another article student half his age. The stenographers in the office call him "Mister Hull." One of his younger associates remarked recently, "There's nothing stuffy about him. If they only knew it, the girls could call him 'Allan' or even 'Sport' and get away with it."

The Hulls live in a comfortable three-room apartment in Vancouver's west end. Hull is a pleasant host, although he has no great flair for social chitchat. He doesn't smoke but will enjoy a gregarious beer or rye.

The family is pretty proud of him. His elder son, Chester, is wing commander in the permanent RCAF. Douglas, two years younger, a former army lieutenant, is now with Trans-Canada Airlines in Toronto. Both sons are married, and Chester has three children.

The senior Hulls have had a happy life together. The air commodore is glad that, by a pleasing coincidence, he now seems likely to be admitted to the bar—and to a new and challenging future for both of them—on or about the thirty-fifth anniversary of their wedding.

Although many of his old friends insist that the tense brass hat of the past has been transfigured into an almost leisurely foxy-grandpa, even now Hull seldom really relaxes. His wife tells of finding him looking rather strained one summer day this year while fishing near their cottage at Qualicum.

"For heaven's sake, dear, take it easy," she counseled him. "You're making the salmon nervous."

Hull, she relates, laughed sheepishly and "sort of unkinked himself," and in a few minutes pulled in a big one. ★

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As a bearded Hamlet, Guinness was a flop. But he shone as *The Man in the White Suit*.

THE FACE THAT PEOPLE FORGET

Alec Guinness isn't tall, dark or handsome and he hides his personality in the characters he plays, but he's biggest draw in British films today

By MARJORIE EARL

THERE IS an old saying that no great actor can fail as Hamlet. Alec Guinness, acknowledged by critics on both sides of the Atlantic to be one of the greatest actors alive, can apparently fail at nothing else.

In 1938 his interpretation of Hamlet in modern dress was a dismal flop. Last year, while being praised for his brilliant portrayal of the sequestered little schemer in *The Lavender Hill Mob*, he was scourged off the London stage for what some critics called the worst Hamlet on record.

Putting the Prince of Denmark behind him, perhaps forever, Guinness has since been consolidating the most spectacular rise to fame in the history of British entertainment.

Guinness in no way fits the conventional picture of the movie star. He lacks overt confidence, shuns the gaudy trappings of wealth. He is never seen in the right places or mobbed in the streets. He lives quietly in an unfashionable neighborhood with his wife, his eleven-year-old son, and no servants. He isn't tall, dark or handsome.

Yet for three years he has been top drawing card of the British motion-picture industry. His films are so successful in Canada and the United States that he has become one of his country's principal assets in the dollar drive. His first play in London since Hamlet, although it isn't a very good one, is attracting capacity houses simply because he is appearing in it.

Two years ago, when he played in T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*, in New York, he was acclaimed "best actor of the year" by the Broadway theatre critics. In Britain he has received many movie awards, and in last year's international list of favorite stars he was fifth after Bob Hope, John Wayne, James Stewart and Abbott and Costello.

Thirty-eight, he is of medium height and slim. What is left of his once blond hair is close-cropped and greying. His face has been described as "plain" and "serviceable," but it is actually lean and sensitive with firm lips, a straight nose and a slightly jutting jaw. In its faintly haggard aspect lingers the ghost of a past of privation. In its blue-grey eyes, penetrating and direct, guileless yet knowing, is the hint of a lonely laugh at some private joke. His manner is coldly friendly, communicating intimacy as though from a great distance. Even friends find him somewhat remote and say it is because he buries himself so completely in his parts that out of character he is indistinct.

"He's a genius at playing everybody but Guinness," says one of them.

Charles Crichton, who directed *The Lavender Hill Mob*, says that while Guinness was the secretive little Holland, plotting to rob the Bank of England, nobody could get near him. "I found it terribly difficult to talk to him," says Crichton. "Then one morning I walked onto the set of *The Man in the White Suit* and there he was gaily talking about fishing and full of the boyish pranks that suited Sidney Stratton.

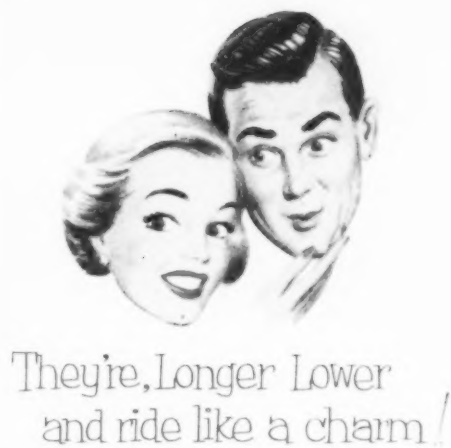
Ronald Neame, who directed him in *Great Expectations* and *Oliver Twist*, relates that he was Fagin off set and on. "During lunchtime he would rub his hands together and shuffle when he walked, just the way Fagin did in the picture." Robert Hamer, who directed him in *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, in which he played eight different parts, says that when Guinness was playing one of the two gay young bloods in the film there was plenty of kidding, backslapping and jollity; but when he became the punctilious old general, or the rigid admiral who goes down at the salute on the bridge of his ship, everybody around the set felt like calling him "sir!"

Guinness styles himself "a lazy and instinctive actor," and often daydreams on the set.

When Neame was directing him in his most recent movie, *The Promoter*—Arnold Bennett's story of an ebullient social

Continued on page 57

Completely NEW in
Style and performance!



They're Longer Lower
and ride like a charm!



The
new "dome-design"
V-Eights are
years ahead!

Famous
Chrysler
Corporation
Engineering
scores
again!



... the new interiors
are a dream!

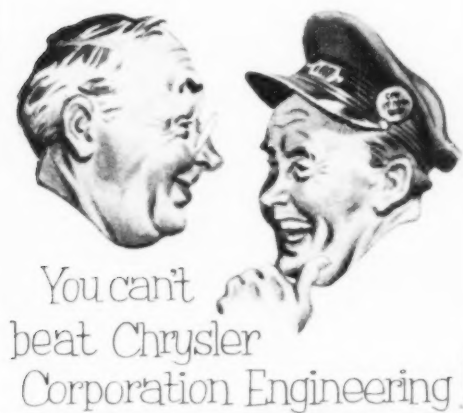


Yes.
Power Brakes stop with
half the usual pedal pressure!

New Fluid Torque
Drive? the pick-up's
AMAZING!



Boy! are those new
Hardtops ever Smart!



You can't
beat Chrysler
Corporation Engineering!



Now even Mother can park-
with Power Steering!



Look at that
extra trunk space!



Those new,
curved windshields let
you see everywhere!



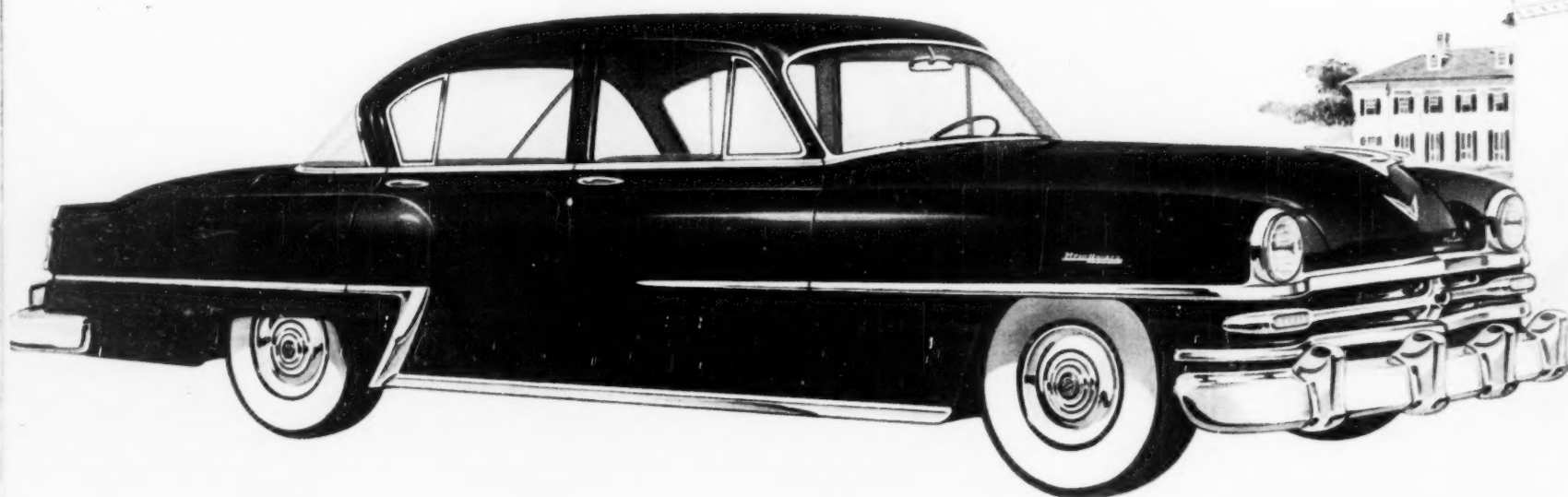
They're all tops
in value—that's
for sure!

You've heard what
they're talking about,
now SEE the wonderful
things that Chrysler
Engineering genius
is bringing to you
for '53

new for everyone CHRYSLER · DE SOTO · DODGE · PLYMOUTH

Supremacy IN FINE ENGINEERING AND DESIGN

The 1953 Chrysler



Superb New Styling..New 3-Way Power



POWER TO PASS Flashing new pick-up in the revolutionary new 180 H.P. V-8 FirePower Engine with Hemispherical combustion chambers ... out-performs any stock car engine in the world.



POWER TO STEER Four-fifths of the steering work is done for you by power with Chrysler Full-Time Power Steering. Parking is incredibly easy.



POWER TO STOP With Chrysler Power Brakes you use less than half the ordinary pedal pressure to stop — because auxiliary power boosts the hydraulic action of the brakes.

You'll feel a thrill of pride when you first sit behind the wheel of your new 1953 Chrysler, for here is inspired new styling of line and colour—fresh as a breeze from the sea! Design that sets a new Highway Fashion for 1953. Airborne smoothness ... amazing pick-up ... and power that takes you on the wings of the wind! Whatever member of the great Chrysler family you choose—Imperial—New Yorker or Windsor—your pride of ownership will deepen every time you hear that tribute to your discriminating taste—

"I SEE YOU DRIVE A CHRYSLER"

Power Steering and Fluid Torque Drive now available on all models at extra cost. Power Brakes, available on Eights only, are standard equipment.

Crowning achievement...

the brilliant, completely new

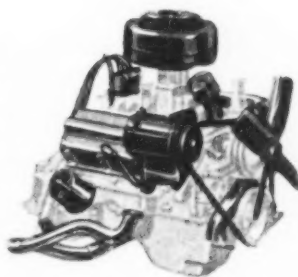
***DODGE** Coronet V8*



lowest priced car with the sensational new type V8 engine

Here's the engine design universally recognized as the ideal! The new Dodge Red Ram V-8 packs more power punch per cubic inch displacement . . . delivers a full 140 h.p. on regular grade gasoline. It is the only engine in the Coronet price class that brings you the triple power advantages of "dome-shaped" combustion chamber . . . short stroke design . . . high lift lateral valves. More fuel energy goes into power, less is wasted in heat and friction.

Gyro-Torque transmission for extra bursts of speed from starting to 45 m.p.h. is available at extra cost.



Exclusively styled . . . brand new, all new—the 1953 Dodge Coronet.

It's newly powered with the sensational Red Ram 140 h.p. V-8 engine—of the famous "Dome" design. You get more power from every drop of gas—astonishing pick-up and smooth, sustained speed—with less engine wear and greater economy. And Gyro-Matic transmission gives you no-shift driving at its best.

This new Coronet is the smoothest, most powerful Dodge of all time . . . and it looks it! The newly designed body is more streamlined, compact, yet there's more passenger room than ever in the luxurious, colourful interior. And you'll discover a new road-hugging, curve-holding ride, new steering ease, wonderful maneuverability, result of a new wider frame and new, improved suspension.

Watch for this all-new Dodge Coronet at your Dodge-DeSoto dealer's.

Arrange for a thrilling demonstration ride.

Dramatic New Styling

the most powerful DODGE of all time

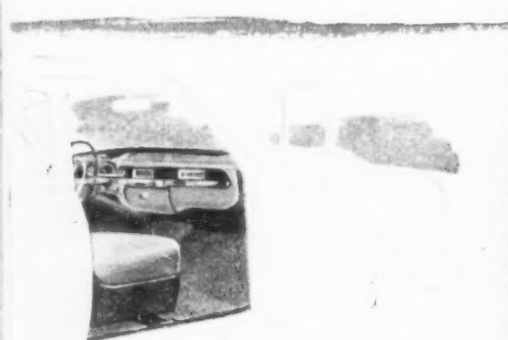
Manufactured in Canada by Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited

*thrillingly new
from tip to tip...*

Plym



see the brilliant new styling... see



so many things are new...

The new one-piece optically curved windshield for greater visibility, designed to minimize reflections. The smart new instrument panel, with glove compartment in centre for easy access. The rich new colours and fabrics. The many finer interior appointments...



...and beautifully styled...

The longer, lower lines to please your eye. The newly designed grille and massive bumpers. The air-stream styling of the graceful fenders. The new door design that lets you in and out easier. The new lower hood that gives a better view of the road just ahead.



...and different

The full vision curved rear window, 15.7% greater total glass area, all-around, unobstructed view from the rear seat. The attractive, flowing backsweep of the body. The larger trunk with 30% more cubic space. These and many more fine car features are yours in the new Plymouth.

mouth for 1953



Here it is! A completely new Plymouth. The greatest big car value Plymouth has ever offered in the lower price field.

You have the newest of new styling—beauty to delight your eye, and excite the admiration of your friends. You have the sensational new Balanced Ride—by far the softest, smoothest ride you will find in any car of comparable price. You have finer engineering, to assure you of brilliant performance, long car-life, and very low operating cost.

See the beautiful new Plymouth today. Drive it and feel the amazing new Balanced Ride. Tally up all the big car features you get for your money. You'll agree that for '53—Plymouth's the Pick.

feel the amazing *balanced* ride



It's **BALANCED AGAINST ROLL**—lower centre of gravity, wider rear springs, give a steadier ride.



It's **BALANCED AGAINST PITCH**—Synchronized springing, and new weight distribution, give a more level ride.



It's **BALANCED AGAINST JOUNCE**—truly balanced Oriflow shock absorber action and new spring design give a softer ride.

TRUE BALANCE controls all three riding motions, in the new Plymouth. Rough roads seem like smooth pavements. A new method of balancing the spring and shock absorber actions gives you the softest, steadiest ride—and the easiest handling—of any car in its price class.

PLYMOUTH FOR '53: CAMBRIDGE 4-DOOR SEDAN • SUBURBAN • CRANBROOK 4-DOOR SEDAN
CLUB COUPE AND CONVERTIBLE COUPE • BELVEDERE HARDTOP • SAVOY

Manufactured in Canada by Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited

SEE YOUR CHRYSLER-PLYMOUTH-FARGO DEALER TODAY

long, low, and lively, the new '53

Here's the finest Dodge ever produced in the low-price field. It has that long, wide low look that draws admiring glances. It is completely new from front to rear—and it looks it.

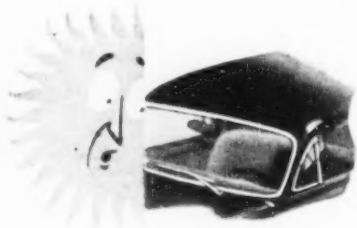
And new mechanical design makes it new in performance, too. See it at your Dodge-DeSoto Dealer's. Drive it for proof of its finer performance.



new extra features for your added enjoyment



You get the benefit of even longer engine life, increased operating economy, decreased engine maintenance, and greater passenger comfort due to quieter operation with new Dodge Overdrive, available in production at extra cost.



Solex tinted windshield and window glass works for your comfort. It absorbs more than half the heating rays of the sun, materially reduces eyestrain and cuts headlight glare.

You'll drive more comfortably and safely with Solex glass, available in production at extra cost.

completely new styling

One glance will convince you that this new Dodge is destined to be the style leader of 1953 in its price class. Dodge engineers have produced a completely new, lower, wider-looking car without in any way sacrificing road clearance, head room or leg room. And they have provided even better front and rear vision . . . and greatly increased trunk room. Outstanding style features of this brand new Dodge include: long sweeping front and rear fenders; curved one-piece windshield; one-piece, wide-view rear window; wide, flat rear deck lid; sturdy "wrap-around" bumpers front and rear; new door design which makes entry and exit easier, particularly when closely parked.

DODGE MAYFAIR • DODGE REGENT • DODGE CRUSADER

dependable **DODGE**



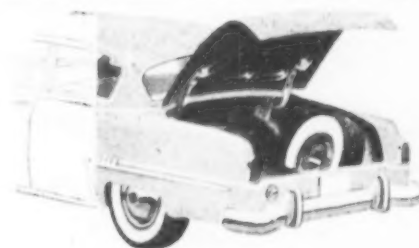
and even finer performance

Get set for something entirely new in driving ease and comfort when you first get behind the wheel of the 1953 Dodge. First of all you'll notice how easily it handles when pulling out of your parking space. Then the new, improved "Oriflow Ride" takes over. Rough roads become highway smooth, cornering is easier and steadier . . . there's less wheel fight. This results from a combination of unique Oriflow shock absorbers plus a new 5½ inch wider and lower frame, new-design front suspension, new softer, wider rear springs splay-mounted to fight body twist - and new, improved, weight distribution.

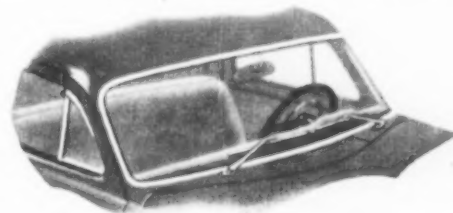
Be sure to arrange for your demonstration soon!

DODGE SAVOY • DODGE SUBURBAN

MANUFACTURED IN CANADA BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED



Load-carrying capacity of the new Dodge has been greatly increased by use of a new, wider deck lid and a new type of hinge which increase luggage space, by 30%. Now there's room for those "extra" bags.



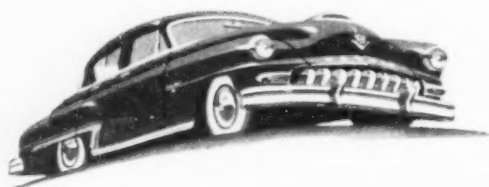
The new one-piece windshield, optically curved for minimum reflection, and wide, wrap-around rear window, combine with knee-level seating to give the driver really excellent vision in all directions. Driving is safer, more comfortable.

Canada's Most Distinctive Automobile

DeSoto for '53



BEAUTIFUL NEW STYLING



FOR "SPRINTER" STARTS

and even faster low-speed performance, Fluid Torque drive is available on both the FireDome Eight and Powermaster Six. It more than doubles the turning power of the engine at speeds up to 45 m.p.h.*

STEER WITH ONE FINGER

That's how easy it is to handle the new DeSoto FireDome Eight with Full Power Steering. Full Power Steering does the work for you, hydraulically. Now, for the first time, parking is a child's play... even in tight spots. And Full Power Steering makes all driving easier... it resists wheel deflection caused by bumps and ruts... resists wheel grip on the steering wheel is necessary.*

FOR SUPER SAFE BRAKING

Install DeSoto Power Brakes which use engine vacuum pressure to help apply the brakes. Less than half the foot pressure is necessary. You stop smoothly and safely even from high speed.* (available only on the FireDome Eight model.)

FOR MORE COMFORTABLE, SAFER DRIVING

Solex tinted glass greatly reduces heat from the sun, cuts sun and headlight glare. Greater comfort and reduced eyestrain ensures safer driving.*

*ALL AVAILABLE IN PRODUCTION AT EXTRA COST

SENSATIONAL FIREDOME OR POWERMASTER PERFORMANCE

Make this year *your* year for a finer car — the distinctive new 1953 DeSoto. This beautiful 1953 DeSoto is thrillingly new in every way, incorporating all the many mechanical and design achievements of Chrysler Corporation engineers. It's longer, lower, wider... more glass area for better vision... more space inside and actually 44.4% greater trunk capacity. Seats are wider and richly upholstered in harmonizing two-tone fabrics. There's a new frame and new suspension that help create an unexcelled ride. And performance is sensational.

With the DeSoto FireDome Eight, and DeSoto's tested "Tip-Toe" shift transmission, your ultra-modern V-8 engine delivers 160 h.p. — on regular fuel — gives you more speed and pick-up than you may ever need... but mighty handy to have in an emergency.

If your car is the new Powermaster Six, with "Tip-Toe" shift, you'll discover a smoothness and driving ease that takes you effortlessly through city traffic or over the highway. For more flashing get-away and outstanding low-speed performance, Fluid Torque drive is now available on the Powermaster at extra cost — it more than doubles the engine's turning power at speeds up to 45 m.p.h.

See them to-day at your Dodge-DeSoto dealer's.

DESOTO FIREDOME V-8 • DESOTO POWERMASTER SIX

They'll Keep the Peace

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

protest if little threads still cling to the cob before the visitor dunks it into the pot.

The Duke of Gloucester reputedly ate at Ma Brainard's and the story goes that when dinner was almost completed and the Duke was leaning back with a sigh of satisfaction, Ma cackled at him: "Hold onto yer fork, Duke; here comes the pie."

Sir Henry Thornton, former president of the CNR, inscribed in Ma's guestbook: "To the architect of the finest meal I ever tasted, best wishes, Sir Henry Thornton."

When Alberta's No. 2 Highway, which leads to the Alaska Highway, bypassed Ma Brainard's tumbledown shack by two miles, thirty-five commercial travelers contributed ten dollars each to drill her a well. Department of Highways men unaccountably found their snow-cleaning equipment moving down the two-mile stretch to Ma's house in the winter.

Except possibly for Ma Brainard's, all the farms, as well as the homes and stores, in the Peace River Country are as modern as tomorrow. But, because the population is just over eighty thousand and widely scattered, there are no daily newspapers (there are nine weeklies) and there are only two radio stations, CJDC in Dawson Creek, B.C.—where, incidentally, the railroad ends and the Alaska Highway begins—and CFGP in Grande Prairie. The Voice of the Mighty Peace, which concentrates on community service.

Listeners might be informed that Henry Harrison at Sexsmith is looking for three hired hands or that Mrs. Tom Hill in Beaverlodge had twins and could use help around the house for a few days. For years the Peace River Country had sought a bridge across the Smoky River to replace the outmoded ferry which had operated since 1911. The bridge was opened in August 1951 amid a fanfare of floats and bands, but at the eleventh hour the opening date was advanced one week. CFGP boomed out the change, urging people to attend "this history-making event." The people did fifteen thousand of them, many traveling two hundred miles.

Art Balfour, the manager at CFGP said, "The people came because the bridge meant something to the Peace River Country. It was an illustration of the loyalty up here."

Born in Regina, Balfour was managing a station at Trail, B.C., when the general manager of his company advised him—on his eighteenth wedding anniversary, as it happened—that he was being transferred to the Peace. "The hell with going up there with those Eskimos," he said to his wife. But finally he decided to go for one year and now, after seven years, he doesn't expect ever to leave the Peace again. "I live here because of all the clichés," he remarked. "The people take everybody at face value, there's a warming community spirit, there are no snobs. Every cliché you've ever heard about small-town people and western people and country people can apply to the people of the Peace and yet here they're facts."

There is another fact about the Peace River Country that is considerably more tangible than community spirit—mud. On a rainy day the thick black soil turns into a unique kind of gumbo that is a cross between soft rubber and wet cement. Its omnipresence makes walking down the main streets of the towns almost as difficult as driving an automobile in the country.

A thick grey-black goo, it oozes up over the blacktop of the roads and the concrete and boards of the sidewalks. It turns roads into rutted sheets of sticky clinging syrup, yet it is this very quality—which the farmers term "a very heavy clay subsoil"—that makes a fifteen-thousand-dollar crop off a half-section not uncommon. Its substance is such that it retains moisture through extended dry spells and it is a matchless soil for the production of registered grains and—a new development for the Peace—fescue, a grass seed which grows magnificent lawns and has been exported extensively for the seeding of airfields.

Herb Rutledge, who farmed the Hartney district of Manitoba before moving to the Peace River Country near the Lake Saskatoon area, recalls that he used to figure that he'd get ten bushels of wheat to a pound of twine in the days before combines. After threshing a crop in the Peace he found he'd get better than fifteen bushels to a pound of twine. Instead of a head of wheat having six rows of kernels, as it had in Manitoba, there would invariably be eight rows to a head in the Peace. "I have taken wheat here," Herb Rutledge said, "that had over one hundred kernels in a head." Sixty bushels to the acre was not an unusual crop and often the yield was higher.

For city dwellers the mud is at worst an inconvenience. Many efforts have been expended to control it, as yet without success. In Grande Prairie a ten-inch rockbed was laid down and then surfaced with blacktop, but with the first rain the slimy goo had seeped up past the base and was crawling inexorably across the streets.

"Like everything else, you get used to it," Jim Bowes, the twenty-nine-year-old editor of the Grand Prairie Herald-Tribune, said one afternoon recently while the rain pelted down. "In Vancouver it rains all winter. In Toronto there's that awful smog. Here we've got the mud and here, I feel, we've got the future."

Bowes, slender, bespectacled, composed and thoughtful, pooled savings with his brother Bill, after both had served overseas, to buy a weekly newspaper at Dresden, Ont., four years ago. Looking ahead, Bill paid fifteen dollars a month for the privilege of learning to operate a linotype machine on the London Free Press. They made a go of the Dresden operation, but both felt the future was limited in an established community. Two years ago they learned that the Grande Prairie Herald-Tribune was for sale and, after a quick inspection, Bill, the businessman of the family, decided it was a good buy. They sold the Dresden paper, induced twenty-three-year-old Bob Dunlop to forsake the London Free Press in return for an interest in the business, and headed for Grande Prairie. Dunlop, in addition to being an excellent writer, can operate a linotype machine and is the paper's photographer.

Typical of the new pioneers in the Peace River Country, the Bowes brothers are turning out an excellently edited well-written newspaper. In September they were almost ready to move into their new red-brick one-story building, next door to the tumbledown frame affair on 100th Avenue they took over eighteen months ago. Their expansion is typical in the Peace where, in Grande Prairie alone, a town of fewer than five thousand people, new building for the first eight months of 1952 reached a value of seven hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

This is the doing of the new pioneers. The old pioneers, the original ones, are men like Percy Clubine, the sixty-seven-year-old farming paragon of



John, I just love
our new home!

**BUT I'D HAVE TO
SELL IT IF ANYTHING
HAPPENED TO YOU!"**

Many a young married woman is proud of her new home—but behind her happiness there lurks the fear of losing her home if death stopped her husband's income.

John: You mean on account of the Mortgage? And where would you and the children go to live?

Mary: I don't know—with rents so high and places so few, it would be simply awful to lose this place!

John: Well now, I'll tell you . . . don't worry another minute. I've just made a deal that will make sure that this house is yours, clear and fully paid for, should anything happen to me.

Mary: Where? . . . What? . . . I mean, what kind of a deal?

John: You remember the Dominion Life man? He told me about the Dominion Life Mortgage Redemption Plan. The low cost surprised me—only about 1% added to the present Mortgage interest. So, Mary, I've taken out a Policy. It will make sure that should anything happen to me, you'll have this home to live in, free and paid for, instead of a Mortgage to pay.

If you have a Mortgage on your home, phone the Dominion Life Representative. He'll tell you how the Dominion Life Mortgage Redemption Plan can be applied in your case.

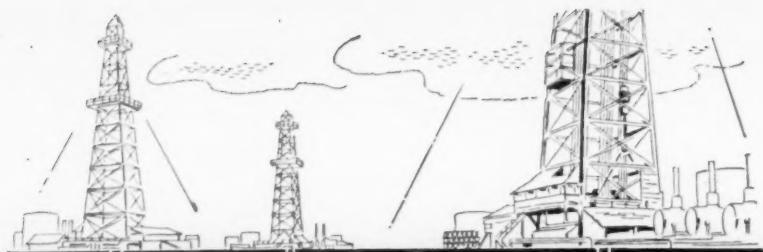
MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!



The Dominion Life Assurance Company,
Dept. 6-M, Waterloo, Ontario.
Please send me particulars about your
"Dominion Life Mortgage Redemption
Plan".

Name.....

Address.....



Down...
Down...
Down...

Withstanding terrific pressures, steel pipe pierces the earth's surface to a depth of more than two miles to tap oil in Western Canada. For 1156 rugged overland miles, steel pipe then carries that oil to waiting ships at the Lakehead, delivering over 10,000 barrels daily.

Yet that is only one of the many tremendous tasks that steel pipe is doing every minute of every day. In delivering oil, gas, water, steam, steel pipe serves the nation in countless ways and is an essential factor in Canada's growth.

Keeping pace with Canada's own great industrial development, Page-Hersey has steadily expanded its production capacities. In its mills at Welland, huge machines as long as city blocks turn out unceasing miles of pipe as fast as steel can be obtained for its manufacture.

PAGE-HERSEY TUBES, LIMITED

100 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO • LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF STEEL PIPE IN CANADA

whom it has been truly said that he wouldn't lend a separator to the man across the road for fear it would come back with a weed on it. Instead of lending his separator Percy would go himself to help the neighbor, as he often has done in his forty-one years of farming near Lake Saskatoon. His farm is a model, one that turned a penniless twenty-six-year-old produce clerk from Toronto into a moderately wealthy farmer. And after being a registered seed grower continuously for nineteen years he was made a Robertson Associate by the Canadian Seed Growers, the highest honor that body can bestow.

Perfection was always Clubine's byword. "I got the name of a damn old crank, I know that." He grinned wryly as he sucked a pipe and stared out across his rolling land. "I'd make the hired hands clear out the cuffs of their trousers before they'd go into the fields but that was the surest way of carrying weeds. Trouble nowadays is, there are too many farmers around who are what I call miners: they're getting all they can out of the land and they're not putting anything back into it. We got the greatest country here I ever saw but we got to take care of it.

"I always had a hankering for the west; my ancestors were pioneers in Ontario so maybe I was a throwback. I headed west on one of those siddoor Pullmans—me and my stock—and I stayed around Edmonton a couple weeks. But I'd heard about this Peace River Country; it was the last great west and I wanted to see it. Me and three other fellows got as far as Hundred Mile Point and the road wasn't even cut from there on. It was wild country and we worked a month, six weeks, cutting the trees and making a road. We drove the cattle up later, swam the oxen and horses across the Smoky and we were in the Peace River Country July 28. That was 1911."

Percy Clubine went out every winter—almost everybody in the Peace River Country "goes out" when he leaves the country—for supplies, carrying them from Edmonton or Edson by oxen. Pioneers were paid six cents a pound for hauling freight in, too, and that helped them survive until they could get their crops in.

"Prices were high then," Percy recalled. "Old Chum tobacco was a quarter a fifth in Edmonton, but it cost us thirty-five up here."

He grew oats to begin with and his first crop weighed forty-eight pounds to the bushel. On eighteen acres he harvested an almost fantastic one hundred and seventy-two bushels to the acre.

In 1928 Clubine's Chancellor peas

won the world's championship at Chicago and many times he won prizes at shows in Toronto. He turned to purebred cattle raising, too, and his herd of Aberdeen Angus ranked with the finest in Canada. One day a Texan drove up to his farm and enquired: "Are you-all the folks whose breedin' them black cattle?" Percy said he was and he showed the Texan his herd. "I sold him twelve. They had to be blood-tested and TB-tested and I don't know what-all-tested for export but they all made it. I got four or five thousand dollars for 'em—but all that came after the early days. You got the land here but you got to work. You can't just sit and toast your corns."

The Percy Clubines of the future might well be natural-gas drillers or oilmen, although it is still too early to tell whether these products will supersede agriculture as the country's leading industry. Pacific Petroleum Ltd. already has a trillion and a half cubic feet of gas capped in the Fort St. John area in northeastern British Columbia and Amerada Petroleum Corporation's Sturgeon oil discovery east of Grande Prairie in September stirred the Western Canada Petroleum Association to report, without reservation: "Amerada has given the Peace River region its hottest crude-oil discovery to date."

A third discovery that could make a tremendous difference to the country—and might well mean construction of a pipeline to carry oil across the rugged B. C. interior to the west coast—is the British Columbia Oil and Gas Development Syndicate, a group of twenty-four comparatively small companies headed by George Richardson, of Vancouver, and T. R. Harrison, of Toronto. Its holding is located in the foothills near Monkman Pass.

The significant point to residents of the Peace River Country is the possibility a road will be punched through the Monkman Pass and across the interior to the Pacific while the pipeline is being built. For from the Pacific there is only the Okanagan-Cariboo-Hart Highway from Prince George to Dawson Creek and there are no railroads through the mountains to the Peace. The air route from Vancouver, however, must be as picturesque as any in the world. The route winds northward up the Fraser Canyon, west of the snow-topped Rockies, to Prince George and then humps the mountains or curls through the ranges of Monkman Pass before breaking suddenly onto the gold and black and green and blue agricultural patchwork of the Peace's lakes and farmlands. Today, any shipments from the coast must go by rail to Edmonton and then northwest into the Peace. It takes the better part

NO QUARTER



Away with tipping, baneful racket
That costs us all a pretty packet!
It makes the saint pay more for dinner.
It's even harder on the sinner.
For far too long we've simply sat back
And paid good coin to get our hat back.
Unite, downtrodden tipplers! Rise!
The time has come to organize
A great crusade—and I'll be in it
If someone else will just begin it.

P. J. Blackwell



Le pain d'habitant, baked in outdoor ovens in the Province of Quebec, has a tantalizing fragrance, a crisp golden crust. Its *clean taste* is an experience visitors to French Canada never forget.

Seagram TELLS THE WORLD

"For clean taste... look to Canada"



"There's an especially clean taste to Canada's famous things to eat that is part of the magic of her zestful air, her clear-running waters and rich, waving grain fields."

* * *

The above illustration and text are from an advertisement now being published by The House of Seagram throughout the world—in Latin America, Asia, Europe and Africa. This is one of a series of advertisements featuring Canadian

scenes and Canadian food specialties. These advertisements are designed to make Canada better known throughout the world, and to help our balance of trade by assisting our Government's efforts to attract tourists to this great land.

The House of Seagram feels that the horizon of industry does not terminate at the boundary of its plants; it has a broader horizon, a farther view—a view dedicated to the development of Canada's stature in every land of the globe.

The House of Seagram

• SEAGRAM'S V.O. • SEAGRAM'S "83" • SEAGRAM'S KING'S PLATE • SEAGRAM'S SPECIAL OLD • SEAGRAM'S THREE STAR •
SEAGRAM'S CROWN ROYAL • SEAGRAM'S ANCIENT BOTTLE GIN

of a day to drive the pot-holed three hundred and seventy-five miles from Edmonton to Grande Prairie.

But once there, the rewards are many. During the hunting season businessmen go shooting before breakfast as casually as most people take a morning shower. The flyway by which thousands of geese and ducks migrate to the south in the fall is a one-hundred-and-twenty-mile strip right across the Peace River Country. The grain fields and the lakes of the Peace make the area a natural stopping-off place. Residents go out in the evening to dig

their pits, then return around four o'clock in the morning for three hours' shooting before driving five miles back to town, shaving, having a cup of coffee and strolling casually to work. The flyway makes the Peace an attractive tourist ground for thousands of Americans every fall. Nearby mountain streams offer trout and there are Arctic whitefish and grayling in the lakes. Pack teams haul for the mountains in the fall to hunt grizzlies and big-horn sheep and, to the south toward Jasper, there are moose and deer. Wild fruit, such as Saskatoons, rasp-

berries, crabapples, gooseberries and blueberries, grow in abundance.

The first white man to see the Peace River—which runs a winding course, east to west, and just about evenly divides the Peace River Country—was a Vermont explorer named Peter Pond who, in 1778, portaged from Cumberland House down the Clearwater River to the Athabaska River and thence to Lake Athabaska. He built a trading post on the river and called it Pond's House. He started the first farm in Alberta there and when the noted explorer Alexander Mackenzie

saw the land, ten years later, he wrote that he had "never seen a finer garden."

In 1789 Mackenzie sent an aide named Boyer to explore the Peace and Boyer established the first trading post on the river at Fort Vermilion. When Mackenzie went up the Peace to the Pacific in 1792 he built another post near the junction of the Smoky and the Peace, where Peace River town stands today.

On Mackenzie's heels came the fur traders who penetrated deep into the bush to establish forts. Bitter rivalry between the Hudson's Bay and the North West companies set the stage for bloodshed, ended only when the larger HBC absorbed its rival in 1821. Playing a role in the early days, too, were Roman Catholic missionaries who pushed out from Grouard and established posts as far west as Sturgeon Lake. An unknown French-Catholic priest, incidentally, gave the name to La Grande Prairie district, impressed with the broad flatland in the midst of the valleys and hills.

From 1900 to 1910 a few intrepid adventurers pushed into the Peace, some of them Klondike gold-seekers who settled either en route or on their way back. In 1903 Leon Ferguson and Alex Monkman, fur traders, began to farm near Lake Saskatoon, and in 1905 William Grant, who is still living, set up a homestead.

But even by 1908 the Peace River Country was little more than a romantic name, a few fur-trading posts in a wilderness of bush, muskeg and parkland with scarcely a trail into it. La Grande Prairie was not a town but a district extending for miles of lush park and open prairie where Indians roamed in search of furs and food. In 1909 the Rev. Alexander Forbes and his wife started the first church, Presbyterian.

It was in 1910 that the Peace, perhaps by its name alone, fired the imagination of thousands and sent many in quest of the new promised land. The little village of Edson was jumping-off place. Beyond Edson lay two hundred and fifty miles of rugged terrain and bush to Grande Prairie and, unforgettably etched in the memories of many still living in the Peace, are those weeks of bitter cold, walking behind ox teams. Some were six weeks on the trail. Many slept in snow banks in thirty-below weather. Some of the early settlers were South African war veterans who gained land through South African scrip. By 1911 there were numerous families settled and among the early names around Grande Prairie were the Carveths, the Albrights, the Johnsons and the Pattersons. One of the early doctors was Dr. Lew O'Brien, now eighty-three, who still lives at Grande Prairie. Editor W. C. Pratt carried a Gordon foot press over the Edson trail to found the Herald in 1913.

In summer the days are long in the Peace River Country: from the middle of May until July darkness is no more than a twilight period from eleven p.m. until one-thirty a.m. In winter the sky is dark until nine a.m. and grows dark again soon after four. Temperatures reach eighty degrees and more in summer and thirty and forty below zero in winter. The chinook winds from the Pacific roll across the Peace through the winter, however, and tend to moderate the numbing cold.

Thus the story of the Peace looks for the fourth time to a bright new future. Successively it has been the west's last frontier, the home of the wheat kings and the land of last hope. Now, a new chapter, written in oil and gas, begins to unfold and this might well be the most spectacular of them all. ★

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The Face That People Forget

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

climber—he found himself profoundly irritated at the star. “We were trying to work out the scene where he breaks his engagement to Glynis Johns,” Neame recalls. “Guinness kept wandering around a magazine stall and fooling with the magazines until he nearly drove me crazy.”

“But when the scene jelled, Guinness handed his lady her walking papers with a bundle of magazines. This gave it just the touch which had been lacking.”

“It’s miraculous,” says Charles Crichton, “how he will suddenly, out of nowhere, produce a line or a gesture nobody has thought of which will in an instant tell the whole story.”

Guinness did this in *The Lavender Hill Mob*. When Henry Holland comes back from Paris to his bleak boarding house he is greeted at the door by his landlady with the question: “You’ve had your dinner I suppose?” The reply in the script was “No.” Guinness substituted, “I’m afraid not.” His words, his tone and his expression illuminated with one bright and instantaneous flash the dreary routine which had for so long fed the little man’s wistful criminal ambitions.

Although he avoids the limelight and dislikes attention Guinness feels he has an obligation to his public. When *The Promoter* was being filmed at a seaside resort more than two thousand holiday-makers had to be held back by ropes from a section of the beach. They wanted a look at Guinness and he knew it, so whenever he wasn’t busy he marched patiently up and down the line, signing autographs by the thousand and stopping so people could photograph him.

Guinness wrote himself into the movies. Just before the war he wrote a dramatization of *Great Expectations* and, when the play was staged, he played Herbert Pocket, the “pale young gentleman,” opposite Martita Hunt’s Miss Faversham. Producer David Lean saw the performance and, in 1946, when he decided to film the Dickens novel, he wanted Guinness.

Guinness was in the navy, but was granted an indefinite leave. Throughout the filming David Lean was terrified lest Guinness would be recalled to duty, but his leave held good, and his performance was widely acclaimed.

Talking with Lean, who was then planning to produce *Oliver Twist*, Guinness asked: “Would you consider casting me as Fagin?”

“Not in a thousand years,” Lean replied.

But Guinness persisted, and one day, during some preliminary tests on Robert Newton for Bill Sykes, he rigged himself out as Fagin to see how he would go over.

“When he came on the set he was Fagin,” says director Neame. “That was the end of it.”

Fagin brought Guinness bad publicity, for he was accused of being anti-Semitic and the film was banned in the United States.

“The whole thing was rubbish,” Guinness declares. “I’m certainly not anti-Semitic and neither are the others associated with the picture. We bent over backwards trying not to give offense.”

Guinness uses a minimum of make-up for his roles. Fagin’s beak, whiskers, wrinkles and long hair, which occupied make-up artist Stuart Freeborn three hours every morning, was by far the most elaborate disguise Guinness has

used. He disappeared into the character of twenty-year-old Sidney Stratton, *The Man in the White Suit*, with only a toupee for disguise.

What really erases all trace of the actor from the characters is a selection of Guinness gimmicks. These are evolved partly by instinct and partly by study.

During the early sequences of *The Man in the White Suit* Guinness was often seen talking to a retiring still cameraman. His colleagues wondered why until they realized that the cameraman’s shy mannerisms fitted

Guinness’ conception of Stratton, the benighted young inventor.

Fagin was convincing because Guinness had given him a twist in the neck, a sinister shuffle and a repulsive habit of rubbing his hands together. The only difference between Sidney Stratton and Henry Holland was a bowler, a pair of spectacles and a childish trick of being unable to pronounce his r’s.

“My technique,” says Guinness, “is listening to others and reacting with my face and my body, not just waiting for a cue and dashing in with a bit of dialogue.”

He submerges himself so completely in his roles that Princess Margaret, paying a visit to the set of *A Run For Your Money*, where Guinness was hiding behind the drooping mustache and the detached absorption of a newspaper horticultural correspondent, passed him without a glance although they had met before. Finally, when she realized who he was, she said: “My how you took me in! I thought, what a boring little man—and all the time it was you!”

The only unfortunate make-up Guinness has ever adopted was a small

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beard for his ill-fated 1951 production of Hamlet. This caused such a storm that he shaved it off in the middle of the short run. Shakespeare says Hamlet was bearded, but Guinness is the first modern actor to side with the author. Nor was this the only tradition he flouted. His prince was cruel, sick, bitter, indecisive and unhappy. Except for a few notable champions, among them the critic of The Times and Edith Sitwell, who said that for the first time in their experience an actor evidently knew what he was doing when he played Hamlet, Guinness' performance drew a storm of obloquy from every quarter.

Beverley Baxter, after describing himself as "a man of kindly nature who takes no joy in hurting," called it "the worst Hamlet I have ever seen." During the performance customers left and at the end, when the cast lined up for a curtain call, the gallery booed.

Guinness, who for years had been yearning for the night when he would make a place for himself among the world's great Hamlets, invited the cast to a party at the Ritz which cost him twelve hundred dollars. Next day, after he read the reviews, he started fighting back.

"I'm not backing down," he said. "The critics want Hamlet as a sweet, gentle prince. Well he isn't sweet, he isn't gentle and he isn't romantic. And Shakespeare didn't mean him to be so. I know more about Hamlet than most of the critics. I have known the entire play by heart for seventeen years. And I still think my interpretation is right."

The play lasted for a month and lost its backers fifty thousand dollars.

Immediately afterward Guinness turned down two offers, one from Hollywood and one from Broadway. He didn't want it to look as though he was running away from the scene of his defeat.

Hamlet wasn't his first failure. When, as a schoolboy, he tried for a spot in a play he was told by a master: "You wouldn't be any good at acting, Guinness." It took a more perceptive tutor, who had been impressed with his readings of Dickens, to assign him a part as a messenger in a school production of Macbeth.

Even in this early endeavor his scrupulous attention to detail was evident. Shakespeare's stage directions say simply, "Enter a messenger." But it was obvious that the messenger had been hurrying and would be out of breath. Guinness ran six minutes around the soccer field, timing himself carefully, so he entered promptly—panting.

When he graduated from school he got a job in an advertising agency where he was assigned to promote the sale of lime juice, radios, valves and clocks. His advertising career came to an abrupt end when he mistakenly ordered a four-foot halftone engraving instead of a four-inch one.

His efforts to get work on the stage reveal his determination and his dedica-

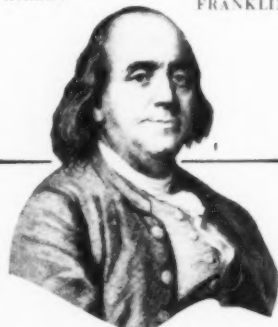
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tion to the theatre. Rebuffed everywhere, he played a long shot and telephoned the great John Gielgud. To his astonishment Gielgud agreed to see him, advised him to study, and suggested he go to Martita Hunt.

He borrowed money from friends and Gielgud prevailed upon Miss Hunt to instruct him at bargain-basement prices. After a few lessons she tried to give him his money back. "You're wasting your time," she said kindly. "You'll never be an actor. You have absolutely no talent."

Next he tried the Royal Academy, but he was disappointed again.

His spirits were at rock bottom when he met a friend on the street who advised him to try the Fay Compton school. He did so and was accepted as a student. He had a small sum of money and when he stretched it to cover the two-year period at the school he had an income of slightly less than three dollars and fifty cents a week.

He budgeted himself to one meal a day and fifteen cents a week for spending money. This he squandered on a gallery seat at the Old Vic. He could not afford bus fare so he walked six miles there and back from his grubby attic room.

To save shoe leather he went barefoot, carrying his shoes and socks in a parcel to put on only when necessary.

During holiday periods he earned two dollars a week in walk-on parts in small theatres and appeared as an extra in a movie crowd scene.

The end of his dramatic course was a hungry triumph. His money had run out and his daily ration was a bun, an apple and a glass of milk. But he won the prize—a leather-bound volume of Shakespeare—and went out into the world with this and sixty cents.

He went again to see Gielgud, then playing at Wyndhams. The dressing room, Guinness remembers, "was teeming with classy people" through whom he had to elbow with painful self-consciousness to ask the star to help him find a part. Gielgud suggested several over a period of two weeks in which Guinness paid him daily visits. One of them was at the Old Vic, where Guinness was later to become a leading actor. But his first appearance was somewhat disheartening.

"I had hardly opened my mouth," he says, "when the producer yelled in wrath: 'Get off the bloody stage. You're not what I want, you're no actor.'"

One day soon after he was walking past the Piccadilly theatre where signs were up announcing a forthcoming production. Instead of going to the stage door, which was one of dozens he had been haunting for weeks, he went to the box office and asked a surprised cashier for a job.

"Are you an actor?" asked a man standing beside her.

"Yes," Guinness murmured.

"Are you a good actor?" the man asked.

"I'm a very good actor," said Guinness.

"Whether my appearance shocked him or whether it moved him to pity I'll never know," says Guinness, "but anyway he turned out to be the producer and he gave me a job at two pounds a week. And as I look back on it, I must have been crazy for when he offered it to me I said, 'Isn't the Equity minimum three pounds?'"

"We'll have none of that here," he growled, so I took the job and shut up. But later I wrote to Equity about it and next week they sent an inspector around and I got my three pounds." Today Guinness is on the council of Actors' Equity.

The play, called Queer Cargo, had Guinness, with prophetic virtuosity,

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playing a Chinese coolie in Act I, a French pirate in Act II and a British sailor in Act III.

Guinness joined the navy as an able seaman in 1940, was commissioned a year later and became skipper of a landing craft. Once, while waiting in the U. S. for a new ship, he appeared on Broadway in Terence Rattigan's play, *Flare Path*. During this run he turned down his first Hollywood offer. He has turned down many since, one of the most recent being the role of Cassius in *Julius Caesar*.

In 1938 Guinness married a pretty, auburn-haired actress named Merula Salaman, who now paints and writes children's books.

Guinness' favorite recreation is making toys for his son, Matthew; another is teaching his parrot, Percy, to recite Shakespeare.

There is a streak of contrariness in his desire to separate his private and professional life. One of the few times he has been known to lose his temper was when a photographer asked permission to come to his house and photograph Marlene Dietrich, who was his dinner guest. But it was Guinness himself who suggested that Matthew might play the boy Denry in *The Promoter*.

Producers and directors are at a loss to describe their reactions to Guinness. They admit no actor is easier to get along with on the set. He's never a second late, he is always cheerful and polite. He is never temperamental and he never has to ask the script girl a question. But when it comes to interpreting the part he is going to play no one can make him budge. "He's stubborn as a mule," says Ronald Neame.


When he was making *The Mudlark* with Irene Dunne, producer Nunnally Johnson wanted to shoot one of the film's highlights—Disraeli's speech in the House of Commons—against the different scenes the orator was describing. It was done that way at first. Guinness liked the speech but didn't want to break it up.

Johnson finally agreed to try it both ways. Guinness' interpretation went into the finished film and marks a point where, in Britain at least, audiences invariably break into spontaneous applause.

When a London Newspaper recently estimated Guinness' earnings at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year he objected, saying that about half this amount was nearer the mark.

His rise has been so rapid in the last three years that he has lately forced himself to stand back and make sure he is going in the right direction. He has decided that he will not go to New York in the play in which he is now appearing, *Sam Spewack's Under the Sycamore Tree*. Instead, he will go to Malta to play a serious role in a picture about a flight lieutenant in the RAF.

"I've got to break away from this eccentric comedy label," he says. "I want variety. In fact I *must* have it. And all the offers I've had lately have been to play parts just like the ones I've finished. You can just see their minds working. After *The Promoter* I made a little rule—no more comedy parts for a while." ★



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The City Where Dancing's a Crime

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

has a serene and timeless profile with the sparkling eye of youth.

Towering pyramids of spruce logs and the belching smokestacks of the International, Consolidated and St. Lawrence paper mills form a modern backdrop to the most concentrated collection of seventeenth and eighteenth-century buildings north of Mexico: such buildings as the weatherbeaten Ursuline Convent, whose sundial and plaster-white walls have seen two and a half centuries skip by; the old Manor de Tonnacourt, built around 1700; and the Monastery of St. Antoine that once housed Benedict Arnold and his staff.

Trifluviens, sitting on the green benches of the Turcotte Terrasse, prop their feet on its iron railing and look out under the tall sooty elms to Canada's third largest harbor in the busy St. Lawrence; see the high-voltage wires carrying valley power across the river; watch the bright white ferries La Violette, La Vérendrye and City of Three Rivers waddle across to Ste. Angèle on the south shore, or ocean liners steam snootily on their way to Montreal. Along two miles of wharves and low grey sheds they can see ocean freighters in the deep-water anchorage loading paper, chemicals, textiles, aluminum, wrought iron, lumber, glassware and other products for Canadian and world ports; lake ships unloading grain from western Canada at the two-million-bushel grain elevators, to be stored for trans-shipment to Europe, or coal for the cities, towns and villages of the St. Maurice Valley.

But, watching this twentieth-century commerce, they will also be fully aware that the Turcotte Terrasse from which they admire the busy harbor is built on top of the same old fortifications erected by Sieur de la Violette who founded the city in 1634 (eight years before Montreal was founded, they will point out) stone walls that stood against savage Iroquois attacks when Trois Rivières was the chief fur-trading post in New France and were stormed in the British conquest of Canada in 1760 and by Montgomery's revolutionary American forces in 1775.

Lest they forget the pre-conquest days in particular, an archway and bronze bust at the eastern end of the Turcotte esplanade will remind them that their explorer-hero, La Vérendrye, "the most illustrious of the Trifluviens," was born in 1685, and went forth with his three sons and his nephew to find the path to the Canadian west and the Rockies. The names of other *voyageur* sons ring as vividly through the pages of Canadian history. Jean Nicolet, first white man to explore the Great Lakes and reach the Mississippi, and that audacious pair, Radisson and Des Groseilliers, who talked the English king, Charles II, into backing a new firm, the Hudson's Bay Company, through his nephew Prince Rupert.

But while they daydream of these frontiersmen, whose names became story-book history across a continent, their nostrils will be assailed by the very modern smell of sulphite from the paper mills. And they'll be rudely jolted back to 1952 by five-o'clock whistles as shifts from Three Rivers' seven thousand workers emerge from the paper and cotton mills, Canada Iron Foundries, the stevedoring firms J. C. Malone and Three Rivers Shipping Co., and the shoe, shirt, furniture and other factories. Carrying aluminum lunch pails large enough for a

family picnic the workmen pass through the streets in flights of bicycles, buses, new-model cars, jalopies and on foot—streets that are incredibly alive with children.

Some go to homes as old as the city, like those on narrow Hertel Street by the tracks, untouched by the big fire of 1908 which razed most of the city, where women sit on tiny porches in plaster-white rocking chairs. Others go to the west and north ends of the city, to old two-story houses with twisting outside stairways; still others to the modern "miracle houses" of Ste. Marguerite parish, where Abbé Louis-J. Chamberland turned the poorest workers into twelve-room duplex owners by getting them to save ten dollars and contribute twelve hundred hours of their time as a down payment, the balance at two percent interest being financed by rental of the upper flat. (The energetic abbé made one condition: the flats were to be rented to families with children.)

Some, the more highly paid workers, will drive to the first *côte* (hillside) and some even to the ritzier second *côte* with its new individually styled homes where their neighbors will be mostly merchants, managers and professional men. A few will commute to Cap de la Madeleine (population, 18,667) which Trifluviens regard as essentially a part of Three Rivers, the site of Quebec's second most popular shrine, Our Lady of the Cape. Healing powers repose in a statue of the Madonna, considered miraculous since 1888 when two priests and a pilgrim testified its lowered eyes were suddenly raised in animation.

To get to the Cape, commuters must cross the St. Maurice River on two squeaking Bailey bridges which substitute for the collapsed Duplessis span. They present an eyesore over the picturesque log-boomed river, they admit, but the situation is temporary. The Dufresne Construction Co., contractor for the ill-fated first bridge, is building a sturdy new one now that a provincial commission has declared the disaster was due to "a cause unknown to science."

This factory-workers' atmosphere and port activity arrived abruptly, as time is measured in Three Rivers. The new economy was no more than a twinkle in a capitalist's eye some fifty years ago. Three Rivers was a sleepy lumber town in 1899 when engineers of the Shawinigan Water and Power Co. stood in awe at the foot of the foaming cataract that is Shawinigan Falls, twenty miles up the St. Maurice. They had discovered by then that the ancient waterway of the *voyageurs* fell fifteen hundred feet in its two-hundred-and-forty-mile journey from the Laurentian watershed to the St. Lawrence. It was an engineer's ecstasy, this forest-rich valley of hydro wealth with the river at once a highway of power and a log run to the historic artery of the St. Lawrence. So they set about to create an industrial empire in the St. Maurice Valley. By 1903 a power plant was humming at Shawinigan Falls with the aid of such financiers as Lord Strathcona, who bought fifty-thousand dollars' worth of Shawinigan bonds—a thousand for each portage he had made on the St. Maurice for the Hudson's Bay Co. Five additional main power sites followed which today supply 1,800,000 horsepower to industries and homes in six hundred centres, including Montreal and Quebec.

While the hydro pioneers were at work upriver and industries were springing up in the valley, far-seeing industrialists got busy in Three Rivers itself. They quickly realized they had one of the choicest pieces of real estate this side of heaven. The St. Lawrence flowing past their front yard linked

them with European ports and with the interior of the continent, providing cheap water-borne freight rates. The St. Maurice linked them with the vast forest stands to the north, providing them with a runway for twelve million logs a year, cheap power for big industries and another hinterland for their goods and services. And Quebec's main east-west highway and the CPR linked them with the province's two biggest cities.

The quickest Trifluvian to get into action in a big way was C. R. Whitehead who established his Wabasso Cotton Co. in 1907 (today operated by his son William J. and two thousand employees) and three years later founded an industry that was to keynote the city's future, the Wayagamack Paper Co. By 1921 what was to be the world's biggest paper producer, the International Paper Co., was sprawled along both the St. Lawrence and St. Maurice at the rivers' juncture. And two years later, capital from Montreal, Timmins and Toronto flowed in again to create Three Rivers' third paper company, the St. Lawrence.

Trifluviens discovered with joy and some misgivings that the spot to which old Sieur de Champlain had dispatched La Violette in the days of the bateaux was paying off in a turbo-power age. Within twenty-five years English-speaking industrialists had set a new pattern for the city from which there could be no return to pastoral ways.

Many felt Three Rivers was simply keeping an age-long rendezvous with an industrial destiny. They looked back to the colorful history of Des Forges and 1737 when French colonists, with a grant from free-spending Louis XV, set up Canada's first iron industry. Now an historic old brick ruin seven miles north of the city, the blast furnaces of the old Forges turned bog-iron into nails, kettles, frying pans, stoves and, when the American revolutionaries invaded and captured the area, cannon balls to be used against the English. Before their ore deposits gave out and the fires were banked they had a production record of one hundred and forty-six years, although a fox-hunting Englishman named Matthew Bell had meanwhile enticed Des Forges away from the French owners.

Others felt Three Rivers had gone about as far as she could go industrially. A few once-ardent industrial pioneers

opposed new industries because they might upset wage levels (in 1940 mechanics were getting as little as fifty cents an hour; factory girls two dollars a day for a forty-eight-hour week) and during World War II not a single war industry was established in the city. By 1948, however, the go-ahead forces asserted themselves. An industrial commissioner was appointed. Last year the commissioner Marcel Ouellette, a breezy thirty-four-year-old go-getter, was selling the virtues of Three Rivers all over the map. In twenty-eight days he visited seventeen cities in nine European countries, seeking new industries. Eleven have opened in the past three years, bringing the city's total to ninety-five with a payroll of eighteen million dollars and pushing the city council into a four-million-dollar urbanization budget. Now skilled labor averages a dollar twenty-five an hour and factory girls from twelve to twenty-eight dollars a week.

Such progress, however, brought the "Saxon spirit" at close quarters in the persons of aggressive English-speaking industrial tycoons and managers who run the mills, thus posing a threat to the old way of life. The result was another social paradox. Today the twenty-five hundred English-speaking Trifluviens appear to be closely intermingled with the French-speaking Trifluviens, but aren't.

The Anglo-Saxon and Gallic races mix freely in the factories, stores and restaurants. They dine and drink together at the posh Chateau de Blois, an old seigneurial manor, now grotesquely ornate with its colonial porticos, marble mantelpieces, gilded mirror surmounted by a King Edward VII coat of arms, its dining room patterned after the throne room of the Chateau de Chinon of France, and its lobby with royal-blue tapestries and gold fleur de lis of Louis XII. They drink in the cocktail lounge of Des Forges where sensuous champagne faces stare from dark-blue walls while a trio plays light music (dancing was prohibited last February) and in clubs St. Maurice and La Verendrye, where the two languages are parlayed back and forth like shuttlecocks. They swim and boat together at the private Radisson Club, play golf and tennis at the Metabrouen Club and Ki-8-Club. They make music together at the Music Club

NEXT ISSUE:

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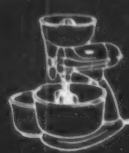


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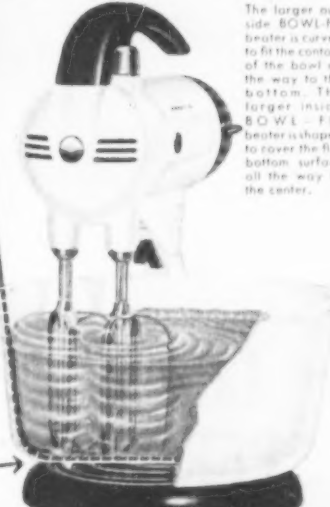


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and talk intellectually at Le Flambeau Society.

They place their money side by side at the harness racing track in the exhibition grounds (\$1,400,000 worth of wagers in 1951) which seats six thousand persons, watch baseball games together in the five-thousand-seat stadium and, in winter, follow each other over the ski jumps at Grandes Piles.

They shoulder arms together in the Three Rivers Regiment and during the last war one hundred and thirteen of them died together in Italy, Sicily and northwest Europe. And, unlike Montreals who tend to draw off into separate racial communities, they live as next-door neighbors in cordial *entente*.

But there, at the threshold, the *entente* ends. After three hundred years of work and play in an exciting nation-building era they remain two peoples with an undercurrent of hostility they try to hide.

"You don't find the English sweeping the streets," said a priest in the bishop's palace with quiet vehemence. That's because the Anglo-Saxons (Canadian and American) exercise total control of the major industries and occupy the top-skilled positions in the mills, while the Canadiens control everything else; politics, the professions and small business, except for a few Syrian, Jewish and Chinese restaurants.

Not one of the twenty-five hundred English-speaking Canadians in Three Rivers runs a store or restaurant. No Protestant is in medical practice and none in law. A young air-force veteran, Alex Thompson, who was born and raised in the city, recently had to give up his law practice after a two-year try, and he was in partnership with a Canadian. He was Three Rivers' first English-speaking lawyer since Confederation.

The sons and daughters of the English-speaking get jobs in the mills and mill offices. The young Canadiens work in the mills too, but seldom in the offices, and command all the restaurant and store jobs.

All eight members of the city council are Canadiens. So are Mayor Mongrain, Town Manager Roger Lord and Industrial Commissioner Ouellette.

Education is a religious preserve and is split three ways. The French Catholics send their children to the sixteen parish schools, two high schools, five convents and two classical colleges. The English Protestants, who deprecate such subjects as rhetoric in French education and the lack of strong science courses, send their children to a modern "high school" for which Duplessis provided a grant five years ago. This year it had three hundred and fifty students in grades one to eleven and a graduating class of twelve. The Irish Catholics, who have religious kinship with the French and language kinship with the Anglo-Saxons, send their children to St. Patrick's church school.

The straightest line of all is drawn at the fifth sacrament. Intermarriage is a scandal. Such a scandal shook the city this July when a Catholic girl married the son of a well-known industrialist and turned Protestant. Parish priests throughout the city denounced her from the pulpit. For weeks, everywhere people met it was a subject of conversation.

While the French-speaking Trifluviens keep the Anglo-Saxon at bay to preserve their way of life they offer the further paradox of a homogeneous house divided. The provincial election campaign vividly illustrated that. So did the somewhat farcical civic tempest of June 1948 which put Three Rivers on front pages across Canada.

The furore started when city council split four-four on a motion to abolish

NEXT QUESTION

My cold is swell.

It's in its prime.

It's simply great . . .

Now ask how I'm.

Caroline Clark

an old bylaw which forbade mixed bathing and required females to wear swim suits reaching close to their knees. Bishop Pelletier declared that repeal of the law would be an attack on chastity. The Junior Chamber of Commerce denounced the ban. Le Nouvelliste told its twenty-four thousand daily readers that "demoniac" youth were thoughtless. The Knights of Columbus, Saint Jean Baptiste Society and the Society of Nocturnal Adoration rallied to the bishop. Mayor Arthur Rousseau voted to break the deadlock—in favor of the old ban.

Since then a new council under Mayor Mongrain has compromised to the extent of stretching a rope down the middle of the city's huge swimming pool (125 feet by 425 feet) and women swim on one side of it, men on the other. At an adjoining shallow pool where there is no rope, little girls stay primly on one side, but little boys splash all over the place.

"But no one takes his blonde to the pool!" a young taxi driver told me. The younger set, chafing at such restrictions, go off to nearby Isle St. Quentin and St. Christophe Island in the St. Maurice to swim, or to Pointe du Lac. The "demoniac" youth also leave town in droves to dance at night spots outside the city limits. Deploring this, a father of three teen-agers said the nightly excursions led to many illegitimate births at St. Marie Hospital. But he shrugged his shoulders at the thought of opposing the bishop's wishes.

Bishop Pelletier, forty-eight years old, strong-willed and a brilliant scholar, is the immovable rock of Canadian heritage in Three Rivers.

His admirers like to point out that he criticized Rotary and Kiwanis before the Pope did. His power is wielded from the high-spired cathedral that fronts Champlain Park and from his home and offices, a three-story stone building next door ("the palace") which also houses twelve priests, a staff of six and some nuns.

It is he and his predecessors who have kept troubled Trifluviens looking backward to their unique history in the New World, who have held the Anglo-Saxon machine culture at arm's length and fought the dissenters.

Mayor Mongrain came up against that immovable force when he opposed Duplessis. The mayor, whose chequered career included a stint in the disliked U. S. innkeeper, lay brother and insurance man, had earned the bishop's ill will when he enforced taxes against church property. Thus in the provincial election five hundred nuns from the convents, hospitals and churches of the diocese went to the polls for the first time in the history of Three Rivers. According to a palace official, all five hundred voted voluntarily against Mongrain.

Facing each other across Champlain Park, the cathedral and the city hall symbolize the inner struggle of Three Rivers and seem to vie as silent protagonists of its spirit. In the park itself, working in a small pavilion, a waitress named Mamie serves French fries, while a juke box screams out the American hit tune, Kiss of Fire. ★

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Killer in the Snow

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32



Whenever we have friends for *Dinner*

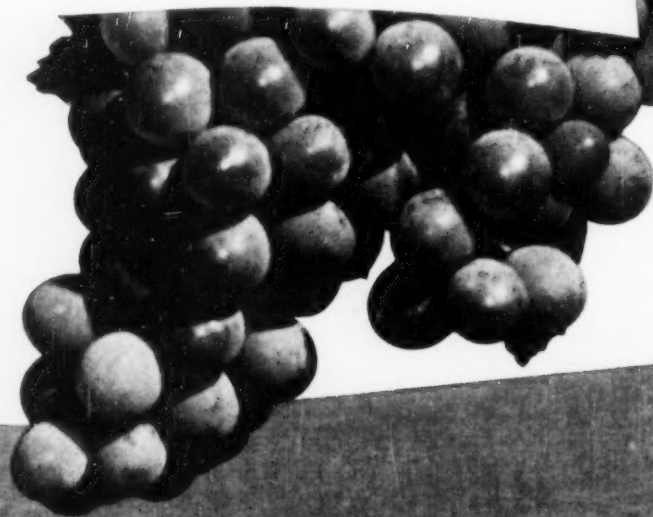
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painstaking care. "I want you to understand that if we come upon him, he may try to kill us. So if there is need you are to shoot him. Since you've only got a twenty-two you may have to shoot him several times. If you need to, do. If he doesn't bother us, that's another matter. But if he comes close, unless I especially tell you, you're to shoot him. So will I."

Joe said in blank amazement, "Golly!"

He was twelve. He was allowed to own and to use a .22 rifle for rabbits and squirrels. But he had had the elaborate training of respect for guns that a farm boy receives. To be told actually to shoot someone was out of all reason startling.

"He's a murderer, huh?" asked Joe.

"Worse," said Elsie briefly. Ann's trail was perfectly clear. Here she'd jumped across a ditch and come to a second-growth thicket with Petey scampering beside her. There she'd turned to look at a birds' nest exposed to view by the falling of leaves and now a neat cup filled with snow. The tracks went on. Ann was full of spirits. Once she stopped and she and Petey scuffled.

Joe said, "What's worse than a murderer?"

Elsie did not answer. Her eyes ranged over the snow between the trees and underbrush. The man had no name in her mind, though the newspapers had given it. The news accounts called him a "mad-dog killer" and told of his sudden preposterous career of crime. He'd been a helper in a livery stable. He'd worked there since he was fourteen when his father had simply disappeared and left him to shift for himself. And he'd been a sullen, spiteful underling all his life. Barely two weeks before today he'd suddenly and cold-bloodedly turned killer, as if putting into effect a long-maturing decision. He'd killed his employer, robbed the livery stable of its cash, taken vengeance on a horse that had kicked him three years before—he hamstringed the animal—and vanished.

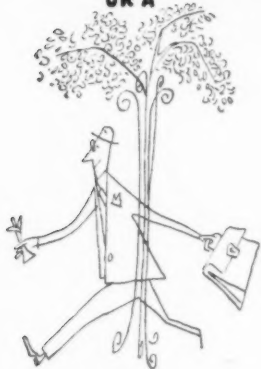
That was the beginning. Within twenty-four hours he'd begged a lift in a car, killed the motorist who picked him up, and gone off in the murdered man's car. And since then he'd gone about with a sort of reasoned madness. It was as if he had deliberately determined to abandon all restraint, including the restraints a man normally puts upon himself. As if he had resolved deliberately to indulge every impulse and gratify every desire he had previously denied. Unfortunately, he appeared never to have known any conscious desires beyond those of a rational animal—which is one definition of a man. He craved a feeling of superiority and power, so he robbed for food and money and the gratification of inspiring fear. He cunningly evaded pursuit, not only for his own safety, but with derisive details showing that he took pleasure in the frustration of his pursuers. And there were other, monstrous satisfactions no rational animal could desire.

Elsie, watching the snow for foot prints other than Ann's, felt a crawling horror. The killer had roamed about for two weeks, now. There was a school-girl on her way home from school. The killer's car drew up, he casually shot the girl's small brother dead, and drove off with her. They found her body a day or so later. There was a waitress at a hot-dog stand . . .

There was no thought back of the killer's crimes, no plan and no purpose.

A HOPTO HAMILTON

OR A

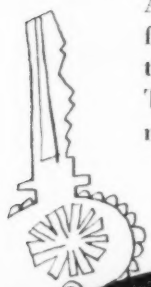


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SM-12 AL

If Elsie's father had discussed the affair he would have said flatly that the man was possessed of a devil. Someone else might have said that he had lost his human soul. Both statements would be plausible, and either would explain everything. The killer acted as a demon inhabiting a human body might act, desiring only evil. Or he acted as a human body might act, still living and possessed of a human mind, which had lost the quality which makes men other than beasts. His doings were the more horrible because they were directed to no end a complete human being could imagine, and he inspired as much sheer horror as fear.

But it was very quiet and utterly peaceful in the woods. Now and again — rarely — there was the cushioned sound of a tree-branch load of snow falling to the ground. Somewhere a little brook ran brightly between dark earthen banks. Once a squirrel chattered in a tree.

The small footprints went on. Here Ann had found rabbit tracks. She'd picked Petey up in her arms and followed them. But the rabbit was bound upon some journey. There was purposefulness in his hoppings as recorded in the snow. It was not a promising place for a fourteen-year-old nature photographer to set up her camera for animal pictures. Ann let Petey down to scamper again and went on confidently.

Elsie said in a brittle voice, "Watch for tracks, Joe."

Her small brother looked up at her, and swept the snow painstakingly with his eyes. He did not quite come up to Elsie's shoulder. This was not a safe enterprise for the two of them. But it was necessary for Ann to be found and brought home. Elsie knew that she risked herself as well as Joe for the sake of Ann and her face was a sickly white. But her eyes went darting here and there and she followed her sister's footprints and the tiny marks of Petey's paws as he meandered busily here and there. Once she looked behind and realized that now there was spread out a message, written in the snow, that two girls and a small boy had passed this way. If the killer came to it, it would be invitation to the beast — or demon — inhabiting his body. He would follow if he dared — and he would dare.

After the realization, Elsie watched behind her, too. But the need to overtake Ann did not lessen in the realization of her own danger. They came to an open space. There were more rabbit tracks. Ann, here, had deviated from a straight line to follow tiny marks in hope of being led to more. But these tracks were of one rabbit only. Ann went on. Petey trotted with her.

THEN the man's trail appeared. It was first visible on the far side of that same cleared space. As she saw it the little color that had been in Elsie's face drained completely away. The jagged line of large footprints did not come out into the open. It kept within the woods, as if striving to remain unobserved. Elsie said thickly, "There!"

Joe blinked, first at the tracks and then at Elsie. Her face startled him. At twelve, one lives in a world in which nothing really terrible can actually happen. Danger is make-believe one does not truly credit. And Joe had the instinct of males to scorn female timidity. "Huh!" he said disparagingly. "Somebody trackin' rabbits. Maybe Mr. Calloway. He comes on our ground hunting."

But Mr. Calloway had gone to town to tell the sheriff about the mad-dog killer. It was not Mr. Calloway. Elsie's

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throat went dry. Then she came to the spot where this new, man's trail reached Ann's.

The man's footprints were large. They were somehow slovenly. The heels were worn and the soles curved a little, so that it was plain that they were old shoes; shabby shoes; clumsy. And it was also clear that he had sighted Ann's trail from some distance away. There was a spot where he had stopped short as if to listen, to make sure that nobody followed after. Then he'd come on to Ann's trail itself. He'd examined the small feminine footprints which were Ann's, with Petey's tiny trail running busily about. The man had moved to stare again in the direction from which Ann had come, to see if anyone followed her. Then he'd turned at right angles to his former course and followed Ann's footprints in the snow.

Elsie heard herself making noises that were not words, but she followed the double trail. Joe lost his scorn after another look at the blind horror in her expression.

Twenty yards, and Ann's trail vanished. Completely. One instant there were Ann's tracks and the tiny depressions Petey had left, and the slovenly huge depressions in the snow the man's feet made. But suddenly there were only the footprints of a man.

Petey's trail meandered off to one side. But Ann's footprints simply ceased to be. Elsie stared desperately. Then she saw what had happened. She whimpered a little.

The man had stepped into Ann's trail. His left footprint blotted out a print of Ann's left foot. His right footprint blotted out a print of Ann's right foot . . .

He followed Ann's trail in the snow, shortening his stride to match hers, putting his gross impressions over the neat small markings Ann's feet left. He was blotting out her trail as he followed it. It was deliberate. It was careful. It was—suddenly Elsie saw the fact—it was bestial cunning. Because if Ann should be missed, and the neighbors searched for her, it would not occur to them to follow her footprints painstakingly from the house. They would strike for the hills and cast about for her trail. And there would be none. Unless searchers came upon this very spot, where the man's great pads obliterated the traces Ann had left, they would never know. Never. Because where the man had found signs of her passage her trail ended.

Elsie sobbed. And Joe said in a suddenly scared voice, "Elsie! What's he hiding Ann's tracks for?"

SHE COULD not form words. She stumbled onward, trying to hasten, yet subject to such horror and fear for Ann that her feet and legs and arms were like leaden weights. She panted, half strangled. Then the thought came that if she did overtake the man this paralysis might keep her from using her father's shotgun. And surely he would kill her and Joe if he could. He had killed another young girl's small bro-



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ther before he killed that other girl . . .

She gasped, though speech was agony. "He wants to kill Ann . . . He wants to kill me, Joe. Watch out, please, Joe! We've got to get to Ann." Sobs bubbled out of her throat. "Shoot him if you see him, Joe! If he—kills me, keep on trying to shoot him! He'll never let you get away alive."

The man's footprints—only the man's footprints—went on.

Then, suddenly, they saw Petey's tiny paw tracks again. They came trotting back from some place ahead, as if he had heard or sniffed the man coming in the wake of Ann and himself and had come importantly back to investigate. There was the mark where the man had knelt in the snow. Petey would come trustingly to any human; he knew humans only as friends. And the man had gotten his hands on the small fox terrier—and murdered him.

They saw Petey's body lying in the snow where the man had flung it. There was a red stain nearby on the white. The man's footprints again went on.

Elsie could read the trail with a terrible clarity. There was now no sign in the snow that Ann had ever passed this way. With a vast and horrible care the man continued to trample over each of the small neat prints that Ann's snowboots left behind. Here he doubled back as if he had seen something behind him. Elsie cocked the shotgun with fingers that had no strength in them. But then she understood.

He hadn't doubled back because he heard Elsie and Joe. No. He'd doubled back because Ann had heard him and left footprints he needed to blot out. She must have seen Petey perk up his ears and stand listening, with one forepaw lifted from the snow. She must have heard, then, the soft crunching of the man's progress in the snow. She must have turned back to see who was coming, while Petey trotted back to investigate. And then she'd fled—with Petey's yelping scream of final anguish in her ears. Perhaps she'd seen the murder.

The man's footprints told of her flight because they were spaced farther apart to cover hers. Ann had been running in blind terror. Behind her came the man. But he was hindered a little by the need to blot out every sign that would tell that a girl named Ann, aged fourteen, in snowboots and dungarees and a sweater, with a box camera and a pocketful of turnips and a long strong cord, had passed this way to take snapshots of rabbits playing in the snow.

The trail led over a hillcrest. Elsie and Joe toiled up the slope in hopeless pursuit. Once in her flight Ann had fallen. It must have been so, because the man had lain down and wallowed to blot out the marks her sprawling fall would have made. But then he got up and went on.

Joe blubbered as he panted after Elsie. He was scared by the frozen despair in Elsie's face. He was enraged by the body of the murdered dog. "I'll—kill him," he sobbed fiercely, his freckles dark against his bloodless skin. "kill him . . . murderer . . ."

Elsie said in a thin and unnatural voice, "We will, Joe. We will!"

If she did not kill him, he would kill her and Joe as he doubtless had already killed Ann. Sheer horror had gone past the point of being a sensation. She hardly felt terror any more. She knew that sometimes her teeth chattered and that sometimes her jaw sagged foolishly without reason. But she went on after the man who was possessed of a devil, because maybe—maybe—he had not killed Ann yet. She carried her father's shotgun at full cock and there was an absurd solicitude

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in her mind so that she reminded herself that she must not let the muzzle point at Joe because it might go off. And she was numb with fear and an icy paralysis plucked at her and sometimes she heard someone making hoarse noises and was vaguely astonished that it was herself.

They reached the hillcrest. The man's footprints went downhill again. Against the snow she saw the blackness of the banks of the little brook that ran brightly down this next hollow. The man's footprints went straight for it. Once he'd stumbled and then

carefully had stepped back and blotted out something and went again toward the brook . . .

The track ended where the stream banks dropped away. The trail went down into the hollow by the stream. And Elsie felt her eyes glazing as she went on to what would be the end of all things. She heard herself whispering, "If we don't kill him, Joe, he'll kill us."

But the hollow in which the stream ran was empty. The man's footprints, yes. He had reached the place and tramped up and down as if searching

furiously—but there was nothing. Ann had vanished. The man's trail ended. The little brook ran brightly between banks of black woods mold. That was all.

Joe said fiercely, but with a strange pride in Ann, "She knew he was chasin' her by her tracks. So she went in the stream!"

Elsie cried desperately, "But which way? Which way did they go?"

Somehow she could not hope that Ann in panicky flight—yet with the cleverness of a child adept at make-believe and with her head filled with

many tales from books—had baffled the man who followed her by so simple a device as wading in a brook.

She saw the man's prints again. Downstream. There was a little heap of branches that the brook had brought down and that had been caught and wedged into a filmy barrier through which the brook flowed. The snow had covered it. And Ann had not gone downstream or she would have left a trail here. The man had come here to make sure no trail was left. His prints headed back with a horrible, eager assurance. They went into the stream again. Ann had gone upstream. The man had followed.

Elsie went into the water. She was incapable of further suffering, now. She said in a harsh, racked whisper, "I have to go first, Joe, because he would want to kill me mostly. You stay a little way behind me. If he jumps at me from the bank and I can't shoot him, you shoot him, Joe. As—as often as you can. And—don't worry about hitting me."

THERE were two of them, Elsie who was eighteen and Joe who was twelve, and it was utterly the reverse of safe for them to be pursuing the man who had killed ferociously and often for the sheer love of evil itself. But it was not possible for them to abandon the pursuit, because of Ann. Elsie dumbly remembered the argument with Ann, over Ann's fierce demand for the privilege of using a compact.

They waded up the stream. The world was utterly without noise save for the rippling of the water and their splashings as they waded in it. There was no wind. The earth was silent and white and utterly peaceful. But Elsie knew only despair. There could not be any hope. Yet she did not think as a man would have done, of keeping on for a fearful vengeance. Her father's shotgun did not seem a thing she carried now to avenge Ann. But it was still a thing with which to defend herself and Joe and Ann—in the slim hope that Ann was not already dead.

Then his footprints climbed the bank. They went across a small meadow with a growth of scattered saplings in it. Elsie knew this place, but as she and Joe toiled up from the stream bed she noticed nothing but that here the man must have been within sight of Ann as she fled. She had run straight through the saplings. Once she had careened against one of them, and shaken down snow from its branches. But the horrible part was that here the man ceased to try to cover Ann's footprints with his own. He was sure that he could catch her soon . . .

Elsie's throat was one vast ache of sorrow and horror, and also of terror for herself. It was numbly that she realized the place for which Ann was fleeing. Ahead, where the brook widened out—it was invisible now, but it was there—was Quissen Pond. It had been the one dangerous spot in all the woodland and Elsie and Ann and Joe had all been warned against it long ago. It was not a pond, but the shallowest of pools, with sand clearly visible under

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the water on even the cloudiest day. The sand seemed unsettled, too, and in places it seemed to boil upward from the bottom. There were springs in the brook bed here, and all of Quissen Pond was pure quicksand bottom.

Ann's trail fled toward it with a terrified desperate directness. Elsie heard herself moan a little. Ann could not possibly outrun a man indefinitely. She could not possibly fight off a monster. And it might be—so Elsie thought numbly—that Ann had fled into the quicksand itself as the only escape from her pursuer.

Joe panted uneasily. "Ann was running to Quissen Pond! That's a bad place."

It seemed to Elsie that her throat was closed by a convulsive stricture of muscles, so that she could not breathe at all. Numbly, she made sure of the shotgun and went hopelessly on, trudging because it took every ounce of her strength to move.

THEN the pond spread out before her, and below. It was no more than thirty or forty feet wide, and perhaps two hundred feet long. Trees of some size overhung its farther side. It was nowhere more than ankle-deep, and where the brook flowed through it the surface was disturbed.

Elsie, staring with hopeless eyes, suddenly began to tremble. Her hands began to shake uncontrollably. She saw two things. One was that Ann's footprints went on up the hill on the far side of the stream—and the man's did not! The other thing she saw was that there was a man in the pond. His head was barely above the water. He stayed there, desperately motionless. His hands were closed hungrily upon a box camera to which a cord was tied. The cord, heavy stuff, like that used for binding sheaves, ran up from him to an outward-reaching limb of a tree. Its other end ran shoreward. It was tied quite neatly to a bush on shore.

The man turned his eyes toward them. Elsie could not speak. But Joe cried shrilly, filled with fury, "Where's Ann, you? Where's Ann?"

The man cursed them as only someone possessed by a devil should be able to curse. His voice was hoarse and thick and strangled. It was exhausted. It was not even loud. But the eyes were the eyes of a trapped wild beast.

All the strength went out of Elsie. Shaking, she let down the hammers of her father's shotgun. Her fingers grew so weak that she could barely continue to hold the weapon. But she went stumbling to the end of the pond and across the brook where its bed was not occupied by springs bubbling upward, and Joe came with her, glaring enraged at the man who had murdered Petey and chased his sister Ann. They went up the hill.

Ann's tracks went on before them. Small, neat, confident footprints in the snow. She'd eluded Petey's murderer until almost at this spot. Fleeing from him, at the last, she'd darted down the bank and into the edge—but only the very edge—of the pond. She'd skirted it in desperate haste, and when he reached the pond's edge she was fleeing again up the hillside beyond it. It looked as if she had dashed across the shallow pool. And he knew nothing of the pond, or its name, or the danger it presented. And he saw the fleeing figure of Ann. He plunged splashing into the pond to overtake her.

The change from fiendish triumph came perhaps ten feet from the shore, when his feet sank deep in clinging stuff. He was fifteen feet out when he realized what had him fast. Then such rage, such maddened fury filled him as was not good to think about. But he was caught. Hopelessly. He

would have smothered, bellowing blasphemous frenzy, but that Ann came back. She knew of his capture by the quicksand. And she had a child's horror of death actually coming to anybody. She'd sacrificed her box camera for him. The cord she used to trip the camera shutter was a strong one, but not too strong. She'd tied the camera to the end of it. She'd thrown it out over an overhanging branch, and let it down to him. He could not haul himself shoreward with it. It would break if his full weight came upon it. And she tied the shore

end to a small bush that would surely be uprooted by too strong a strain. But the cord would keep him from sinking to his death in the quicksand. And Ann, having saved him from death—she was probably as white and shaking as Elsie herself by then, with the man mouthing horrible things at her from his helplessness—then Ann went on to find the highway and bring men to come and pull the killer out of the quicksand. Ultimately, of course, his rescuers would see that he was hanged. It was unfortunate that he could only be hanged once.

ELSIE toiled up the hillside with her knees like water and with Joe muttering furiously behind her. The footprints of Ann went on, clear and confident and beautifully neat and safe. Elsie could have gone down in the snow and kissed them in pure gratitude that her younger sister was safe.

Trembling, shaking, sick with relief, she said to herself, "I'll never quarrel with her again. I'll—I'll—" Then her eyes filled with tears and she said absurdly, "I'll tell her she can use my compact." ★



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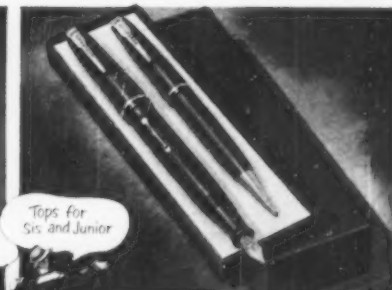
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MAJOR APPLIANCE DEPARTMENT — MONTREAL

MH-152

Mackenzie King

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

opinion, but his real advisers lived on the other side of things. His reliable colleagues and only real friends were all dead.

Beside his intimations of immortality all the uses of this world grew steadily more weary, stale, flat and unprofitable. Still he clung to them. He grasped greedily for money, creature comforts and public rewards, never sure that he could grasp anything more. He wanted the best of two possible worlds. Assuredly he got the best of this one.

Here, too, a rough Canadian parallel can be discerned—the half-formed, uncertain nation, like its leader, was yearning for something distant, impalpable and better than itself. The reach must exceed the grasp or what was heaven for? King, the individual man, perhaps could find heaven. The nation reaches still, and must always reach, for what it knows not.

Like the people of whom he became the common denominator and mean temperature, King was ambivalent. More than ambivalent, he contained a dozen different characters all in endless struggle, as varied as the races, zones, economic groupings and local characteristics of Canada.

In the first place, King was a scholar, historian and philosopher of politics. In factual knowledge he made his friend Roosevelt (a man of nobler mold) appear sadly uneducated and sometimes alarming in his ignorance. Beside King's radicalism his other friend, Churchill, despite some far superior gifts, became a splendid anachronism.

In his other countless mutations King was also a devious party manager who never missed a trick nor spared an enemy, a wily caucus manipulator, a simple country squire, an attentive host, an implacable hater and a reckless plunger as the occasion required.

He made himself the supreme court of his party and administered single-handed justice without mercy. His allies were rewarded. He extinguished his rivals, wrecked the career of Arthur Meighen, drove the igneous Bennett into the refuge of the Lords, dismissed the great-hearted Ralston in the middle of a cabinet meeting with a stroke peculiarly despicable and cut the throats of his friends with deft razor strokes whenever necessary, as he once gleefully admitted to parliament.

Again, with the same sincerity, he was the humble Christian, on barefoot pilgrimage. He was also the supreme egotist of his time. He loved God, physical ease, rich food, expensive clothes and unquestioning service. In public he proclaimed and in private believed the eternal verities, and on the wall of his bathroom he hung a disagreeable placard advising his guests how to keep their bowels in order.

He mourned with genuine sorrow the death of obscure men and women, befriended youngsters, conducted secret charities and pampered his dogs. He was a passionate social reformer, obsessed with the destitution of mankind. He was so terrified of personal poverty that he piled up a millionaire's fortune, mostly in gifts from his rich friends, while persuading himself that he was too poor to repair the tattered furniture of Laurier House. He was always sending notes and flowers to console the bereaved but he rode his secretaries to nervous breakdowns and, sleeping late himself, would make his ministers sit hungry and exhausted through the lunch hour.

He was modest, boyish and charming

in his home. He was prostrate before the Divinity and the electorate. Before his cabinet he was a crafty autocrat. A meticulous administrator, he would fuss over the minute details of business and then drop the government of Canada for a week while arranging a banquet and flying into a passion because the menu included beans instead of peas with roast lamb.

Under all this ran a sense of humor too deep for the public to suspect. His public jests were so rare that they became headlines—as when, asked by an indignant backbencher from the Doukhobor country what he would do if he faced a parade of naked women, he looked over at Bennett, a bachelor and a lady's man, and blandly retorted: "I'd send for the Leader of the Opposition." He was cold, courteous, correct and diffuse in parliament, usually tedious and sometimes crudely sentimental on the platform but in his office his eyes sparkled with a cynical wit, he gaily lampooned his colleagues and discussed the sworn secrets of cabinet with the wildest abandon.

In his final paradox this the man who understood the social movements of the twentieth century as well as any contemporary statesman remained to his dying day a child of the nineteenth, a gentleman of the old school and an unconscious snob. The radical, for all his public policies, died a disillusioned conservative in the larger affairs of mankind.

The Canadian people never divined this infinite variety. They saw only his set public act, the round little figure with hunched shoulders, the flat and homely face, the wisp of hair on the bald head, the antique collar and cuffs, the delicate hands, the bouncing, cautious gait of one walking on invisible eggs. Altogether a physical being who, even through the inspired lens of Yousuf Karsh, could never appear more than commonplace, because he would never share and finally could not be himself.

As an actor King was the superior of Roosevelt and Churchill since he mastered a much more cunning act. Roosevelt's chosen role as the Great Guy and Churchill's as the reincarnated Elizabethan were obvious and relatively easy. King's drab impersonation of the common man—the last thing he ever was—required the highest kind of histrionic genius. It succeeded so well that the people accepted a caricature which he had deliberately contrived for his own purposes. Behind it raged the battle of many different Kings and the two worlds which divided them.

To the end he kept his secret. The caricature already becomes a legend to mislead all future Canadians. A King who never existed is erected as a statue. The man is as unrecognizable in death as in life, precisely as he desired. Through spiritualistic mediums he sought the other world but in this temporary abode he took infinite pains, and even built his own stone ruins at Kingstons, to be remembered for something he was not. The disguise deceived its own creator. He came to believe utterly in a fairy-tale hero of his own imagining.

If the Canadian people also believed in a fictitious King, they never liked him. At times they hated him and often laughed at his diminutive figure in the newsreels. But they came to respect him as they respected no other leader, they relied on him as on the seasons, and when he died they missed him as a comfortable piece of furniture which had long served in every Canadian home.

Grudgingly, in its Arctic fashion, the nation concluded, only when he had gone, that it had lost its indispensable

A REMINDER

For better or for worse, my dear,
You said that you would take me,
Throughout the rites, I did not hear
You vow that you'd remake me!

RICHARD WHEELER

man. This, as it turned out, was not true but in retrospect no one can deny that he had become the unchallenged master of his times in Canada, the replica of his people. The being nature had writ small defied his dimensions and bestrode the nation like a home-made Colossus.

While the strands of such a tangled personage may never be sorted out, it is relatively simple to fit King into the history of the Canadian era which will be called forever by his name. His works proclaim themselves, but quietly. He wrought them so gradually, he could move so fast and take so many desperate chances while appearing to stand still, he could produce such drastic changes with a changeless look, that his revolutionary effect on the nation's life was dimly surmised when his own ended. By now we can see that he was our greatest revolutionary, a wilder heretic than his grandfather, operating on a wider stage.

The factual catalogue of his career is most of the record of Canada through more than three decades. It should be briefly noted before the full portrait of his life and times can be examined.

He found a Liberal Party in Opposition and ruin. He gave it a longer term of office under one leader than any party had ever known in any English-speaking state; he created a juggernaut which won seven national elections and lost only one, and it was better lost; he left no other truly national party upon the landscape.

More important, he found a Liberal theory of the nineteenth century—doctrinaire, obsolete, cranky, constipated—and, without altering a label or seeming to shift anything, transformed it into an opposite doctrine for the twentieth. Only when he laid down his tools did Liberalism awake to see that it had been carved into a new shape, painlessly, in the night. Even then it did not realize that this was what King had planned thirty years before.

He found a people divided, quarreling and weak. He left them reconciled, united and strong as they had never been before.

He found a nation primitive and depressed. He left it with a living standard never exceeded in all history except by the United States.

He found an economic system called Capitalism. For better or worse, but beyond repeal, he ushered in the Welfare State.

He found a nation of nine provinces and left it with ten. By persuading Newfoundland into Confederation he prevented it from falling ultimately into the hands of the United States and thus, as he believed, saved Canada from such an enfolding pressure of Manifest Destiny across its Atlantic gateway as might well have doomed its future existence.

He found a state which, in spirit, was just emerging from colonialism. He established its autonomy beyond dispute, destroyed the last attempt to reconsolidate the Commonwealth with a single voice in London and brought Canada closer in solid friendship to Britain and the United States than it had ever been.

He found a people deep in isolationism and he deepened it. Then, lacking a spark of martial fire, detesting physical violence which he had never experienced, he led Canada through its greatest war, made it a principal among the victors and, despite this huge dislocation, returned it to peace with hardly a ripple of disturbance. Having embraced internationalism and even world government, having seen a brief vision of humanity set free, he ended his life a convinced pessimist, with no faith in the United Nations, no doubt that men's affairs were ruled by naked power, no confidence of avoiding a final world war and no assurance that civilization could survive.

As his greatest work, by his own estimate, he found the old racial gulf of Canada newly widened and he bridged it where even Laurier had failed.

Taken together, these achievements, each enough for one lifetime, will remain as King's monuments long after the synthetic walls of Kingsmere have become the ruin of a ruin. As against his successes must be set his two prodigious failures.

The first and the gravest of his life was his misunderstanding of the world's drift to war and anarchy, his refusal to admit Canada's inevitable place in this process or to prepare his people for it, his amazing miscalculation of Hitler, whom he met and described as a harmless and rather stupid peasant.

Secondly, as a domestic statesman, while he piled his reforms silently on one another until the total product grew like sedimentary rock, he was never able to breathe the feeling of life into the thing he built. He could lead the nation. He could never voice and perhaps did not feel its dream. It asked for some glint of magic in the darkness of those times. From him it had to be satisfied with a steady candle flame of competence.

Perhaps this was the only kind of leadership which a nation of conflicting interests could endure. Certainly the men of flame and passion, the Meighens and Bennetts, consumed themselves and their governments like suicidal moths and gravely burned the nation's unity in the process. King's candle was safe, but the man who held it must die only as the nation's leader, not as its idol or even as its friend.

Weighing success against failure, one must conclude that for volume and variety our Canadian registry holds no equivalent to his handiwork. There have been only two Canadians who challenge his place as a statesman, but Macdonald and Laurier dealt with problems far simpler than world war and revolution in which King swam blindly, without a chart. They were greater men. He was the greater statesman.

How, history will ask, did such a man achieve something so much larger than himself? To answer that it will be necessary to follow his life in detail. His actual methods of government are clear enough at a glance. Once, in a revealing moment, he described them to a friend as they strolled on the bank of the Ottawa. "If," said King, pointing to a distant church spire beyond a bend in the river, "I try to reach that point directly I shall drown. I must follow the curves of the bank and ultimately I shall get there, though at times I may seem to be going somewhere else."

In the ceaseless zigzags of his administration he was often and rightly accused of inconsistency, but he always knew where he was going and, above all, he knew how fast he could go. A prime minister, as he told his friend that day, must be a sponge, patiently

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M1-352

soaking up the diverse trickles of public feeling until the time comes to extrude a policy. Only then, when a majority opinion has clearly formed, can a policy hope to work in this diverse country of Canada.

There was the method—the distant objective, the curving course of circumstance, the patient waiting for the tide of fortune to rise and then its sudden taking at the flood.

His art was the calculation of the flood. The oddest legend about King is that he made few mistakes because his judgments were formed deliberately on

facts. In his largest verdicts he disregarded facts altogether and resorted to pure instinct.

A few days before his death he remarked: "The popular theory that I spent immeasurable hours pondering my problems is ridiculous. An issue exists for me by intuition or not at all. I either see it at once or it means nothing to me. I decide my policy right away. I may spend much time planning how to defend it but I know from the start what I want to do and how to do it."

Thus instructed by his daemon, he

would retire into the silences of Kingsmere and there drudgishly dredge up facts to support and justify the decision already made. In a few days he would return with a clear policy buttressed by the logic which he had attached to it as an afterthought.

A prime minister who rejects the experiment of family allowances and then, overnight, is converted to it by the moving story of a youth raised on the pension of a dead soldier cannot be called a man of visible facts. He is basically a man of emotion, in his worst moments a mere sentimentalist, in his

best a human being who feels the hungry fellowship of his kind.

This method of decision first and factual interpretation later explains King's rotund and tortured speeches. He lacked oratory, that almost-essential equipment of statecraft, except in a few inspired moments when he had no time to prepare his words.

His only formidable opponents, Meighen and Bennett, could outline him in any platform contest and this always hurt his pride. Meighen's frigid pinpricks drove him to anger and then to hatred and at last to an irrational, almost childish horror. Bennett out-blustered him in the House, overwhelmed him with a kind of volatile marsh gas, but King never hated Bennett because he knew that when the vapor had ignited and burned out the ashes would be his enemy's. King would bob up again, incombustible.

He distrusted conventional color either in speech or action, not because he failed to appreciate it in others like Churchill and Roosevelt, or because he would not gladly have used it himself, but because he knew he could never achieve it and would look ridiculous if he tried.

By the usual contradiction he attained an unconventional color of his own, a drab color, a shadowy grey. It took time to acquire but was worth waiting for since it was fast and would not bleach out. The audiences who smirked at his image in the newsreels turned up at the polls next day to vote for the indispensable man.

Besides oratory and flash, King lacked all the physical attributes of leadership except the most vital of all, an iron constitution. While athletic colleagues worried themselves into illness he, with soft hands and flabby muscles, slept soundly, except for two nights, through the worst years of the war and never lost his appetite. He coddled his health, watched his diet, rationed his exertions and lived as regularly as a grandfather clock. After its length and unbroken chain of crisis his career was a triumph in body as in mind.

A man so conceived and so completely self-dedicated could not expect nor wish to have many friends. Those most familiar with King, the statesman, could hardly name a single person who could call King, the man, friend. He conducted an endless hand-written correspondence with unknown people all over the nation, he sometimes read poetry to an aged lady beside the brooks of Kingsmere but it almost seemed that when his first youthful friend drowned he foreswore friendship as too painful and distracting. His recipe for safe human association is well known: "I've always found you can control people better if you don't see too much of them."

Still, it was typical of King's perversity that he liked to think he had troops of friends. He exploded with anger when the late Professor E. K. Brown, one of his frustrated speech writers, asserted in a magazine article that King was friendless. Toward the end King knew it was true. He died a lonely and despondent old man, rebuffing those who came to pay him tribute.

Even the solidarity of his cabinet was a charade which kept the chief actor perpetually amused. He encouraged the feuds of his ministers because their divisions strengthened him. Often he disagreed with policies executed in his name, denounced them indignantly in private and was always chuckling at the Opposition's failure to see his colleagues' obvious blunders.

He never forgave Ralston, whom he apparently had destroyed, because he knew that Ralston was the only man



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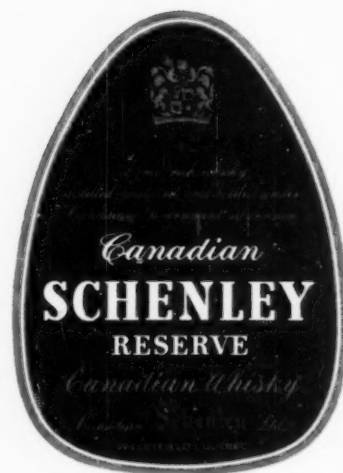
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who in fact had defeated him. Crerar, Hsley and Macdonald he could hardly tolerate and they ardently reciprocated his feelings. Gardiner he regarded as an eccentric western comet in constant collision with Liberal principles but uncontrollable. Howe he considered the ablest organizer of his time and a political ignoramus. Dunning, his only serious rival, he engorged at leisure. St. Laurent came to him by accident, grew on him slowly, was once rebuked before the whole cabinet, threatened to resign, secured an apology and was chosen as the next prime minister by King's skilful management. Only Lapointe could be trusted absolutely and even Lapointe, the single colleague who dared to call him by his boyhood nickname of "Rex," never entered the inner shrine.

These things are understandable. Psychologists will never cease to disagree about what is most obvious in other men, King's relations with women. A woman, his mother, dominated him long after she was dead. But that interesting coterie which has worn itself out hating King and sleuthing the secrets of his life can find no other woman in it, only a few clumsy and boyish flirtations. He remained a bachelor because he considered himself too poor to marry and felt no need for women. Yet he had a woman's mind with all its intuitions. Intellectually he was almost more feminine than masculine, the most successful spinster of his age.

Finally, before it is considered in detail, this solitary pilgrimage must be judged in some substantial part as an exercise in sheer luck. The continuing accident of incompetent Opposition followed him faithfully to his last days. If this was luck he knew how to make it work for him, to exploit every break in the game, to profit by his enemy's smallest mistake.

He believed implicitly in luck and propitiated it with comic zeal. The numeral seven, he said, was favorable to his enterprises. He liked to launch them on the seventh day of the month or in the seventh month of the year. If possible he would take no decisive act until the hands of the clock were directly opposite each other in a straight line. The Christian was filled with these pagan superstitions.

The combination of genius and chance required time for its consummation. With his equipment King could not hope for quick success. He could not blast the solid substance of Canada as Macdonald and Laurier had blasted it or even make the small dents left by the Meighens and Bennetts before the current swept them down. The rock must be worn away by steady drip, invisibly over the years.

His was a slow, pedestrian odyssey, a foot journey of infinite weariness and perpetual change of direction, toward the distant spire. Did he reach it? No man will ever know the answer. We can be sure, however, that King got exactly what he wanted and planned to get out of this world. He got power, vindication, a sense of divine approval, and an assurance of entry into the world to come.

You could read the log of that journey on his face. The plump, round and spiritless visage of youth, the almost weak look of his first premiership gradually took on the veining of granite. His eyes at times acquired the mystic's stare at a far-off horizon line. The man born small had grown large beyond belief. His minute handwriting lay scrawled in black, indelible signature across his native earth. When it reclaimed him an age was ended in Canada. The new age could never escape his legacy or possess his secret. ★

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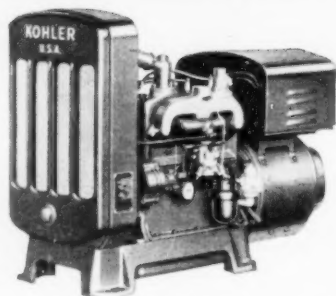
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London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

cumulative excitement when this year's annual display of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors came round. Now we were to reveal to the eyes of the world the full achievement which had given this island the leadership of the air. Admittedly not everything was to be shown, for there is still a secret list, but there would be enough to dazzle the eye and stagger human credulity.

It was a windy cloudy day when my ex-Air Force son and I set out for Farnborough, which is in the region of Bisley. It was Thursday and on that day the president of the society had been good enough to invite us to his special enclosure where comfort, refreshment and visibility would be at hand. Something like fifty thousand spectators crowded the sidelines and lined up to inspect the various planes which were on view in what was called the static display. It was interesting to see a jet passenger plane already bearing the colors of the CPR, as well as one for an American company.

I have not the space to describe the miracles which were designed for peace or war according to their purpose, but the cumulative effect was staggering. But what we were all waiting for was the actual flying display which was to begin as soon as lunch was over.

Once more I found myself sitting with Brabazon and Handley Page, these men who had been at the birth of it all. Brabazon looked puzzled and was strangely silent. Perhaps like many other philosophers he was wondering whether this conquering of the last untamed element had been for good or evil. However, he could have had nothing but praise for the helicopters which modestly opened the program. Here at least is one machine which does not roar like the fury of the gods, which would not frighten the most timorous of maiden aunts. It hovers in the air as if it could settle down for an afternoon nap. It can move up or come down with no apparent effort, or stay where it is.

Obviously the helicopter is the answer to the city-to-city flight, in other words the shorter journeys, because there will be no need to use the aerodrome stationed miles away from the centre of population. Soon the helicopter will take off from the former festival centre on the South Bank in London and come down in some spot near the heart of Paris. Thus it will be a friend to man in peace, and will be a succor of the wounded in war. The helicopter has no wings but it is an angel among devils.

The program at the Farnborough display was superbly managed. At three-minute intervals the planes took off, each of different design and personality. We would see a huge bomber, almost the size of a ship, roar forward a few yards and then he zoomed into the air by two explosions that gave it an enormous thrust. We saw a plane like a great white moth that flew upwards vertically and disappeared as if the laws of aeronautics were of no concern. We saw fighters race by at six or seven hundred miles an hour.

And all the time the other jets were waiting their turn, the engines giving out that strange eerie high-pitched sound like something between a bosun's whistle and the wind in the wires on a frosty night. "Well," I said to Brabazon, "you started something. What do you think of it all?"

"I don't know what to think," he answered. For once this lord of

language could find no words to utter.

As in everything, however, the human drama transcends all else, Neville Duke, one of the two champion test pilots, was due to make a supersonic flight in which, traveling faster than sound, he would break through the resistance barrier of the air. Perhaps this deserves a word of explanation.

His plan was to start at eight or nine miles up and descend at a speed faster than sound—something between seven hundred and eight hundred miles an hour. The assumption is that the plane drives the air forward until it masses in a wall of such concentrated solidity that the plane must break through it, causing an immense double or treble explosion. Unless the plane is pointing directly toward the aerodrome the explosions cannot be heard by the people there.

On the previous day the most famous test pilot of all, John Derry, had accomplished this feat and Neville Duke had failed. Therefore it was Duke's determination to achieve it on this day if the sullen skies would only give him a gambler's chance. Derry and Duke were not only friends but rivals, and beyond the personal aspect was their loyalty to the rival firms that employed them.

John Derry and his pretty wife (who had watched it from the pilots' tent) were particularly pleased at Derry's success because it partly atoned for the tragedy six years ago when Geoffrey de Havilland, son of the head of the firm which made the machine, went to his death in the same attempt and in an earlier make of plane which disintegrated in the air.

With the cool methodical mind of a scientist Derry had studied the problem of how fast a plane could travel in a downward flight before the pilot experienced a blackout—in other words that temporary loss of sight which is nature's protest. Remorselessly he experimented on himself as his own guinea pig, finding at what angle his body could achieve the maximum of resistance to the blackout.

So, from his tent, he watched Neville Duke take off to have a look at the sky to determine whether or not the faster-than-sound flight could be made. It was a cold windy day and we sat, chilled, while Duke sauntered above the clouds in search of an opening.

Then came the announcer's voice on the loud speaker. "He's going to do it. He'll be starting any moment now. Duke failed yesterday to make the explosion but today he is determined to do it." Three minutes went by and suddenly came the words: "Duke has started."

We could see nothing and hear nothing for he had gone into a dive which had reached a speed that left sound behind. Silence . . . silence . . . and then! BANG . . . BANG. The barrier had been broken on a perfectly calculated route and we heard the double explosion not only perfectly but ominously. What kind of man and what kind of machine could challenge the massed anger of the air and pay no toll?

With an exultant swoop Duke raced past us about fifty feet above the runway and then zoomed and weaved his way about the skies as though he could not bear to bring himself or his mount to the dull earth.

"Those explosions," said the bland voice of the announcer, "sounded to me like two volumes of the Oxford Dictionary dropped in the flat above."

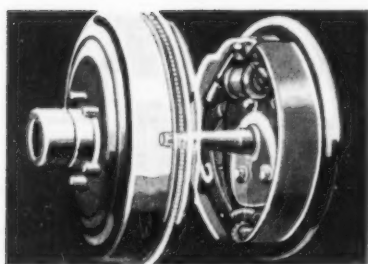
But, watching from the pilots' tent was John Derry. He decided that he would not accept this equalization of the score and took his de Havilland up and made the same flight, but we did



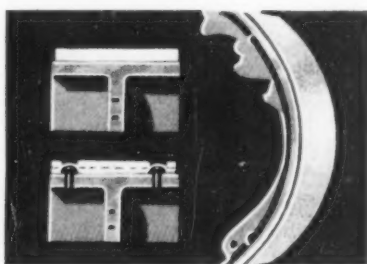
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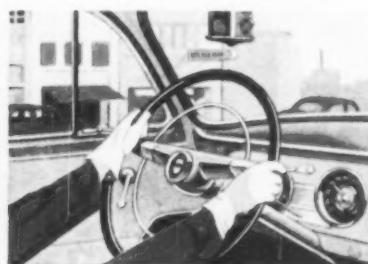
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not hear the explosions and therefore it did not count. He was probably a fraction off his course.

Brabazon stood up and stretched his arms: "My God!" he said. "I must have a drink."

On Saturday the show was thrown open to the public. In the previous days the public could only stand outside the confines of the aerodrome because the displays of types were kept clear for visitors and buyers, many from overseas. More than a hundred thousand people made their way to Farnborough on Saturday, but by that time the newspapers were getting tired of the story. For five days this super-sonic rivalry had been going on and even the resources of the skilled reporter could not ring any more changes on it. The public, however, were still fascinated by the human rivalry of John Derry and Neville Duke.

On Saturday morning I wrote my weekly column for the Sunday Express and went out to the country after lunch to play golf. Halfway round the course a messenger came out from the club house to tell me that there had been a terrible disaster at Farnborough and the Sunday Express wanted me to alter my column accordingly. I did not need to be told the nature of the accident. In my bones I felt that the air had taken its revenge on either Derry or Duke.

As you know, it was John Derry. He had flown a new machine fresh from the de Havilland factory. It had crashed through the barrier of air resistance and was swooping over the runway when the machine disintegrated. Derry made one last desperate attempt, not to save himself, but to turn the plane away from the crowds. But it could not be done. The flaming engines, weighing a ton each, hurled

themselves at a terrifying speed into a hillside crowded with people.

Twenty-seven men, women and children lay dead and mangled, while the wounded were all about. Ambulances, doctors, and nurses were rushed to the spot. More were to die in hospital.

In the pilots' tent Neville Duke had been watching, and so had Derry's wife. The crowd thought that the rest of the display would be canceled but waited for the decision. Instead, the show went on. Grimly Duke walked out of the tent. "I'm going up," he said. The trembling voice of the announcer told the crowd that Duke would now do the same flight. As he took off for his starting place in the sky stretcher bearers were carrying the wounded to the hospital tents.

"Duke has started," said the announcer. There was a triple bang-bang-bang and Duke's plane swept into view and over the runway. Then he banked and dipped his wings over the spot where the de Havilland had disintegrated—his last tribute to his friend and rival.

John Derry was the twentieth British test pilot to be killed since the war. They gave their youth, their immortality, that the air should yield its last secrets to man. And in every case there were new pilots to take their place.

"These are the new Elizabethans!" That was the triumphant note that followed Derry's death. There was grief but there was no dirge. A young widow wept but she knew that her dead pilot husband could not have lived any other life. Neville Duke went back to the Hawker factory on Monday because there were new types ready to join in the battle.

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How to Bring Up An Only Child

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

of economics at an early age. There's only so much money coming in and it must be divided among eight people. If Mary needs a new coat, Jimmy will have to wait until next year for his. He is presented early in life with the valuable knowledge that music lessons and summer vacations and footballs and movies cost money, and that money does not grow on trees.

Above all, if Jimmy's parents have what psychologists call "unmet emotional needs"—in other words, if they're bitter or frustrated or unhappy—their actions and attitudes are going to be spread thin over six children instead of only one, and Jimmy's share is going to be moderately small.

George Bernard Shaw once remarked that members of large families get on in the world because in large families it is impossible for each child to receive what schoolmasters call "individual attention." He went on:

The children may receive a good deal of individual attention from one another in the shape of outspoken reproach, ruthless ridicule and violent resistance to their attempts at aggression, but the parental despots are compelled by the multitude of their subjects to resort to political rather than personal rule and to spread their attempts at moral monster-making over so many children that each child has enough freedom, and enough sport in the prophylactic process of laughing at its elders behind their backs, to escape with much less damage than the single child.

Consider James, an Only Child, in an equally comfortable home.

Having no brothers or sisters James doesn't have to share his possessions with anybody. Nobody expects him to mind his little sister or dress his little brother. He may be lonely, but he is never in competition for anything he wants, including his parents' undivided love and attention. He doesn't know the rough-and-tough, give-and-take play of other children until he gets to be four or five years old and then he's surprised that the other children think he's no fun to play with. If this situation persists as he grows older he may mutter sulkily, "Oh well, kids are stupid anyway," and take refuge among the adults who appreciate him—a withdrawal that isn't going to help him face up to the other battles of life later on.

Everything that happens to an Only Child matters a great deal to his parents. When James cuts himself, or is sick, or is slapped by the boy next door, his mother is frantic and his father is perturbed. If he spills ink on the tablecloth it can provoke a family crisis. (In a large family he'd probably just ask his sister to help him wipe it up, and the cloth would have lots of other spots on it from previous childish accidents.) When James cuts his teeth is important, how early he talks, and what brilliant things he says when he does talk.

Only Children occur mostly in families where the father is a skilled worker or a business or professional man earning a good salary. Thus James' social environment—that is, the street the family lives on, the friends they bring into the home, their cultural interests—is likely to differ from the environment of a child in the large family of a laborer, and plays its part in his development. James' parents can usually buy him good clothes, surprise him with frequent and expensive gifts and send him off to summer camps.

On the other hand, the parents may demand return favors of James. For instance, because he is their only child, they expect great things of him intellectually. He must be as bright as, or brighter than, all the other children they know, since on his academic achievements the family pride stands or falls.

A young woman who grew up in Montreal, the daughter of a university professor, says resentfully, "When I was little I had to lead the class at school or my father would feel his honor was at stake. I suppose if there

had been several of us one could have been brilliant, and the rest of us—less brainy types—could have taken things easier."

Sometimes an Only Child, as the result of coaching on the part of his ambitious parents, shows an early precocity that is not borne out later on. Textbooks quote the case of an adopted girl who showed amazing ability as a mere toddler. When the girl was six her mother had a new baby and the older child (who had been taught at home up till now) went away to school. The parents were so busy

with the new infant that they had no more time to help with her lessons; her school grades got worse and worse as the years passed until, at sixteen, she was begging to leave school and get a job. Tests established that she had an IQ of only 85 ("dull normal") and that she consistently failed in any subject requiring a degree of abstract thinking. Obviously, the child's early brilliance was unnatural, the result of her mother's concentrated coaching.

The most important factor in the proper development of any child is the niche he fills in his parents' emotional



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life. Since many Only Children are Only Children for highly emotional reasons, this is of special significance in their case.

For instance, James' parents may have married late when they had just about given up all hope of having a family. Or maybe they married early, but no children came along for years, and then—just as they were entering middle age—James was born. Or maybe James' mother had a hard time when he was born and the doctor said no more babies. In any of these cases, James is recognized as an Only Child right from his cradle days and receives an abnormal amount of babying and pampering from both parents.

It is possible that James is an Only Child because his mother is an ambitious career woman who reluctantly interrupted her work long enough to bear one child but has no intention of repeating the experience. In this case, he is probably brought up by a housekeeper whose excellent references may be or may not be suitable for bringing up a small boy in an empty home.

One of the worst things that can happen to an Only Child is to be born to parents who realize that they're on the brink of a divorce but think that maybe a baby would patch up their broken marriage. Usually it doesn't, and they separate, and their child is more than ever alone.

If any of these disturbed and unnatural home situations exist, certainly the child of the family is going to feel it and show it.

Dr. Angus Hood, of the Canadian Mental Health Association, says: "It's the parent-child relationship that matters in any child's development. If children are on good ground with their parents it is of considerable value in their approach to the outside world—and that holds true whether you're speaking of a family with one child or a dozen children."

Hood sees the possible dangers of being an Only Child as:

1. The child may not be a child at all, but a "little adult" with adult interests and friendships and attitudes and conversation. This does not make for childhood security; and lack of security, in turn, may prove a deterrent to a good marriage relationship later on.
2. The child may be placed in a particularly bad emotional position if the parents have unmet needs which they can intensify around one child rather than around several.

A speaker at the annual meeting of the American Sociological Society a couple of years ago declared that the small family accentuated the relationship of those in it. "If the group is three it inevitably creates a two-against-one alignment," he said. "In the one-child family it most commonly means that the child and one parent is pitted against the other, and thus the parents compete for the affection of the child."

But there are plenty of Only Children who are being brought up in happy homes where intelligent well-adjusted parents are aware that their single progeny has certain needs.

Dr. W. E. Blatz, director of the Institute of Child Study in Toronto (himself the father of an only daughter), believes that an Only Child can grow up just as sane and happy as any other child. "It's just more difficult to bring them up, that's all," he says. "For instance an Only Child must be prevented from thinking that the universe revolves around him."

Many parents of Only Children realize this and try to guard against it.

One young mother, who follows a handicraft career in her own home, says, "Our Judy is going on eight and she

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seems to have accepted the fact of being an Only Child. We've always made a point of giving her plenty of playmates. We sent her to nursery school at three, and whenever we take her to a circus or a movie, or even just swimming at the beach, we always include one of her little friends in the party."

The father of a fifteen-year-old son says, "John and I have always been pals. It's true he's had a lot of material advantages he wouldn't have had if we'd had the big family we wanted, but at the same time we've tried to teach him courtesy and thoughtfulness and respect for the rights of others. I don't think he shows any ill effects from being an Only Child."

The parents of an eleven-year-old daughter say the only problem they've noticed is with their friends, who expect their child to act like a spoiled brat. When she doesn't, they're baffled. They add, "We don't notice any two-against-one alignment in our family."

Being an Only Child means different things to different Only Children. A ten-year-old boy may complain, "Gee, I wish I had a brother for when we go away on trips in the car. It's no fun being the only kid with a bunch of grownups." A girl of the same age may say wistfully, "The other girls—the ones with brothers and sisters—live in such noisy, friendly, exciting houses! Our house is quiet all the time, with just my mother there, sewing or something."

Some Only Children realize their situation more poignantly as they grow.

For instance, there's Anne, an Only Child born during the depression when many people had decided not to have any children at all. Anne's father was a lawyer, her mother had interrupted a career in social work to marry, and when their daughter was born they agreed they wanted the best there was for her, which meant her mother would have to go back to work. Anne was brought up in a tastefully furnished home among cultured people. She had nice clothes, a "progressive" school, and a trip to Paris when she was five.

Today she is an attractive poised college student who recently observed, "All my friends are Only Children too, and sometimes now, talking it over among ourselves, we can see how we were always a bit lonely. Everything would have been so much more fun if there'd been other children to share it with. We all say we intend to have big families when we get married."

Moir, another Only Child, was born and brought up in Montreal by comfortably fixed parents who gave her considerable freedom of movement and encouraged her to get out and do things. Still, they regarded her as their "baby" and it was not until she was twenty-five and left home for an interesting job in another city that she really felt grown-up. She did well at her work, she met agreeable young men who took her to dine and dance, and she moved into an attractive bachelor apartment with two other career girls.

She was just beginning to realize how exciting life can be when her father died suddenly and she was faced with an immediate problem—what should she do about her mother?

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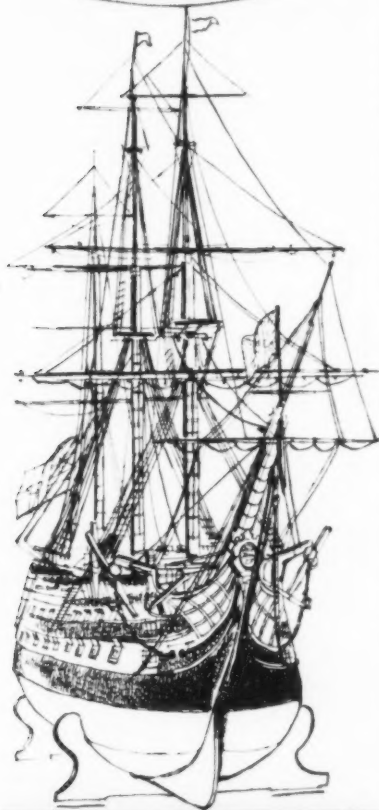
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Reluctantly, for she realized that it meant the end of her new-found life, she invited her mother to come and live with her in another, more conservative atmosphere. "If there'd been other children in our family, mother could have visited round and spent some time with all of us," Moira says. "Or we could have chipped in and supported her in a place of her own. But this is the way it's got to be, because I'm all she's got. It's not fair!"

In spite of these anxieties and complaints, periodic research over the past fifty years has been unable to prove a single verified fact about the Only Child as a type of individual. A dozen scientific papers and as many textbooks differ radically in their estimation of what's wrong (or right) with these children. An eminent psychologist, who stated that Only Children are jealous, selfish, egotistical, quarrelsome and unpopular with other children, has been contradicted flatly by any number of other eminent psychologists who state that, on the contrary, Only Children are more intelligent, quicker, less antisocial in their behavior and more inclined toward leadership. A manual on child psychology notes a marked superiority in language among Only Children, especially girls, but a prominent Toronto educator declares that if there's any such language superiority, which he doubts, it's among youngest children, especially boys. There is scarcely a finding that is not refuted by some other study.

What, then, can wise parents do to help their Only Child grow up happy and well-adjusted? Four things.

First: Don't baby him. A child's independence should be encouraged. Help him, but don't do things for him once he's able to do for himself. If you're worried about him every minute of the day, don't let him see it. It makes him feel he's different from the other children. Besides you don't want him to grow up a hypochondriac. On the other hand, don't make your Only Child feel he's an adult before his time. Certain adult discussions and conversations are beyond his understanding as yet. You may delight in his precocious remarks but other people won't.

Second: Encourage him to have friends. Let him do the things they're doing. Let him bring them home, or on occasional family drives, or away to the summer cottage for a while. Don't speak slightly of your child's friends, don't urge, "Wouldn't you rather come shopping with Mommy than play with Joey and his silly old train?" It may be better for his development if he sticks with Joey.

"Encourage him to have friends, yes, but don't force him," says Dr. Blatz. "After all, children are different and some children like to be alone some of the time. Try to understand your child before you prescribe for him. And remember to prescribe for him, and not for yourself."

Third: Don't involve him in family feuds or emotional tangles. If you're disappointed in your husband (or your wife) don't take it out on your child. And never force him to take sides in a parental wrangle. Try to settle your differences after he's gone to bed. His childhood will be over soon. Make it a happy one while it lasts.

Fourth: Don't take things too seriously. Do your best and let it go at that. Remember that even if you had a larger family you'd still have your troubles. Psychologists have stated that middle children are apt to develop annoying neuroses from being eternally squeezed between the oldest child and the baby, while youngest children may grow up lazy and unambitious—the result of the lifelong pampering some of them get at home. ★

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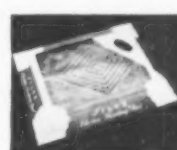
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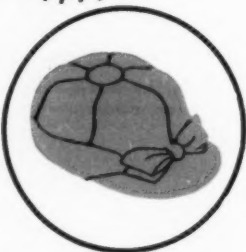


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

another extraordinary ability: Van Horne could send and receive Morse code faster than any man in his employ. Passing on trains or standing on station platforms he would pick dot-dot-dash messages seemingly out of the air. It was this little-known trick which earned for Van Horne the reputation for second sight.

One dark night, waiting for a train in Sudbury, he overheard two brakemen whom he knew discussing how much sleep each got on his run. A week later, from Montreal, Van Horne dispatched a wire to the conductor of a train out of the Nickel City: "GO INTO THE CABOOSE AND YOU WILL FIND JOHN ROGERS ASLEEP WAKE HIM UP AND SHOW HIM THIS TELEGRAM." A thoroughly puzzled conductor did so and found the situation exactly as foretold. For years after, this story—embellished and stretched at each retelling—was held as proof that Van Horne was the devil himself.

But Van Horne's talents were not confined to practical jokes, telegraphy, or even railroading. He was a recognized authority on Oriental pottery, being able to identify blindfolded nine antique pieces out of ten. His knowledge of early British North Americana equalled that of any history professor. Botany was only one of his minor accomplishments, yet he developed among other items a triple trumpet flower (*datura cornucopia*) at a time when doubles were rare prizes.

Van Horne was a member of Montreal's Pen & Pencil Club which then included two future heads of the Royal Canadian Academy. Today some of Van Horne's own paintings, as well as

many masterpieces he collected, hang in the Montreal Art Institute, where Arthur Lismer rates him "a very competent amateur."

He was a sleight-of-hand artist and mind reader of more than average skill. Father Lacombe, on his first visit to Montreal, was so fascinated by the Van Horne brand of sorcery that he overstayed his leave from St. Mary's seminary at Calgary. The next time he came he was accompanied by a severe father superior, grimly determined this Dutch Protestant should not again lead his little priest astray.

Legend has it that Van Horne's first powwow with the Blackfoot chief Crowfoot also owed much of its success to witchcraft, the chief being so taken by the little colored balls popping out of the white man's forehead that he hardly noticed what was said. Van Horne later presented Crowfoot with a lifelong pass on the CPR, which the chief mounted in a gilt frame and hung around his neck like an amulet.

Van Horne was the original "Don't write, telegraph!" man, possibly because stamps cost money while wires cost Van Horne nothing. A gourmand on the grand scale he once straight-facedly informed *The Times* that the Van Horne coat of arms was: A Dinner Horne, Pendant, Upon a Kitchen Door. And he enjoyed nothing better than ordering full-course dinners for two—then eating both of them himself.

He liked fruit for dessert and at his summer estate on an island off the coast of southern New Brunswick he grew grapes and peaches in sprawling greenhouses. He didn't consider the peaches fit to eat until they had dropped off the trees, to be caught in soft nets stretched below the branches.

Only one thing scared him—making a speech. At board meetings he was capable. In bunk-house debate he was superb. But alone on a public platform the great man became a helpless

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pitiful object. It was this stage fright which kept him from accepting honorary degrees (though he was a governor of McGill) and later made him decline the Son of Heaven's personal invitation to tour Japan.

One other thing embarrassed him no end. This was his striking physical resemblance to that popular *bon vivant*, the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII. Once, just as he and a British nobleman were taking their first blissful sip of soup in a Paris restaurant, the head waiter caught sight of him and frantically signaled the orchestra leader. Van Horne, fuming and utterly speechless, had to stand through three choruses of God Save the King, while fellow diners chirruped their homage and his beautiful dinner went cold. Some accounts of this have it that the manager also trotted out several wenches for the supposed prince's choice, an occurrence which would have sent faithful family man Van Horne dashing wildly down the Champs-Élysées.

The Van Horne Story, capitalized, was the classic success story, with variations. William's father, Cornelius Covenhoven Van Horne, was not exactly a poor but honest workman. Rather he was a dreamy sort of lawyer who argued cases with young Abe Lincoln and was the first mayor of Joliet, Ill. However, Van Horne Sr. did die penniless in 1854, leaving the sturdy William—even then nobody thought of calling him "Bill"—to care for his mother, sister and young brother.

Flouting Alger tradition again, the ever-hungry William was a lazy hulk of a lad, a constant reproach to teachers who sensed that his indifferent showing in school was no indication of his real ability. The truth was that William would work at anything only if it interested him. School didn't. He was enamored of rocks and fossils, however, and spent a good deal of the time lying face down in shallow streams or burrowing into likely looking mounds.

Too poor to buy the coveted Hitchcock's Elements of Geology he traded all his possessions for three week's loan of it from a similarly smitten, parsimonious chum. Then he laboriously copied its entire two hundred and sixty-two pages in longhand—illustrations, references, footnotes and bibliography.

In after years he asserted that this Herculean task had been the turning point of his career. "Copying out that book," he told his grandson, "not only taught me penmanship and improved my drawing. It also showed me what could be accomplished by application."

He conveniently omitted the most important reason for the whole business—the fact that it enabled him to throw the original tome smack into his sharp crony's face.

With several mouths to feed, and a roof to be kept over their heads, the only job that fourteen-year-old William would still deign to accept was that of telegraph boy. Not that telegrams as such interested him. Much less the leg-work involved in delivering them. But the Joliet telegraph office was the site of the finest continuous poker game in all Illinois, and what healthier form of recreation could any growing boy ask?

It was while waiting for wires to deliver or well-heeled patrons of the pasteboard art to make the game worth his while that the languid William decided to learn Morse—solely to find out what all the gabble was about. In less than a year he was so good that the Illinois Central offered him a telegrapher's post at fifteen dollars a month. This job ended abruptly, however, the day the superintendent accidentally trod on a steel plate outside William's



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shack and got an electric hot-foot intended for lesser mortals.

William soon got another position at higher pay, but hardly had he begun than there was a lay-off. Anyone incapable of handling at least two jobs got the axe. William therefore talked his way into the timekeeper's and the warehouseman's slots, then spent every spare second studying their duties till he actually *could* fill them. In this manner, William got into the habit of studying everyone else's job, often working other men's shifts just for the experience. By the time he was seventeen this perspicacity paid off and he could handle every job on the line, from dispatcher to roadmaster.

Van Horne had got interested in railroading, and nothing could stop him learning all there was to know about it.

The next twenty years, the golden age of railroading in the U. S., saw the Van Horne star steadily climbing. Denied admission to the Union Army in 1861 because his company considered his services too valuable to lose, William forsook the Michigan Central in a huff and joined the Chicago and Alton line where he at least had the satisfaction of speeding troop trains on their way.

In 1867, when he was twenty-four, a startling event happened: William got married to Lucy Adaline Hurd, of Galesburg, Ill. The startling part was that, as evidence of his deep chivalry to womankind, he blithely invited his mother, sister and widowed mother-in-law to make the nuptial apartments their permanent home. The Van Hornes had three children: Adaline, the eldest; William; and Richard Benedick. William died in 1874.

Van Horne's name, now with the title "general superintendent" prefixed, popped up briefly during the Chicago fire of 1871, when he commandeered hundreds of men off the street to move C & A stock to safety. One aspect of this event haunted Van Horne all his life. "Not one of those men ever turned up to collect his pay!" he would relate, incredulously. It was as if these pay-scorers had somehow done him a personal hurt.

His first great challenge came in 1874 when he was made general manager of the Southern Minnesota Railway. The name "railway" was a misnomer, for even the owners referred to it contemptuously as "that miserable streak of rust." Under the Van Horne touch, however, the bankrupt line prospered so greatly that in three years' time a dozen companies were begging to incorporate it.

Van Horne's formula?

"Good food," he once said, "is the cure for most ills."

One of his first acts, it seemed, was to order that all employees working overtime should rate grub on the house, and he personally supervised the menus of beaneries along the line.

He did other equally original (and inexpensive) things: Years ahead of his time, he offered prizes for best sug-

gestions on improving efficiency. The prizes were personal letters from W. C. Van Horne. On the theory that a railway must create most of its own traffic he gave small cash credits for land put to the plow along the SMR. This time men did turn up to collect their pay, resulting in the greatest land rush in Minnesota history.

"Damn tomfoolery!" was other railwaymen's opinion of Van Horne's methods. Yet when the SMR merged with the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul it was only on condition that toomfoolish Van Horne become president of the whole shebang.

It was while planning the northward expansion of his new line that Van Horne first aroused the ire of the president of the rival line, the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway—a stock-promoting wizard from Guelph, Ont., J. J. Hill, who up till now had looked upon Canada as his private preserve.

In this year of 1881 the vast sprawling Dominion was an almost unknown wilderness of about four million people, divided not only by unbelievable distances but by violent differences of outlook. Ten years before, British Columbia had joined Confederation on the express condition that a railway to join east and west should be started in two years and finished in ten. But scandal and procrastination had so stricken first the Conservatives then the Liberals that now—with the decade almost gone—only about two hundred miles of railway had been built. B. C. had threatened to secede.

A desperate Sir John A. Macdonald, returned to power on a railway ticket, had just succeeded in getting a ten-year extension of the time limit from B. C. He had also persuaded reluctant members of a Montreal financial



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syndicate that it was their patriotic duty to tackle the mammoth job. It was their baby now.

One of the members of the syndicate was J. J. Hill. Asked by fellow members George Stephen, Donald Smith and Duncan McIntyre to suggest someone big enough to build the Canadian Pacific Railway Hill instantly saw a chance to get rid of a thorny U. S. rival and at the same time advance his stake in the syndicate.

"Van Horne's your man," he declared, "but he'll take all the authority he gets, and more, so study the fine print on his contract."

Impressed by Hill's glowing accounts of Van Horne's talents Stephen wasted no time offering the Dutchman the job at the largest salary ever paid in the west. Van Horne hedged, insisting on a personal survey before replying. But in his heart he knew he would accept; it was a task worthy of a Van Horne.

Thus it was that on New Year's Day 1881 the roly-poly railwayman with the inevitable big cigar arrived in Winnipeg to set up his headquarters for the big spring offensive.

Van Horne had joined battle with the toughest building job ever undertaken in North America.

How tough a struggle it was to be not even the psychic Van Horne could have foreseen. In the next two years he had to buck not only the barren prairie and towering iciness of the Rockies, the constant threat of Indian uprisings and disastrous floods but also—and worse—the bitter war declared by Opposition critics and newspapers. These attacks, sometimes on the CPR but more often on Van Horne personally, were eventually led by none other than J. J. Hill, now the CPR's avowed enemy.

Hill had resigned from the syndicate crying "Traitor!" the day Van Horne bluntly informed the members that:

(a) The CPR would go north of Lake Superior not south to use Hill's line from the Soo to Duluth, as Stephen and Hill had planned.

(b) The CPR would cross the Rockies via Kicking Horse Pass, not the more northerly Yellowhead, as eight government survey parties had recommended.

"Any damn fool can see that using Mr. Hill's line would put the mighty CPR at his tender mercies," rasped Van Horne sarcastically. "As for those government surveys, they will no doubt prove of great value to future Alpinists—but we are building a railway!"

So violent was Hill's hatred of what he considered this betrayal that he carried on a paid smear campaign to weaken faith in CPR stock in the U. S., Britain and on the Continent, a campaign which came dangerously close to succeeding. Through it all Van Horne remained serene, concentrating on construction problems and leaving politics to Stephen.

As always, his remedy for almost any situation was good food and lodging. To ensure these he had appointed as his chief victualer an unknown Milwaukee clerk named Tom Shaughnessy. This man, who later became Lord Shaughnessy (and was usually referred to as "the Peer That Made Milwaukee Famous"), fulfilled his chief's expectations, performing miracles daily in his task of supplying thousands of men thousands of miles from the Montreal base with the equipment and food they needed to forge ahead.

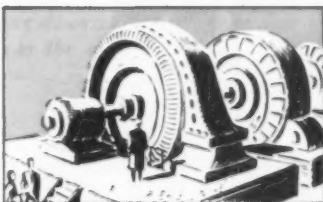
The speed with which the track advanced stupefied parliament. Five hundred miles the first summer. Eight hundred the next. Prime Minister Macdonald was elated and even ordinary workmen at the end of steel were caught up in the excitement. "I thought ten hours a day of such work would kill me," wrote one Irishman to

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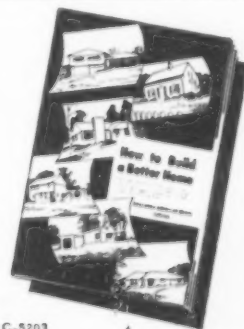
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his wife in Ottawa, "but that damn Dutchman makes it all seem a great lark—and damned if he might not be right."

Fault-finding committees visiting Winnipeg headquarters would find themselves entranced by a charming bearded host who cooked them a superb dinner, played their favorite music on the violin, catalogued botanical and geological specimens while discoursing eruditely on ceramics, painted their portraits before the ice melted in their drinks, simultaneously took on any six of them at chess, and relieved them of

surplus cash over the poker or billiard table. Then at dawn, as they rolled sleepily to their rooms, they would be startled to hear this same charming man bellowing unprintable threats at the blasted engineer to bring in his blasted blueprints so they could get on with the blasted work.

Van Horne's powers of endurance were amazing and he enjoyed showing them off. Once, after his chief engineer and he had paddled a canoe all day, followed by a ten-mile hike along the track to camp, Van Horne challenged his younger companion to a foot-race.

The section north of Lake Superior was, as expected, the heartbreak stretch. At one time in 1884 nine thousand men toiled in this grim, mosquito-infested, incredibly difficult country, which ate up syndicate money by the bale. One particularly appalling mile of muskeg and rock cost them seven hundred thousand dollars for materials alone. Van Horne saw the same mile of track disappear in the treacherous ooze no fewer than seven times.

To overcome this costly bottleneck Van Horne hit upon the idea of building

miles of wooden trestles from one outcropping to another, supported by piles driven down to bed rock, the whole to be filled in later by train haulage. To cut transportation costs he imported boats from the Clyde to plant caches of materials along Lake Superior. To save on dynamite shipping he built two dynamite plants in the bush, capable of producing three tons of powder per day. At every hand his ingenuity and disregard for red tape made the work lighter, cheaper, safer.

While both the Superior and Rocky Mountain sections were still in doubt he was already planning far ahead. To offset Hill's vicious libel that "the Canadian west is a desert" he set up ten experimental farms on the prairie. He promoted grain elevators, flour and lumber mills, hospitals. He offered free homes in the west for doctors and teachers. He put boxcars of trade goods on sidings where settlers could come and buy; as soon as someone appeared who seemed like good storekeeper material Van Horne would turn the business over to him and move the boxcar-store to another siding.

To combat the loneliness of women on the wide prairie he tried to interest the government in setting aside blocks of land where small farms might fan out around a central village.

"I failed," he wrote to his good friend Rudyard Kipling. "Such a thing has never been done before—which is a conclusive reason with governments."

Ironically, although he was so eager to build up the west, he flatly rejected Lord Shaughnessy's proposal that the CPR drill for oil in Alberta, terming this venture "hopeless."

He hired famous artists to do paintings of the scenery along the CPR, even doing the odd one himself. And already he was at work on the famous slogans which the following year would startle the staid east:

WISE MEN OF THE EAST GO
WEST BY CPR!
BY THUNDER! (BAY) PASSES THE
CPR!

When the Windsor Station in Montreal was formally opened in 1889 Van Horne surpassed himself with the razzle-dazzle full-page streamer in leading newspapers announcing:

BEATS ALL CREATION, THAT
CPR STATION!

Van Horne once said his purpose in life was "to make things grow and put new places on the map," and certainly he did his share of both. He was responsible for such place names as Schreiber (after his chief engineer), Revelstoke (for the British peer who bought CPR stock when no one else would), Agassiz (for the famous geologist), Lacombe, Chapeau (after the then premier of Quebec) and many others. One day in 1884 he chose a spot on Burrard Inlet, B. C.—much to the chagrin of speculators who had wine and dined him in hopes of him choosing Port Moody instead—and stomping his heel into the soft ground he declared: "This is the end of steel for the Canadian Pacific. I name this settlement Vancouver."

He could so easily have named it Van Horne. But such was not his way. Today only an obscure mountain range and a street in Montreal testify directly to his greatness. For a time at the turn of the century a particularly vile five-cent cigar also bore the name. Van Horne turned this indignity to advantage by removing the bands and mixing them with his own perfectos, then palming them off on visitors.

"I judge a man's honesty by the way he reacts to smoking one of those leafy

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horrors," he confided to Shaughnessy one day. "I hired a man this morning simply because he asked me how much the stable boy charged me for my cigars."

Van Horne's friendship with Father Lacombe was a strange one, but it illustrated one facet of his nature: he never forgot a favor. When the CPR reached Calgary on Aug. 10, 1883, a solemn directors' meeting was held, with Stephen presiding, at which Father Lacombe was voted president of the line for one hour.

Another time Van Horne sent a religious picture to his art dealer with instructions to frame it and send it to Father Lacombe in Calgary. Not hearing from him for several months Van Horne wired, "HOPE YOU LIKED THE PICTURE."

Came back the gentle reply by mail: "It is beautiful . . . but it so disturbed my reverend colleagues that I have had to put it under the bed. I hope you are not offended."

Van Horne investigated and found the religious painting in his own basement. The one sent to the missionary by error had been a lush Impressionist nude coyly titled, *At The Bath*.

In late 1884, with three hundred miles of track still to lay, Van Horne was jolted by the secret news that the company was bankrupt. Hurrying back to Ottawa he found Smith and Stephen actually in tears over Macdonald's flat refusal to grant further loans, with an election coming up. Knowing that work stoppage now meant defeat Van Horne kept the news from his unpaid yet still trusting work crews till spring. Then, with their world crumbling around them, dramatically it came: the Second Riel Rebellion, the métis in arms, revolt on the prairie.

The Opposition gleefully thundered for action. The Press followed suit to a man. The cabinet brooded helplessly, recalling the 1870 revolt when it had taken troops three months to reach the front. In three months Riel would have the whole west aflame.

Up stepped Van Horne. "Put two batteries of men in my care," he informed a startled Macdonald and equally startled Stephen. "I guarantee to have them on the Qu'Appelle in a fortnight."

The rest is history. Van Horne rushed troops from Montreal to Winnipeg in four days, using fast sleighs to cover the Lake Superior gaps and hot turkey dinners to still the grumbling. The revolt was speedily crushed.

For a time Van Horne's part in this remarkable coup went almost unnoticed, except by the alert German general staff who asked for complete details on this new mobile warfare. But gradually recognition came, and with it the funds to finish off the building of the CPR.

In 1888 Van Horne succeeded Stephen as president of the line he had built. In 1890 he celebrated by moving into the classically simple home at 1139 Sherbrooke Street West, which is now occupied by Mrs. Margaret Van Horne, widow of Sir William's namesake grandson who died in 1946. In 1894, as a gesture to the railway rather than to himself, Van Horne reluctantly succumbed to becoming Sir William Van Horne. He was criticized in the U. S. for his acceptance of a knighthood. To one American who condemned him he wrote: "The title conferred on me was an honorary one. In this I was recognized not as a British subject but as a foreigner who had rendered service to the country. My title is honorary KCMG, and no British subject has ever been given this."

It was Sir William who first visualized the CPR's present world-wide network of services. In 1892 he

astonished the travel world with his announcement: A round-the-world tour on the *Empress of India* . . . from London via Bombay . . . and Vancouver, thence to London via the CPR and Canadian ships on the Atlantic.

This first globe-girdling junket by a single company was hailed by Chauncey Depew, U. S. railway magnate, as "the greatest advertising stunt of the century." Depew also went into raptures over the opening in 1892 of the beautiful Chateau Frontenac in Quebec City. The French-chateau style of architecture used in this and other famous

CPR hostelrys coast to coast is Van Horne's personal tribute to the part played by Canadiens in the building of the CPR.

Although not a naturalized citizen, Van Horne had become a rabid Canadian in his thinking. In 1892, when Laurier went to the polls on the Reciprocity ticket, it was politics-shunning Van Horne who chiefly opposed him.

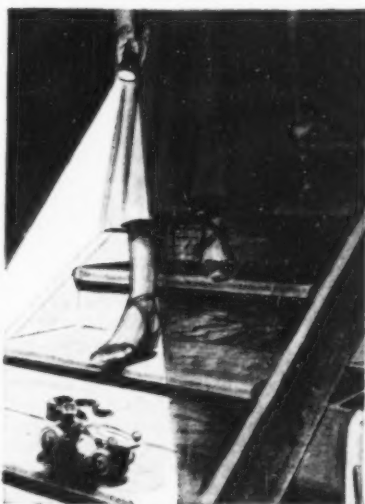
"Free trade with Uncle Sam!" gasped Van Horne. "Canada will be ruined!"

In his ardor he conquered his fear of making speeches and stumped the

country against this iniquitous proposal. And he did another unusual, not quite ethical, thing to ensure protection for his beloved Canada. The *Times*, reporting on the election, put it in a nice way:

The great purpose for which the CPR was built was to unite east and west, while the certain result of free trade with the U.S.A. would be to divert traffic to north and south . . . Van Horne made the railway therefore one of the chief features of the Conservative organization, issued free tickets to thousands of voters and

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undoubtedly decided the result in a score of constituencies if he did not actually save Sir John A. Macdonald from defeat.

Van Horne's answer to the Conservatives' paeans of gratitude: "The one time anything good came from a Van Horne in politics."

In 1899 Sir William resigned as president of the CPR. Things were going entirely too well. Even his other ventures, the Windsor Salt Co., and the Laurentide Pulp Co., were prospering.

In plain English, Sir William was bored stiff.

As one of the world's great travelers—he covered the equivalent of five round trips to the moon in his lifetime—he thought a trip might do him good. In Florida he mistakenly boarded a boat for Havana instead of for Jamaica. When he landed he was glad however, for Cuba was just what his jaded old carcass needed—and the need was mutual.

Cuba in 1900 was a land but lately wafted by the sweet winds of freedom. To guarantee this freedom Uncle Sam had just fought a short, bitter (but to some Cubans, not entirely disinterested) war with Spain. A provisional government was in power till elections could be held. Till then no binding deals or contracts could be made with anyone.

Van Horne was immediately smitten by the fact that although Cuba had two thousand miles of railway almost all of it was in the Havana area. The rich eastern provinces had no railway at all. "The terrain is impassable," he was told. "And since the government can issue no charters who would be foolish enough to build?"

Who indeed?

Suppose I build without an over-all contract, mused Van Horne, making private deals for the land? If the line were any good the government would surely ratify it later. Well, why not?

The risky idea appealed to him, the more so since, unlike the CPR, it was all his own brain child. In no time he had gathered the capital to build. Then, shrewdly, he hired two popular Cuban heroes to travel around explaining the plan and asking support.

"Yanquis we do not trust," reasoned the Cubans, "and Spaniards even less. But who knows a Yanqui or Spaniard named Sir?"

Without paying a single bribe Van

Horne obtained all the land he needed. Then, with a speed which stilled the slander that Latins are lethargic laborers, the line plowed ahead. Inside of one year the railway was open for business. A ten-day pilgrimage had become a pleasant overnight jaunt and Van Horne was the hero of the hour. The Constitution of 1901 ratified his contract as one of its first acts. But, more significant, the Cuban Railway Law was based not on Texas law, as President Roosevelt insisted, but on Canadian law as Van Horne suggested.

In the decade between 1905 and his death Sir William pushed such projects as: a Georgian Bay-Lake Ontario canal; the need to export paper not wood; a railway across Guatemala; improving Canadian cattle; and many others.

He never overcame his aversion to public speaking, soft words, J. J. Hill, divorce or trade unions; nor could he ever suppress his fondness for his stomach, buccaneer yarns, children, himself, and a bit of humbug. Though offered ambassadorships and top posts in every field the only one he would accept was the chairmanship of the Montreal Parks Commission.

His first illness was his last. On Sept. 11, 1915, he died of an internal abscess in Montreal, fighting all the way. The news, VAN HORNE IS DEAD, went out over the wires, echoing through the big house on Sherbrooke Street where he had nostalgically installed a live telegraph key years before. On the funeral day the whole vast system he had created was stilled for five minutes. Cuba declared a full day of national mourning. "He did more for our people in one year than Spain did in four centuries," said the republic's president, Mario Menocal.

But the sprite so long hidden in Van Horne's ungaily form would have relished best the story being told by David McNicoll, a long-time associate.

"Mr. Van Horne told me one day he was very angry to hear that CPR trains were racing those of the Canada Atlantic. Any CPR engineer caught at this deplorable practice must be fired at once, he said. As I was going out the door, he apparently had an afterthought.

"By the way, Dave," he said, gravely. "Add a footnote. Any CPR engineer who allows a Canada Atlantic train to beat him shall also be liable for instant dismissal." ★





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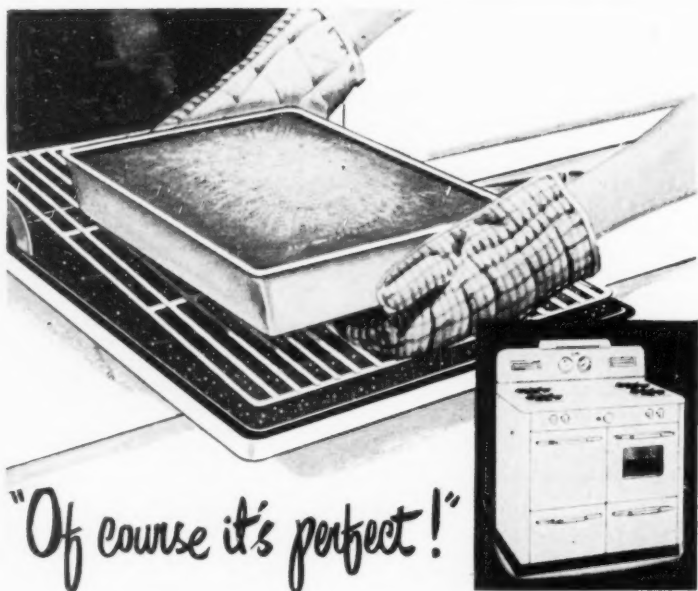
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TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

Is the Liberal Party On The Ropes?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

publicly owned utilities in Manitoba, Alberta and British Columbia. It also has a contract with the power authority in the city of Saint John, N.B.—the city is obliged to bargain with the union by McNair's own Labor Relations Act.

However, the act explicitly bars all provincial employees, and McNair was ready to fight to a finish for that "exclusion clause." He himself proclaimed this the chief election issue, in a campaign which began under the shadow of a threatened hydro strike.

It turned out to be no such thing. Flemming ignored it, except that he asked the union to call off the strike. With admirable political sense the union did so, crediting Flemming's request for its forbearance. Labor then proceeded to vote solidly Conservative for the first time in a generation. Since the PC victory was won with only fifty percent of the popular vote against forty-eight percent for the Liberals, it can be said that the labor issue was the one that beat McNair, but it was never at any time an effective issue between the two parties.

There is nothing to indicate that this anti-McNair labor vote will go against the federal Liberals. However, in several N.B. counties the Grits ran into troubles for which Ottawa alone was responsible:

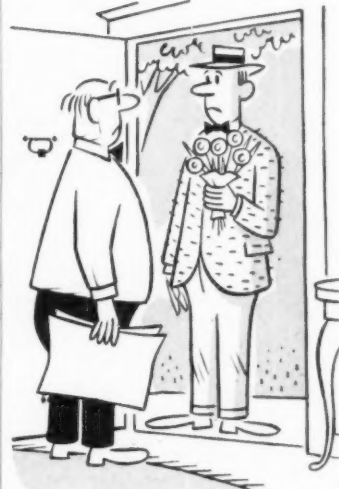
6. Federal Policies That Backfired

The prosperity of northwestern New Brunswick, where farmers concentrate on potato growing, depends on potato prices. During the war the profits of the spud producers were limited by a price ceiling they considered unduly low. This did not rankle too much at the time, but when the potato market slumped badly in 1949 and 1950 the farmers felt that since the price ceiling had hurt them during the war they should, now they were faced with heavy losses, be entitled to fairly generous assistance from Ottawa. Instead, they were offered trivial subsidies with strings attached. They have since had harsh things to say about the Federal Government, and about James G. Gardiner in particular.

That was only one of the proofs, in New Brunswick, that plans gang aft a-gley. National Defense is building a

GREAT MINDS THINK ALIKE

By Harry Mace



"Gad! Imagine having that in the family!"

new training camp in the St. John River Valley that will bring New Brunswick a million dollars a month in salaries alone. Sounds like a ripe plum, doesn't it? But, according to one lifelong Liberal, it cost the Grits three counties.

"Sunbury and Queens were sore," said my informant, "because they got the camp. It means displacing eleven hundred families. Charlotte County was sore because they didn't get it—they've a big camp left over from the war and they thought Ottawa should use what it had already."

If you take all those issues as of equal weight you can make it look very bad for the Liberals in a federal election next year. Actually, there are some other considerations that the Progressive Conservatives might well ponder.

"We have nothing to be complacent about," said one of Flemming's ministers. "In this New Brunswick election we had all the breaks in our favor for once."

"We had McNair, to begin with—we couldn't have won without him. There he was, taking the blame for

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everything, leading with his chin all the time. His cabinet were mostly liabilities, too.

"We had this phony labor issue. Every union man in the province voted for us, for the first and maybe the only time, and nobody else paid any attention.

"And, with all those advantages, what did we get? Just barely half the popular vote, only two percent more than the Liberals. I say that's nothing to crow about."

Moreover, New Brunswick has already provided Progressive Conservatives with a lesson on the necessity of minding the Ps and Qs. Only last June they captured the federal riding of Gloucester, N.B., in a sensational upset. In September, Gloucester looked like a sure thing for the provincial Conservatives, for the Liberal vote was split by a full slate of Independent Liberals. Yet Gloucester was one of the five counties that returned the whole Liberal ticket.

Another factor in the next federal election, of course, will be Prime Minister St. Laurent's appeal to his native Quebec. Progressive Conservatives did win a by-election in Roberval last June, but the Liberal vote was split and the riding was a weak one for the Grits in any case. Most Quebec ridings are not.

True, George Drew has been stumping the province earnestly, and no doubt with some effect. True New Brunswick is thirty-eight percent French-speaking, and the PCs took several French seats there. True, Maurice Duplessis used to be a Conservative, and he walloped the Liberals in Quebec last July.

Making allowance for all these things few observers doubt that most of Quebec will still vote for Louis St. Laurent. And, except for the short-lived Union Government of 1917, no Canadian administration has ever taken power without solid backing in Quebec.

But perhaps the biggest single difference between the New Brunswick and federal picture, a difference which favors the federal Liberals, is the complete absence of "splinter parties" in New Brunswick.

The Wreck Over the Rockies

Nowhere else in Canada are the lines so clearly drawn between the old major parties. In Moncton a housewife in her early thirties said, quite seriously, that she had voted for Flemming because "I come of a Conservative family." The CCF got only a minute fraction of the New Brunswick vote and Social Credit doesn't exist there at all. Needless to say, this is a reversal of the situation west of Fort William.

Late last summer a very astute Liberal from Ottawa went out to survey the wreckage of Liberalism in British Columbia. He came back profoundly discouraged and alarmed. But curiously enough his most immediate fear was not for his own party but for the Progressive Conservatives. They, and not the Liberals, seemed to be the main target of the Social Credit uprising.

"To give him due credit, George Drew is doing all he can to build up his party in Quebec," said the Liberal scout, "but he must be alienating the anti-Catholic vote. That's the vote that might go Social Credit, go for the Pentecostal fervor and the British Israelite imperialism."

He thought Social Credit was planning an all-out drive on the rural outcrops of Ontario, the ridings where once the Loyal Orange Lodge was a mighty power. He thought Social Credit had also an excellent chance of sweeping British Columbia as well as Alberta, and picking up a few seats in Sas-

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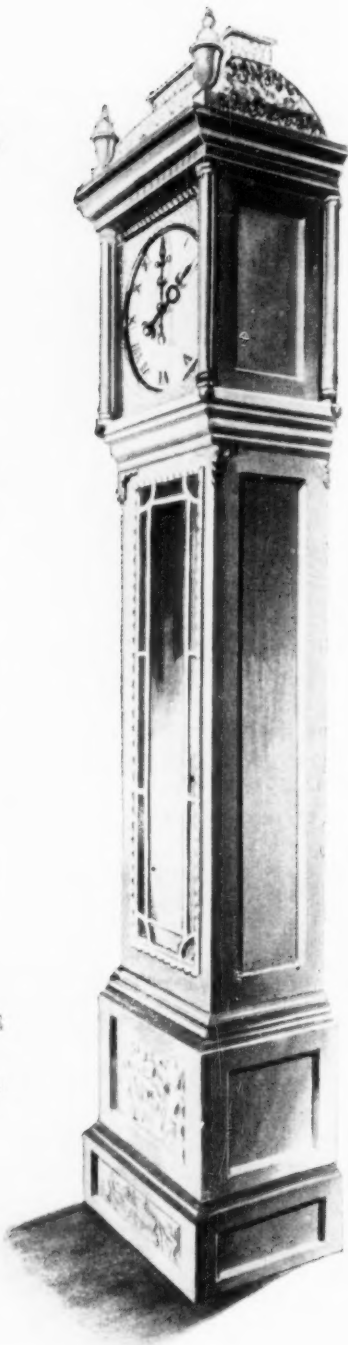
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katchewan. If the Ontario invasion should prosper as well, he could see a real danger that Social Credit might supplant the Progressive Conservative Party as the official Opposition.

Be that as it may, the Progressive Conservatives still have a long way to go in the federal field. The Gallup Poll of Canada has never been very far wrong in its estimate of party strengths at election time. Its latest tabulation gives the Liberals forty-seven percent of the popular vote, the Progressive Conservatives thirty percent and the CCF fourteen percent. Social Credit may well take a much bigger percentage next year than the handful it has now, but it's as likely to gain at Progressive Conservative expense as at Liberal.

New Brunswick with only half a million people cannot swing much weight in the nation's electorate. What it can do, and undoubtedly will do, is supply new props to party morale and party organization. For parties tend to starve without provincial machines. Most of the old-fashioned patronage nowadays is found in the provincial field, so that provincial politicians find it easier than federal politicians do to reward their friends and penalize their enemies.

Liberals now have under their control only four out of ten provinces: Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Manitoba. These provinces, neither the richest nor the most docile, have forty seats in the House of Commons, less than one sixth of the House. Twenty-six of the forty are

currently held by Liberal members.

In New Brunswick the federal Liberals have little incentive right now to help dislodge the Progressive Conservative provincial government, although they'll doubtless find one by next election time. "From what I hear about this fellow Flemming," one Ottawa Grit said ruefully, "I'm afraid we have another Leslie Frost on our hands."

He was probably right. Flemming, like Frost, is a quiet amiable soft-spoken man who gets along with other people and doesn't pick quarrels. He has built up a modest lumber mill into a successful business of considerable size and means, yet he is seldom if ever called a tycoon.

Like Frost, he believes that "dominion-provincial relations" are a dead issue in politics; he regards it as part of his job to have firm and friendly contact with Ottawa. This will be good for Canada, but bad for the Liberal Party.

All this builds up the physical strength of the Progressive Conservative Party, but equally if not more important is the boost to morale. It goes beyond the party faithful and affects even the independent voter.

Consciously or unconsciously, many Canadians have been voting Liberal because they could see no feasible alternative. If the Progressive Conservatives keep on making gains, the elector may begin to think he was wrong in that opinion. And, if he does, then anything might happen. ★



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The Most Beautiful Girl On T.V.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

shampooed and tamed to sleekness. Toby learned in New York during her first television appearance that the camera distorts almost on a par with a fun-house mirror. A round face looms like a moon, settling hips appear a yard wide and fluffy curls look like a fox-fur headpiece.

While she sits under the dryer in the pink-and-blue hairdressing salon Toby reads her script and silently mouths her lines with an expressionless face. "Good evening. I'm Toby Robins. Tonight The Big Revue brings you a very special guest..." sometimes she has as many as nine introductions of one hundred to three hundred words. The Big Revue contains some of everything from jugglers to ballet with pauses between for slapstick, pantomime and boogie-woogie; Toby's sometimes wordy introductions give the stagehands time to change the scenery and the cameras an interval to get set. Hypercritical fans have commented on the muffled din this movement causes—a din which accompanies all shots of the mistress of ceremonies.

When her hair is done Toby wanders through the department store in which the salon is located and skims through the departments dedicated to fifty-dollar hats and three-hundred-dollar suits. Years of modeling such baubles on the white runways of fashion shows have given her an eye for good design which she takes to her dressmaker. Before she left for Bermuda two summers ago to play in a stock company she designed for herself a black velvet ensemble of long shorts, a skirt, a vest, a jacket and a strapless top which was a sensation in that fashion-conscious resort.

Her next stop is her father's store on Yonge Street, the Laura Lee, where she selects the gown for that night's show. Television forbids either black or white—the former photographs an inky blob and the latter develops a halo—so Toby chooses a pastel evening dress, usually strapless with a molded bodice and a fluffy tulle skirt.

Next, bearing her bulky dress box under her arm, she meets her fiancé, young Bill Freedman, who is helping his father run a string of drive-in and indoor movie theatres. Bill works in the evenings, slipping out during The Big Revue to watch his beloved on a television screen in a nearby furniture store. They save lunchtime for each other, hold hands and whisper and giggle. Bill usually has a cocktail with his lunch but Toby, who doesn't care for the taste of alcohol, sticks to ginger ale. Her family was amused when her face was used simultaneously by three cigarette companies to advertise their brands—she doesn't smoke.

After lunch Bill drops her off at the yellow brick barn which houses Toronto's new CBLT and Toby hurries across the parking lot on her slender legs, past the five-hundred-foot transmitter tower bespecked with admiring painters, and ducks through the shining aluminum doors. Studio A, where Big Revue is telecast, is a seventy-three by fifty-eight-foot room three stories high. During the hour that The Big Revue is flickering in the gloom of Toronto living rooms the studio is stuffed with a twenty-five-piece orchestra, thirty technicians, twenty or so entertainers, about fifteen sets, four cameras and an audience of eighty.

Through the double doors leading into this chaos Toby catches a glimpse of Don Hudson, the show's producer, looking harried and furious. She

wheels quickly into the girls' dressing room, labeled "Performers Only, Keep Out!" Hudson, whom intimates recall as a peaceful pleasant man before television, whips himself into such a tension the day of The Big Revue that he is unapproachable. Toby has met him the day after a show and observed that his hands were still shaking.

The dressing room has a screen and a rack of costumes on the left of the door, a bathroom at the back and a long shelf below brightly lit mirrors along the right wall. When Toby arrives the show's choreographer, Blanche Lund, is sitting in shorts and a wind-breaker knitting socks for her husband Alan. The Lunds, who were the first contract performers signed by television, are rated Canada's best dancing team. Two of the three girl dancers in the chorus are in their practice clothes, black leotards with wide elastic belts around their slender waists, watching with horror as the third dancer tries on a skin-tight blue jersey costume.

"Look at these costumes, Toby!" one of the dancers exclaims as Toby starts to unpack her gown. "They're for the Blues in the Night number."

"I've got a corny introduction for it," murmurs Toby, shaking out the tulle skirt. "What's the matter with the costumes?"

"If we wear these they'll have to change the name of the show to the Nude Revue," the dancer complains, looking down at her bare thigh. "We'll never get them past the censors."

Edna Cherry, the composed wardrobe mistress who designs the show's costumes, attempts to pin the snug costumes more modestly while Mildred Moray, a strident comedienne who is a frequent guest star, comments tersely: "My Gawd. Real sex this week!"

"Couldn't we put a piece of silk where it's so bare?" asks one of the dancers. "It would flow as we move." Edna considers this while one of the dancers mutters unhappily, "My mother is coming tonight."

Toby grins and slips into her gown, while Edna departs in search of some silk. The dress is too big and wrinkles are magnified on television but Edna returns and pins it smooth. Toby slicks down her hair and enters the frantic confusion of Studio A.

"Everything is wrong today," Alan Lund is telling someone. "I haven't any pants."

"I want a border around that poster to make it stand out," says a voice over the loudspeaker.

"I fixed it up for the practical telephones," the studio director, Norm Jewison, shouts toward the control booth. "They'll be worked from the booth by Les."

"Get the lights on Toby, please," Hudson calls.

Toby stands steadily in front of her permanent set, a maroon curtain, while the lighting men push hot white floodlights around her. She begins her first introduction: "Well, another Big Revue has rolled..."

"Toby," orders Hudson, "would you please stand still? Don't move your



What future for Dimitrios?

What future for Dimitrios age 5? His home is a pig-sty lent by another villager... his bed is the earthen floor on which dirty rags are spread at night. His daily meal is a scrap of bread... a few olives. No mother to take care of him, to dry a tear, to pat him gently, to scold and kiss.

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framework. Move your hands and head, but not your body."

"Well, another Big Revue has rolled . . ."

"Hold your head up more. The lights are being adjusted as we go along."

"Well, another Big Revue has rolled . . ."

"One more thing, hold the pose at the end with a cute little smile and then give me a wink and stretch it out," interrupts Hudson.

Toby nods and begins again.

Mavor Moore, Toronto television's chief producer, steps in a moment to watch the rehearsal and smiles fondly at Toby. Moore had a hand in discovering her when she was fifteen—he cast her as Miranda in Shakespeare's *The Tempest* for the New Play Society and has watched her progress since then with paternal interest. "She's got talent and beauty," he says of her, "but so have a lot of people who want to act. What sets her apart is that she is willing to work hard."

After the first run-through of *The Big Revue*, Toby is free until the dress rehearsal. She leaves Studio A as Hudson yells, "Take that number off the top. It's very rough." A technician mutters to himself, "This is a great business to go crazy in."

Toby slips out of her gown and into a red seersucker wrapper. "Did Alan get his pants?" she asks Blanche Lund. "Everything is all right," Blanche beams. "The tailor has just arrived." Hudson, at the door of the dressing room, calls out, "Is everyone decent?" One of the dancers wraps a towel around her bare shoulders as Hudson bounds across the room to where Doris Swan, lovely coloratura from Saskatoon, is having her face made up. "Doris, this part of the score from B to C is a waist shot," Hudson explains, "so move your head and arms but not your feet. After C it's full length so you can walk around five feet from the middle and back. Got that?"

In the basement of the elderly CBC radio building is a cafeteria, where Toby grabs a sandwich and a glass of milk and exchanges extravagant compliments with other performers. "Toby, you're doing a simply marvellous job!" "Thank you, I hear your new show is going to be a sensation!" These essentials completed, Toby settles down to her sandwich. A television announcer comes in for coffee, attempting nonchalance in his blue shirt and pancake make-up. Radio announcers watch him coldly.

Back in the dressing room a few minutes later Toby applies her own pancake make-up, using a yellow tone that televises best. She paints on a ruby red mouth and darkens her eyelashes. On the floor of the studio the atmosphere is taut. "Let's go, dress rehearsal," Hudson says into the control booth microphone. "God bless you."

"One minute!" calls Jewison.

"Mike, get on dolly please," someone says.

"Thirty seconds," yells Jewison.

"Ready to hit it. Twenty seconds. Quiet on the set. Where's the announcer? Hold it!"

"Look," Hudson says softly. "I asked for your opening positions. I will say no more."

The announcer arrives, amid cries of "Here he is!" The dress rehearsal begins and Toby flubs her first introduction, forgetting the name of an adagio act.

Afterward Hudson calls her over. "On that introduction, Toby, I want you to build it up and make it more dramatic. Put in something about this act being at the Exhibition."

"All right," she nods. "I'll get the name right next time too."

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He looks at her steadily. "You do that," he says quietly.

In the hour between dress rehearsal and broadcast time tight nerves tighten. Toby writes the new introduction, memorizes it, removes her lipstick and paints it on again, combs her hair incessantly. The dancers eat fruit, talk very little. Edna Cherry checks the basting that holds net inserts in the Blues in the Night costumes. On the floor of the studio Hudson, who already has put in twelve hours of ceaseless supervising, is haggard with exhaustion. Later, with show time fifteen seconds away, he finds strength to call exuberantly to the cast, "Let's have fun! Hit the music!"

Toby, in the white bath of the lights, smiles sweetly and shyly into the camera and says, as if the words had just occurred to her, "Well, another *Big Revue* has rolled around . . ."

Her performance in the actual telecast is faultless, though her heart isn't entirely in it. In spite of the fact that television is giving her the most security and the best-paying job she has ever had Toby is determined to be a dramatic actress, and finds her lines as mistress of ceremonies frustrating.

She has spent most of her short life training for the stage and has no intention of permanently deserting her goal for mere money. At five she played Mamma Bear in a kindergarten production of *Goldilocks* and was severely stage-struck. She pleaded with her parents for dramatic lessons. "You mean dancing lessons," they replied kindly. Following a year or two of apathetic pirouettes Toby applied again for dramatics. "We know what you would like," answered her parents. "Piano!"

When she was eleven her mother took her still resolute cherub to the Royal Conservatory of Music, enrolled her in the dramatics course and departed, dusting her hands. Toby reacted like a desert traveler set down in an oasis. Within a year she had moved on to advanced lessons with an adult class and she was appearing in Toronto Children Players productions in Eaton Auditorium. One memorable afternoon she gave a fine portrayal of a Bad Tree.

She began in radio in her early teens in children's radio plays like *Peter Pan*; at fifteen she had her first professional part and earned eighteen dollars for a half-hour show on the network. She began modeling about the same time. A photographer recalls that she was at her best in a bathing suit. "Her figure is that small compact kind of job," he explains. "You don't get many like that."

The most frantic period of Toby's

career came during her final year at the University of Toronto, when she was earning forty dollars a week with the New Play Society, modeling for photographers, modeling at fashion shows and appearing on every major dramatic show on radio, including the Stage Series and Ford Theatre. Some days would find her with a schedule of lectures, stage and radio rehearsal, posing for an artist and a show at night.

In the midst of all this activity she dashed off to New York, where she was one of nineteen out of a field of three hundred hopefuls accepted for membership in Uta Hagen's dramatic course. Uta Hagen was then appearing on Broadway in Shaw's *Saint Joan* and fitted classes in between her performances. She taught Toby to divide a role into "beats" and examine each beat for the personality and purpose of the character. Toby learned that Miss Hagen had worked three and four weeks on a single minute of a part.

While in New York Toby auditioned for a Kraft Theatre television show and won the lead in Galsworthy's *Justice*. The hour-long show was televised to Toronto and her parents excitedly bought a television set and watched their daughter, in a period costume and with an English accent, turn in a fine performance.

During the six weeks Toby was in New York her married sister attended university lectures for her and took notes. At examination time Toby returned home, studied the notes, wrote the tests, passed without difficulty.

All the critics of Toby's acting train their guns on her perpetual sweetness. Her radio portrayals of young girls in the throes of happy love occasionally contain more sweetness and light than the mind can bear. But bad reviews don't fluster her. "I know, I know," she smiles. "There's a phony quality about my radio acting that always plagues me. I seem to get the idea that I'm a juvenile version of Katharine Hepburn or something. But I really do think I'm getting better."

Her television performances also have a constant air of artless innocence. There are people who admire this quality—and Don Hudson is one of them.

As *The Big Revue* ends he watches Toby daintily pick up her skirts and say her polite and gracious "good nights" to other members of the cast as she leaves the studio. He meets her at the door.

"I picked you," he tells her, "because you are beautiful enough to be attractive to men—and unsophisticated enough to please women. That's a combination that can't be beaten." ★

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Monsieur
Brewmaster

Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

have had two causes. Not only did the experts overestimate expenditure, they underestimated revenue. Their guess at the national income (and therefore the Government's cut of it) has erred on the low side. They are unlikely to repeat that error in an election year.

Moreover, the defense budget may not be cut but it won't be expanded, either. If the national income keeps on going up, in dollar terms, and the rearmament program remains the same, it will work out to be a smaller fraction of the whole.

By the same token, a smaller fraction will be needed to pay for it. Abbott will therefore be able to lower the rate of taxation without, he hopes, reducing the total revenue.

Everybody admits that the tax reduction will still be small, for an election year, and that maybe the voters won't like it. However, the proposed reductions give the voters credit for some intelligence. The whole program of defense spending can only be justified by necessity. The program is not yet completed. Most ministers are convinced that to cut it down now, merely because an election is coming, would merely make the last three budgets indefensible.

It may turn out that the Conservatives' shrewdest and most effective attack will be directed at a point on which Nowlan touched only lightly—not taxation itself but taxation methods. PCs hear that taxpayers in general and farmers in particular are enraged by the National Revenue Department.

Ironically, this seems to be the penalty of greater efficiency in National Revenue. For several years now the department has been cleaning up its back-log, getting everything on a current basis. Lately it has had time to take a closer look at some income-tax returns, and sometimes the close look goes back several years.

No figures are yet available on the whole operation, but in August alone the income-tax assessors reviewed about sixty thousand personal tax returns. Sixteen thousand of these were revised—upward.

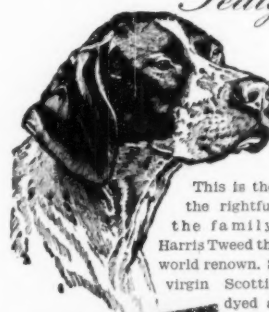
It's true that another eleven thousand were reduced in the same month, but this is a slightly misleading figure. In about half of those cases the assessment had already been increased, usually because the taxpayer's claim to one or more dependents had been disallowed. When the taxpayer came through with proof that he really did support the dependent the assessment was lowered again.

Income - tax officials believe, of course, that all these reassessments are merely corrections. Deliberately or not, they say, these people were evading their proper share of the tax burden.

However, the Income Tax Appeal Board has heard 548 appeals by individuals in its three years of life (up to last May 31) and 203 of those appeals have been allowed. In other words the department has been judged wrong in more than a third of the individual cases that went before the board (the percentage for corporations is about the same). Assuming that only a small fraction of aggrieved taxpayers spend the time and money to appeal their cases, it's a safe guess that a lot of people have a personal grudge against the Government.

Along with their attack on National Revenue's methods the Progressive Conservatives may direct some personal

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criticism at the Minister, Hon. J. J. McCann.

For many years Dr. McCann has been a director of the Guaranty Trust Co. The connection began long before he entered the Government and has not been discontinued. Far from making any secret of this Dr. McCann lists the directorate himself, in the biographical sketch he contributed to the Parliamentary Guide.

New attention was drawn to it recently, however, by advertisements naming Dr. McCann as one of the company's advisory council. Like all such firms Guaranty handles a good many estates. Progressive Conservatives are asking whether the Minister of National Revenue, whose department levies succession duties, ought to serve as adviser to any one trust company.

• • •

So much for the issues that PCs hope to raise. Liberals think they may get one of their own out of Premier Maurice Duplessis' recently announced intention to "censor" CBC television.

Duplessis made the announcement at a Press conference, so Ottawa has no official comment but the Grits are waiting hopefully to see what bill, if any, he presents to the Quebec Legislature which opens this month. Duplessis said the rights of the province to censor TV were "unchallengeable, and I hope they will be unchallenged."

Ottawa is inclined to think he is counting on having his law disallowed. If so, he is likely to be disappointed. The probable reaction will be not disallowance but defiance—the CBC will not in fact permit any censorship by Quebec Government officials, and if the law is to be enforced it will have to be taken to court. Win or lose, the Grits are confident they could rally any amount of popular support in nine

provinces, and a good deal in Quebec.

Whatever the quality of rhetoric in parliament this winter, in one respect it will be improved. It will be audible.

Twenty - three microphones now dangle from overhead wires to points three to five feet above the head of a standing MP. Four hundred and fifty loudspeakers will carry his voice to every corner of floor and gallery.

In the Diplomatic Gallery at the south end there is a control panel where an engineer will be on duty throughout every sitting of the House. His job will be to turn each speaker up or down as the occasion demands, so that mumble and bellow and squeal will all reach the listener at a normal conversational pitch.

It may take some practice before the engineer and Mr. Speaker both "recognize" the same honorable member at the same moment. Only one of the twenty-three microphones is live at a time. Each is switched on when a nearby MP takes the floor.

In formal debate with Mr. Speaker in the chair there will be no problem. But when questions are crackling from all directions like corn in a popper, that control panel will be as lively as a game of parlor hockey.

The whole thing has cost \$33,529 to install. It will now be rented (the patent holders, a British company, won't sell their equipment) for \$7,500 a year plus \$20,000 for maintenance and operation. A goodly fraction of that latter sum will be the salaries of three skilled men to run the control panel in shifts and keep the whole system in repair. Later it may be possible to train Ottawa girls to run the control panel and some of the British technicians can go home; in that case, the contract provides for a reduction of the \$20,000 maintenance and operation fee. On the other hand, if it turns out to cost more than \$20,000 the Government must pay more. ★

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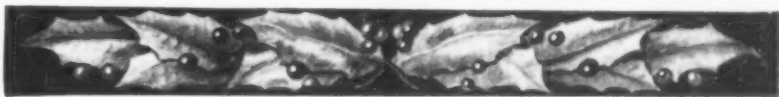


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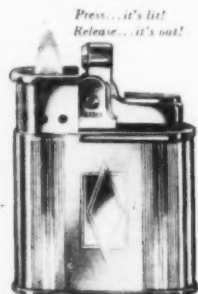
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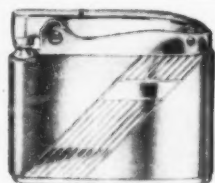
Address

City or Town Prov.

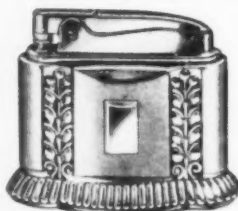
Dramatic True Stories Explain Why Ronson is Canada's Favourite Lighter!



GIFT FOR AN OUTDOOR MAN—
RONSON WHIRLWIND. Disappearing windshield. Butler finished chromium plate, \$11.00. Other Pocket Ronsons from \$6.50.



GIFT FOR ANY SMOKER—
RONSON ADONIS. Slim as a fane watch. Engine-turned chromium plate, \$13.50.



GIFT FOR A HOSTESS—RONSON
DIANA. Table lighter, polished and satin silver plate, sterling monogram shield, \$12.00.

LIGHTERS SHOWN IN REDUCED SIZE

WHAT A FEAT... AFTER SNOW AND SLEET!

At Limberlost Lodge, Don Atkin of Huntsville, Ontario...lost his Ronson Master-case near the tow rope while skiing. He shivered...he shoveled! But no Ronson!

Five months later, a package from Limberlost arrived at his home. In it...that trusty Ronson...found at the Lodge when the snow melted. Now what lighter but a Ronson, made with jewellers' precision...could be snow-bound, rain-battered, sleet-pelted for five solid months... then light at the very first try!

INSIDE STORY

You don't buy a lighter to abuse it. But this and many other true stories, show how Ronsons survived gruelling tests...prove they're built for years of dependable service. Other lighters may look like Ronsons, but only Ronsons perform like Ronsons! That's why a Ronson costs less in the long run.

*To Give and to Get... It's
Canada's Favourite
over All Other Lighters Combined*

To avoid imitations, be sure to
look for this name on the lighter

RONSON

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

P.S. All lighters work best with Ronsonol® Fuel
and Ronson® Redskin® Flints

Ronson Art Metal Works (Canada) Ltd., Toronto

Enjoy Ronson's "It Happened Here", Wednesday, 9 PM, E.S.T., CBC Dominion Network; and Ronson's
"Le Journal de Claude-Henri Grignon", CKAC, Montreal; CHRC, Quebec; CKRS, Jonquiere.



ON a rush-hour bus in Hamilton a young woman put a restraining hand on a workman's shoulder when he tried to get up. "Keep your seat, thanks. You need it more than I." As he struggled again to his feet she insisted, "Really, I'm all right standing." "Maybe you are, lady," he replied, "but this is my stop."

A Montrealer who'd just been splashed by a passing automobile was mentally blasting the driver when the car halted in front of him. Hurrying to give the driver a piece of his mind he glanced in the back seat. A poster for a current church campaign lying there admonished: *Ne Blasphemez Pas.*

An Ontario numismatist, keen to extend her collection of old currency, asked a fresh-faced young teller in a



bank at Elmira, Ont., if he could supply her with a shin plaster.

"Madam," said the indignant young man, "you had better try the drugstore."

An ardent duck hunter from Saskatoon left early one recent morning on an out-of-town hunt. Next day his mother received an urgent telegram: PLEASE SEND GUN.

A gentleman farmer in Ontario, returning home after a short absence, found one of his three Chinese silky hens missing. He had hired a local boy to let the hens out of their house into the pen each morning and put them back at night, so he questioned him. "When did you notice the hen was missing?"

The lad looked stricken, then answered indignantly, "I don't know. Surely you didn't expect me to count them every night!"

For a school concert in the Peace River Country, where every pupil was expected to take part, the teacher managed to fit in all except one gangling lad. Finally she asked him to lead God Save The Queen at the finale. On the big night everything went smoothly until near the end when someone miscued and shoved the anthem leader onstage too early. Pale and shaking he croaked out a "Gaw-d Save—," then was yanked back behind the curtain.

Tired of trying to talk garbage collectors into returning her can to the bin instead of leaving it at the roadside, a Nanaimo woman tacked two curvaceous pin-ups above the bin. Now the can is replaced without fail.

Convinced that the smartest clothes come from the U. S., a Toronto woman drove to Rochester, N.Y., on a shopping spree. As she waited to be served, a woman who'd been eyeing her steadily spoke up, "Please, where did you buy that dress you're wearing?"

"Why, Toronto, Canada," she replied.

"I just knew it," sighed the woman. "Every time I see a dress that's really smart and different it's sure to come from Canada."

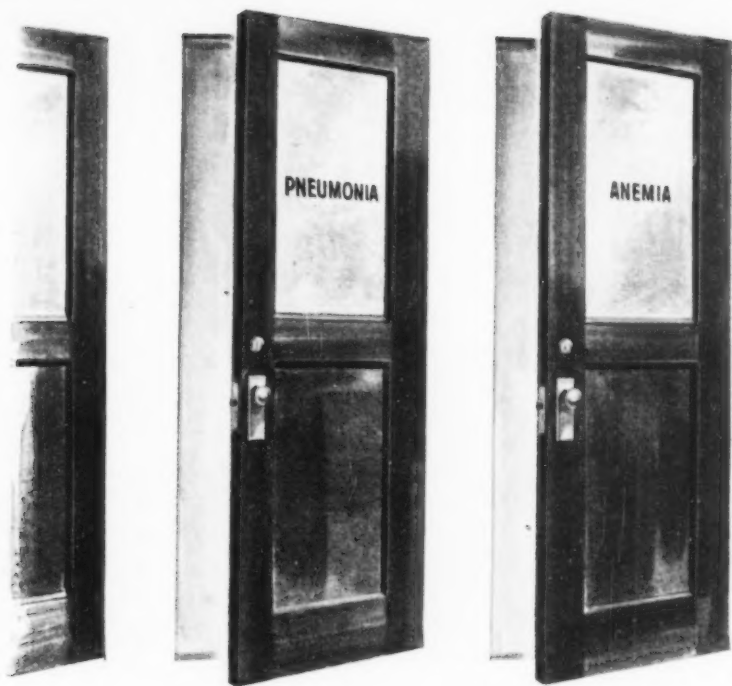
In a St. Catharines store two women who had just been served according to their numbered customers' cards, remarked on how popular the card system was getting. Later they entered a public utilities



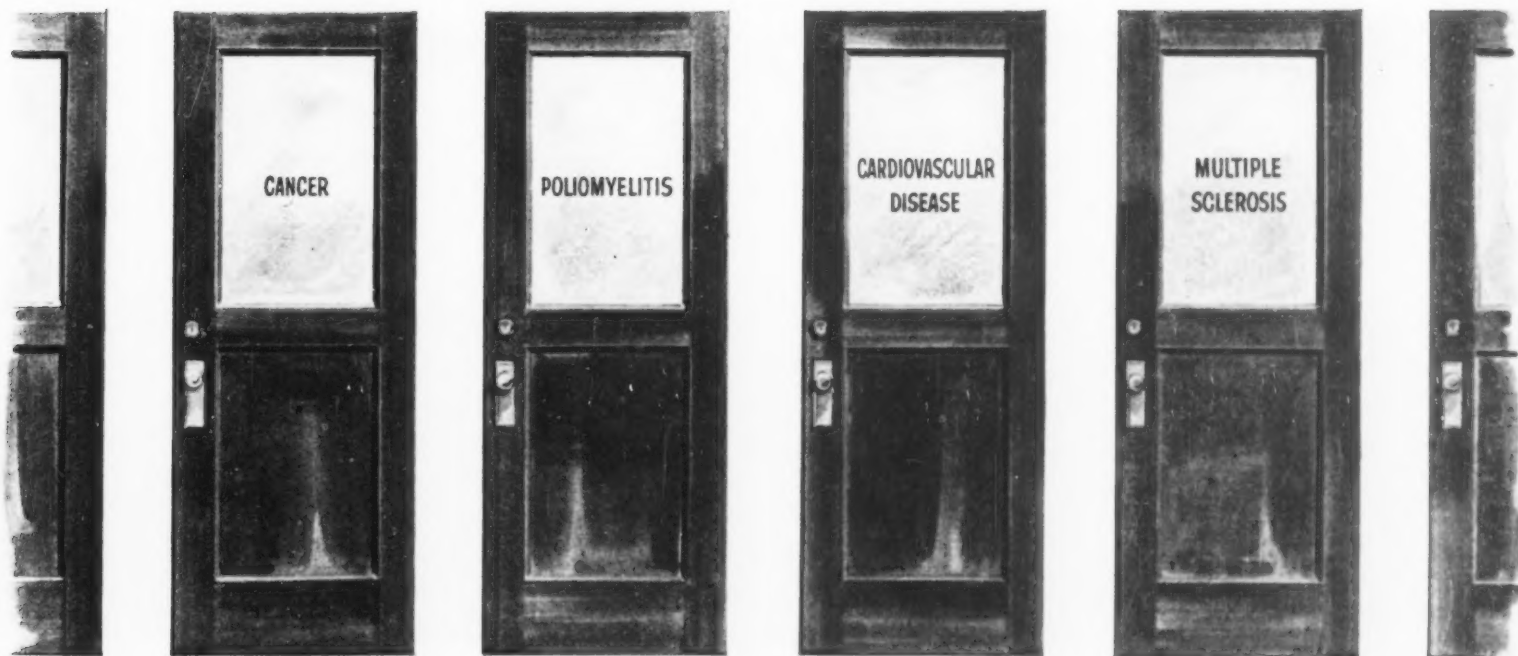
office, also crowded, and at once picked their numbers 12 and 13 from the small box on the desk. Puzzled by the amused glances of other clients they looked again: in small print underneath the large black numbers was the word September.

A Lorne Park, Ont., high-school girl has announced that in future she'll baby-sit only in homes equipped with television.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



Which one will
open next?



You have seen one door opened after another, as medical research throughout the world has developed new and better medicinal agents for the treatment and control of disease.

Consider pneumonia, for example. Only a few years ago, one of three victims of pneumonia died. Today that ratio is far less grim.

Or look at pernicious anemia. Once it was a hopeless condition. Now it can be controlled so effectively that anemia patients can usually live long, practically normal lives.

Which door will open next? No one knows. But steady

progress is being made, and certainly there is reason to believe that keys will one day be found to *swing wide open* doors like those above.

Since 1866, Parke, Davis & Company has been engaged continuously in a broad, active program of research, keeping pace with constant changes and progress in medicine and surgery. There is a constant probing into the unknown, in order that today's medicines may be made more effective . . . and that tomorrow may bring new and more potent weapons against diseases that are as yet unconquered.

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Wonderful
BRAND NEW
Old Dutch
Outcleans
'em ALL!



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